★ May 4, 1946

THE NEW YORKER

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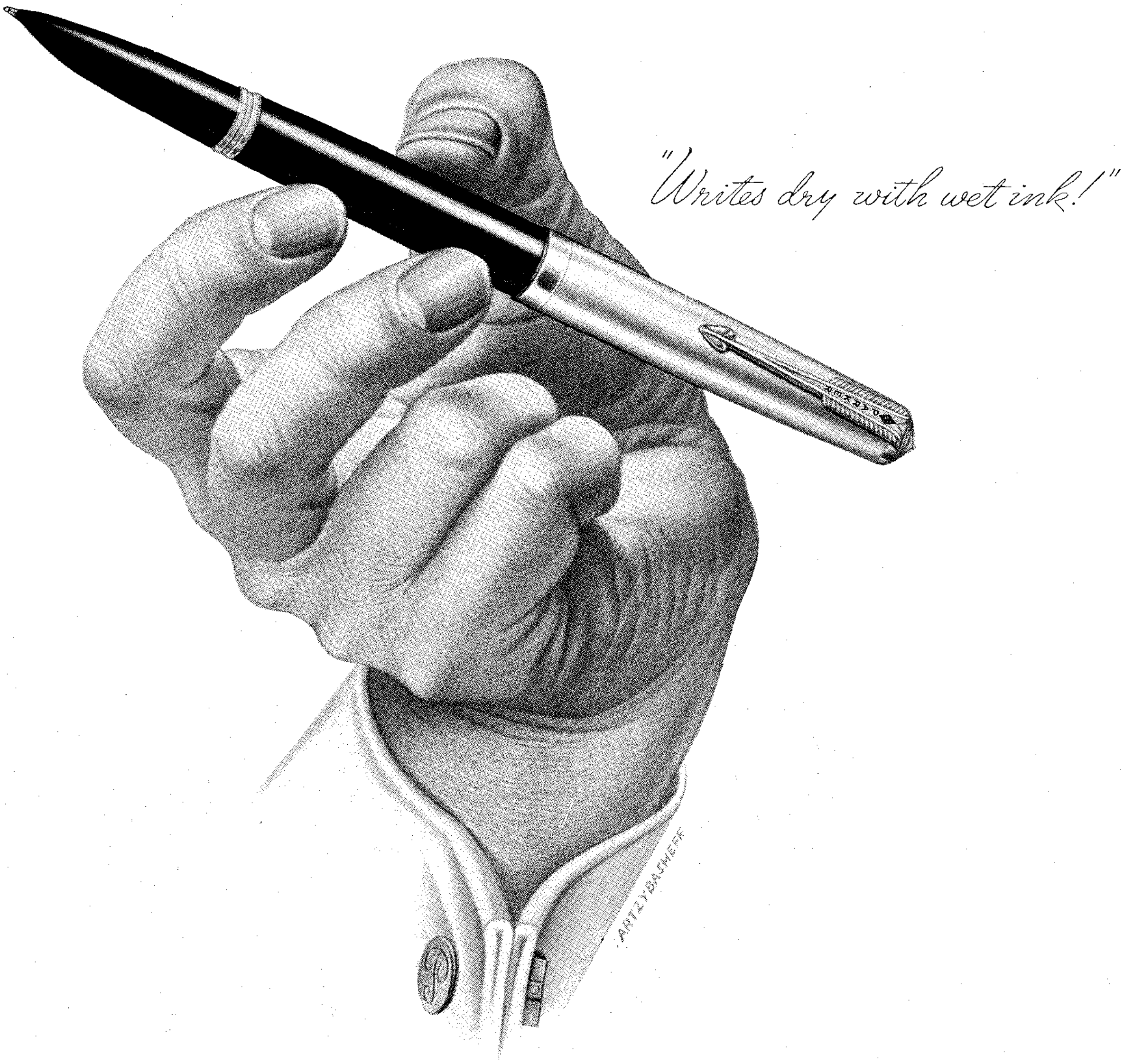
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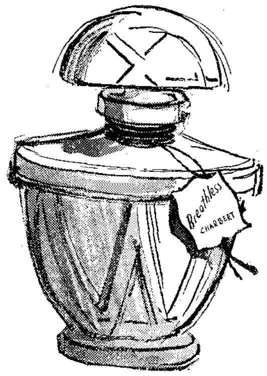
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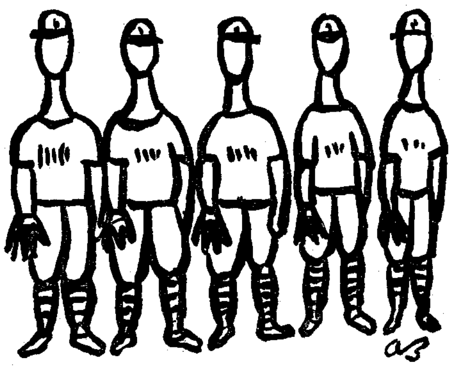

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—This all-Negro play is in its second year and certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Antigone—Katharine Cornell and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a modern version of Sophocles' tragedy. A propaganda weapon of the French underground during the occupation, its principal interest now is probably historical, though there are some eloquent scenes. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Fri. and Sat. Eves. at 8:50. Mat. Sat. at 2:50. Closes Sat., May 4.)

Apple of His Eye—Jed Harris is the producer and Walter Huston the star of this rather attenuated foolishness about an old farmer who takes a young wife. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Born Yesterday—Garson Kanin's fascinating study of a lady tramp who gets religion and turns on her racketeer boy friend. Judy Holliday is superb as the little girl who has to learn all those big words, and Paul Douglas makes a fine heel. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell and Sir Cedric Hardwicke concluding a generally satisfactory revival of Shaw's comedy. With Mildred Natwick, Marlon Brando, and Wesley Addy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Thurs. Eve. at 8:50. Closes Thurs., May 2.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering adolescents writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—Arnaud d'Usseau's and James Gow's play about the Negro problem, with emphasis on miscegenation, is more successful as melodrama than as social discussion, but it is worth seeing in any case. Young Barbara Bel Geddes gives a really remarkable performance, and the rest of the cast, including Barbara O'Neil and Gordon Heath, is very good, too. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dream Girl—Elmer Rice's play about a young woman who finds her fancies a good deal more interesting than life. Haila Stoddard has replaced Betty Field in the principal role. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor, and Josephine Hull is in it, too. Winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street Theatre, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Like It Here—Oscar Karlweis gives a very fine and funny performance in this piece about a modern Crichton, but the play itself is miserable. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 4.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This lively comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its seventh year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Magnificent Yankee—A rather stodgy and fragmentary biography of Mr. Justice Holmes, somewhat redeemed by warm and intelligent portrayals of the principal roles by Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

O Mistress Mine—Terence Rattigan's play about the complications of adultery is like a hundred others, but the Lunts make it seem like one of the miracles of the theatre. With Dick Van Patten. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Pygmalion—Shaw's piece about the phonetician who undertakes to play God has the benefit of a first-rate production by Theatre Incorporated. Gertrude Lawrence gives a fine, spirited performance, supported by Raymond Massey, Melville Cooper, and Cecil Humphreys. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

State of the Union—Ralph Bellamy is torn between two ladies representing his social conscience and his chance to be President in this excellent comedy by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. With Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick, Margalo Gillmore, and Minor Watson. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its third year. The cast consists of Martha Scott, John Beal, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

This, Too, Shall Pass—Ralph Morgan and Kathryn Givney in a play by Don Appell, produced by Richard Krakeur and David Shay, and directed by Mr. Appell. Raymond Sovey is the stage designer. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Are You with It?—A very fetching blonde called Dolores Gray is the high spot in this comedy about a carnival. She is abetted by Lew Parker and Johnny Downs, but the book and the music are a little too much for them all. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give their old as well as their new address.

Billion Dollar Baby—A brisk, funny musical that recaptures a great deal of the strange spirit of the nineteen-twenties. Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who wrote "On the Town," are the authors, and the cast is headed by Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—Practically everything is fine about this revue written, acted, and produced almost entirely by veterans. Harold Rome attended to the songs; Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the sketches, and Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin head the excellent cast. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Carmen Jones—Oscar Hammerstein's stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro company, is winding up a brief engagement, and the cast is even better than before. Billy Rose is still the producer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., May 4.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with most agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. Second year. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 5, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Musicians' Emergency Fund.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book for this production, now in its third year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Lute Song—Michael Myerberg has embellished a five-hundred-year-old Chinese script with stupendous Robert Edmond Jones settings and Mary Martin. The result is impressive but perhaps a little boring as the evening wears along. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers. In its fourth year, it's still probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—Eddie Foy, Jr., is extremely comic in the part once played by Fred Stone, and the old songs are as delightful as ever, but on the whole this revival shows its thirty-nine years. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street Theatre, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

St. Louis Woman—Harold Arlen's excellent music and Lemuel Ayers' brilliant sets and costumes provide a suitable background for this enchantingly silly piece about love and horse racing in 1898. In the fine all-Negro cast are Ruby Hill, Harold Nicholas, Rex Ingram, and Pearl Bailey. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Show Boat—A splendid revival of this classic by Edna Ferber, the late Jerome Kern, and Oscar Hammerstein II. The cast includes Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Charles Fredericks, Ralph Dumke, and Buddy Ebsen, all of whom rival their famous predecessors. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been adapted with great skill. The book is sometimes fairly painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. Second year. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Three to Make Ready—Ray Bolger's great gifts are not quite enough to save this third and by far the least satisfactory of a series of revues. With Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Old Vic Theatre Company—The venerable London repertory group, headed by Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, will open a six-week engagement here, under the auspices of Theatre Incor-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

porated, with the presentation of "Henry IV, Part I," on Mon. Eve., May 6, at 8, and of "Henry IV, Part II," on Tues. Eve., May 7, at 8. The schedule for subsequent performances is: "Henry IV, Part I," Wed. Mat., May 8; "Henry IV, Part II," Wed. Eve., May 8; "Henry IV, Part I," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., May 9-10, and Sat. Mat., May 11; "Henry IV, Part II," Sat. Eve., May 11. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Eve. performances, other than premières, at 8:15 P.M. Mats. at 2:15 P.M.)

On Whitman Avenue—A new play by Maxine Wood, with Canada Lee, Will Geer, and Perry Wilson. Produced by Mr. Lee, Mark Marvin, and George McLain, and directed by Margo Jones. Settings by Donald Oenslager and incidental music by Paul Bowles. Opens Wed., May 8. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046.Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey running through their colorful paces. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M., through May 12. The doors open at 1 and 7 P.M. for those who want to take in the sideshows and menagerie downstairs.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Children's Drama Guild—Offering "The Sleeping Beauty," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Rumpelstiltskin," Sat., May 4. . . . "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "The Enchanted Spring," Sat., May 11. (Children's Center Theatre—formerly Heckscher Theatre—5 Ave. at 104. Both performances at 2:30 P.M.; for tickets call PE 6-2634, Ext. 42.)

Notes—The Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison at 85, BU 8-3180, shows cartoon films and short features of interest to youngsters on Saturday mornings at 11. . . . The Children's Zoo at Bronx Park has added a mouse village, showing black, brown, and white mice at home and at play, to its usual collection of lambs, rabbits, guinea pigs, and such animals, all of which can be examined at close range by small fry.

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Romeo and Juliet," "On Stage," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., May 2. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., May 3. . . . "Swan Lake," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Interplay," and "Gift of the Magi," Sat. Mat., May 4. . . . "Petrouchka," "Interplay," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., May 4. . . . "Firebird," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Mat., May 5. . . . "Graziana," "Firebird," "Interplay," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., May 5. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free," Mon. Eve., May 6. . . . "Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard," Tues. Eve., May 7. . . . "Graziana," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Princess Aurora," Wed. Eve., May 8. . . . "Helen of Troy," "Undertow," "Pas de Deux," and "Interplay," Thurs. Eve., May 9. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., May 10. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose," "Interplay," and "Firebird," Sat. Mat., May 11. . . . "Graduation Ball," "Lilac Garden," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., May 11. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Sybil Shearer—In a program of modern dances. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Fri., May 3, at 3:30 P.M.)

Iris Mabry—Another modern dancer. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Tues., May 7, at 8:30 P.M.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and Alfredo Mendez's rumba band play soothing dance music in the stately Trianon Room, which closes Wed., May 8. The cool, subterranean Ambassador Garden opens Thurs., May 9, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the big but comfortable Bowman Room, there's Jack Harris's orchestra (with José Melis at the piano), Sara Ann McCabe, a rumba quartet, and a dance team. On Thurs., May 9, a whole new collection, headed by Dick Stabile's orchestra, will take over.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mary Lou Williams and Imogene Coca (both of whom will depart after Sat., May 4), plus Vicente Gomez, a little French girl named Moune, the Golden Gate Quartet, Susan Reed, and Edmond Hall's orchestra.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Embassy, 149 E. 57 (PL 3-8998)—Charles Trenet, just imported from Paris, France, for the benefit of those who like to keep abreast of café life over there. Noro Morales' rumba band and Ralph Lane's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A reasonably close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, greatly enhanced by the chipper music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and rather beautiful, but with kind of a benzedrine atmosphere. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The corner drugstore for the platina set. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Gali Gali, the talented magician, is in the baroque Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band. A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is in full cry in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. The orchestras of Arthur Ravel and Mark Monte play for dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra, in the big and stately Oval Room, garnishes the dinner hour until around eleven with an excellent variety of dinner music; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A decorous ice show and Paul Sparr's orchestra brighten up the opulent Iridium Room. In the Maisonette, that palatial little cellar, there are songs by Danny O'Neil, and a pair of small orchestras for dancing. Both rooms will close for the season on Mon., May 6. On Wed., May 8, the Roof, one of our nicest summer resorts, will open, with Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, attractive and sort of dressy, your conversation is set to sweet music by Cal Gilford and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A little world all its own, with some amazing tribal customs. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music. Tea dancing daily to Joe Carroll's orchestra.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Joan Edwards and John Sebastian, the accomplished harmonica man, are in the Wedgwood Room at suppertime. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper, and Mischa Borr's band helps out at the after-theatre hour. Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The very special songs of Josh White, accomplished piano playing by Cliff Jackson, humor by Bernie West, boogie-woogie by Pete Johnson, and dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a lively, bustling establishment with sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . **DRAKE,** 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the stylish little Drake Room, there's stylish nourishment to the accompaniment of soft and subtle piano—by Cy Walter at cocktails and supper, by Lester Crosley in between; no dancing. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 144 E. 52 (PL 3-4300): at suppertime, there's Sheila Barrett in a rampageous and entertaining mood, and some pleasant incidental piano music. For dinner, Louis Hawkins at the piano. . . . **MADISON,** Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Irving Roberts' orchestra for dancing up to nine, and other agreeable entertainment thereafter. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano, after nine-thirty, in this casual little alley; no dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): you know, those old Russian torch-song-and-dance acts, but nicely done just the same; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small cave inhabited by Don Frye (hot piano), Hank Duncan's trio (also hot, with Freddie Moore at the drums), and a cluster of newcomers (hot and cold).

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle, or Absolutely Anything for a Laugh, plus a dizzying trapeze act by Elly Ardelty and lots of less interesting stuff, including dancing by the customers. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard valiantly demonstrating that he can be a funny man in any surroundings. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his Danish-pastry songs, along with Emil Petti's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): about what you'd expect of B'way at 49, but helped somewhat by Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, the Mills Brothers, and Claude Hopkins' band. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): another one of those familiar Copacabana shows, this time headed by Jane Froman. Dance music by Dick Stabile's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band, both of which will be replaced on Thurs., May 9, by the orchestras of Ernie Holst and Desi Arnaz.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): an extensive, agreeable, and intelligent evening at the hands of Eddie Mayehoff, Florence Desmond, Stuart Ross, and Rose Murphy. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): worth while because of Doodles Weaver and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy's musings on the problems of fashionable life about town, Bart Howard's piano playing, and Daphne Hellman's handiwork on the harp.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless otherwise indicated.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): a convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Wild Bill Davison, Dave Tough, Gene Schroeder, and others of the same cut, often including Mr. Condon. Joe Sullivan runs off one of his distinguished piano recitals every now and then. On Mondays, Bud Freeman, James P. Johnson, Joe Bushkin, and George Wettling have the freedom of the house. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): the return of Bunk Johnson, showing how they played jazz in the *old* New Orleans; this time, unhappily, without the miraculous Baby Dodds at the drums. The room looks something like a warehouse loft, but there's room to dance. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, and their compatriots, working at what can truthfully be called full blast. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Gene Krupa and his orchestra playing for the uptown jitterbugs. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): J. C. Higginbotham and his trombone furnishing a thoroughly noisy evening, along with Red Allen's orchestra. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Art Tatum's unique piano playing, and more mundane music by Tiny Grimes' band, which has Trummy Young as trombonist; dancing. . . . **AQUARIUM,** 711 7 Ave., at 47 (BR 9-8884): Louis Armstrong's flamboyant orchestra at work in a big, brash bar-and-grill; dancing. . . . **SPOTLITE,** 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra entrancing its admirers.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra (through Thurs., May 9). . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra.

ART

Reynold Arnould—A young French painter with a very formalized manner. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Gouaches by Teresa Zarnower, a Polish constructivist; also, ten large paintings in a first one-man show by Robert De Niro. (Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Max Beckmann—First new paintings shown here since 1939 by one of the important figures in pre-

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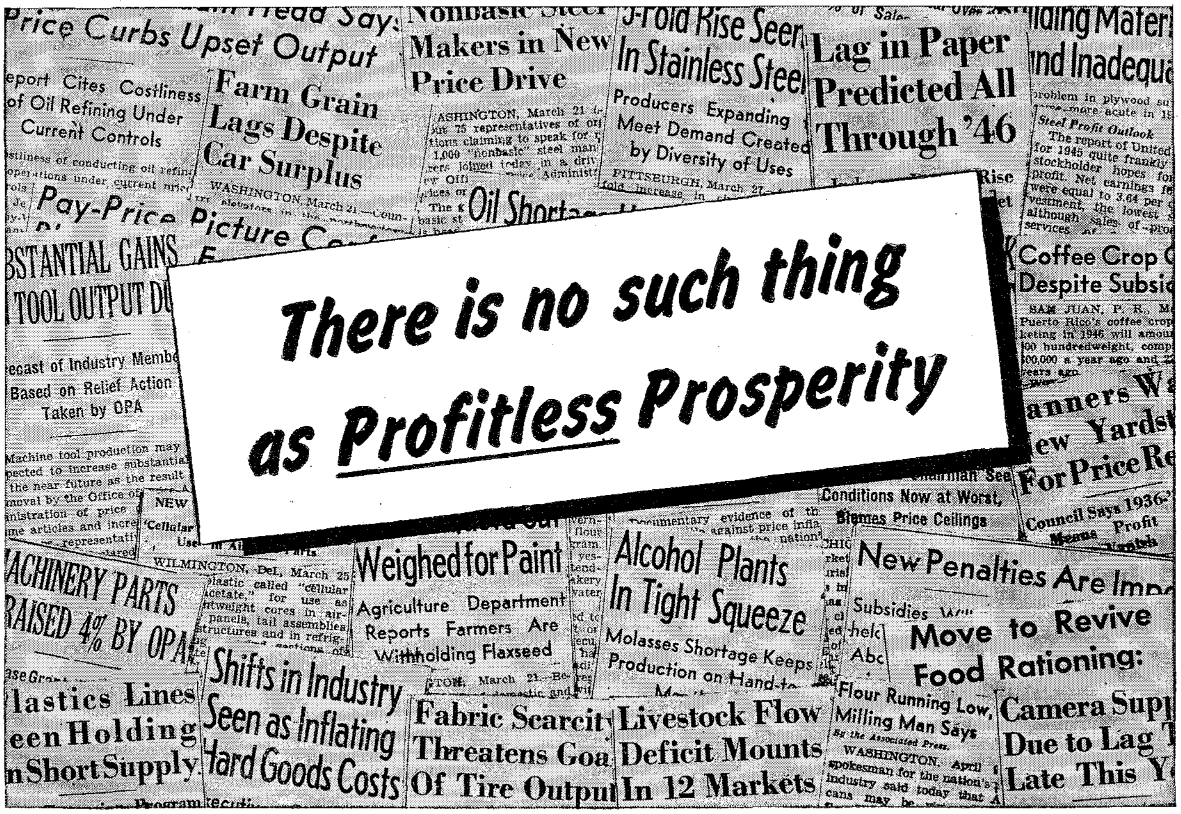
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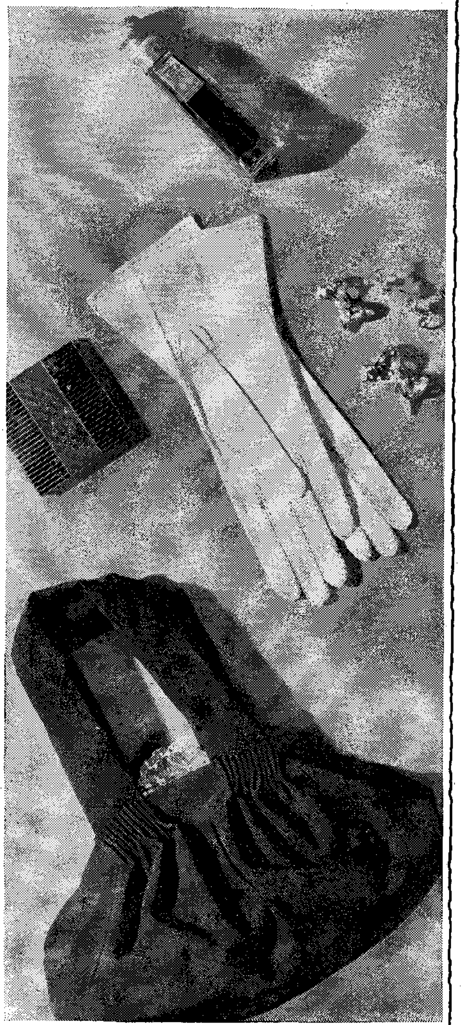

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Hitlerian German art. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Recent paintings of Paris. (Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

GEORGES BRAQUE—Eleven paintings done between 1925 and 1939. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibition of forty-four paintings by George Inness. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 12.)

RUSSELL COWLES—New paintings, some of them semi-abstract. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.)

CURRIER & IVES—An exhibition of original paintings by the old firm's artists, as well as a number of prints. (Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.)

DJANIRA—Bright, cheerful paintings of Rio and places around New York. (New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—A painter's progress, from 1939 to the present, in a fairly large retrospective. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

WILLIAM FETT—Abstract paintings and drawings. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

FRENCH—Paintings by Dufy, Modigliani, Rouault, and others. (Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

PAUL GAUGUIN—A loan exhibition for the benefit of the New York Infirmary. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

ARSHILE GORKY—New abstractions. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

GROUPS—At the **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Darrel Austin, Milton Avery, Nahum Tchacbasov, and other modern Americans, selected from the Roy Neuberger Collection. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.) . . . **NEW AGE**, 138 W. 15: new work by John Sloan, Max Weber, Julian Levi, and others. (Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.) . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57: oils by Benjamin Kopman, Emil Nolde, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.)

WESLEY LEA—A first show by an American painter who gracefully combines several European influences. (Downtown, 32 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

MARIA—A Brazilian artist shows some vivid Surrealist sculptures. (Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25.)

JOHN MARIN—A retrospective show of drawings done in the last sixteen years. (An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

ALFREDO RAMOS MARTINEZ—A Mexican who paints flowers, Indians, and saints. (Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 8.)

MATTA—New abstractions. (Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—"The Taste of the Seventies," or Victorianism in art both here and abroad. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of paintings by Chagall; through June 23. . . . An extensive display of native arts of the South Seas; through May 19. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.)

ANNE POOR—Wash drawings and water colors of war scenes at Army medical stations in the Pacific. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

CONSTANCE C. RICHARDSON—Minutely detailed landscapes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

MARK ROTHKO—Abstract water colors. (Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4.)

JOSEF SCHARL—New Expressionist paintings, less sombre and more serene than his previous work. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 18.)

SCULPTURE—Small pieces by Alexander Calder, David Smith, Hugo Robus, and a lot of others. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 15.)

DOROTHY SHERRY—Paintings of African chiefs, haunted houses, and other miscellaneous subjects. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 3.)

WILLIAM THON—New landscapes and seascapes. (Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Twenty-one water colors done between 1906 and 1918. (Chinese, 38 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 3.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—A backward glance at American art from 1908 to 1922, showing the influences of the period. (Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 19.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is **CI** 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY—"Madama Butterfly," Thurs. Eve., May 2. . . . "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., May 3. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Mat., May 4. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 4. . . . "Rigoletto," Sun. Mat., May 5. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Eve., May 5. . . . "La Tosca," Mon. Eve., May 6. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Tues. Eve., May 7. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., May 8. . . . "Faust," Thurs. Eve., May 9. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., May 10. . . . "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Mat., May 11. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Eve., May 11. (Center Theatre, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—"Rigoletto," Thurs., May 9. . . . "La Bohème," Fri., May 10. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sat., May 11. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30.)

THE MEDIUM—A new opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti, presented by the Columbia University Associat[illegible] (Brander-Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. W[illegible] Eve., May 8, at 8:30. For tickets call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502, between 12 noon and 6 P.M.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

MODERN AMERICAN MUSIC—Dean Dixon *conducting* the American Youth Orchestra, with Isaac Stern, violin; Marc Blitzstein, piano; and Muriel Smith, soprano, in a benefit for the Greater New York Committee for Russian Relief. (Carnegie Hall. Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 8:30; for tickets call WH 3-2460, Ext. 12.)

CARNEGIE HALL "POP" CONCERTS—A series of nightly informal concerts by seventy members of the Philharmonic-Symphony and a variety of soloists. Smoking is permitted and sandwiches and beer are available in the boxes. A schedule of the conductors and soloists who will perform follows: Artur Rodzinski and Walter Hendl conducting, with Robert Merrill, Sat., May 4. . . . Mark Warnow conducting, with Genevieve Rowe, John Corigliano, and others, Sun., May 5. . . . Edward Fendler conducting, with Katherine Dunham and her group, and Roman Totenberg, Mon., May 6. . . . Rosario Bourdon conducting, with Rosemarie Brancato and Donald Dame, Tues., May 7. . . . Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Vivian Della Chiesa and Francesco Valentino, Wed., May 8. . . . Josef Bonime conducting, with Miliza Korjus and Mario Berini, Thurs., May 9. . . . David Broekman conducting, with Robert Weede and others, Fri., May 10. . . . Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Nestor Chayres and others, Sat., May 11. (All performances at 8:30 P.M.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Paul Boepple directing, with the Bennington College Chorus. (Town Hall. Mon. Eve., May 6, at 8:45.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Another of Eddie Condon's monthly gatherings, this time with Gene Krupa, George Wettling, and Dave Tough—and there's a trio of drummers—backed up by Bud Freeman, saxophone; Joe Bushkin, piano; and a number of others. (Town Hall. Sat., May 4, at 5:30 P.M.)

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe directing, with Marcel Hubert as cello soloist. (Town Hall. Tues., May 7, at 8:30 P.M.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Harold Kohon conducting. (Town Hall. Sat., May 11, at 5:30 P.M.)

RECITALS

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400. Sun. Eve., May 5, at 8:40.)

DOROTHY MAYNOR—Soprano; a benefit performance for the Union Settlement. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 9. For tickets call BU 8-5019.)

OLD MUSIC—Susanne Bloch, assisted by Edith Weiss-Mann and others, in a program of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century music, played on the instruments of the period—lutes, theorbos, recorders, virginals, and such. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit (Fri., May 3, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., May 4, at 2 P.M.); Yankees vs. Chicago (Sun. through Tues., May 5-7, at 2:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. St.

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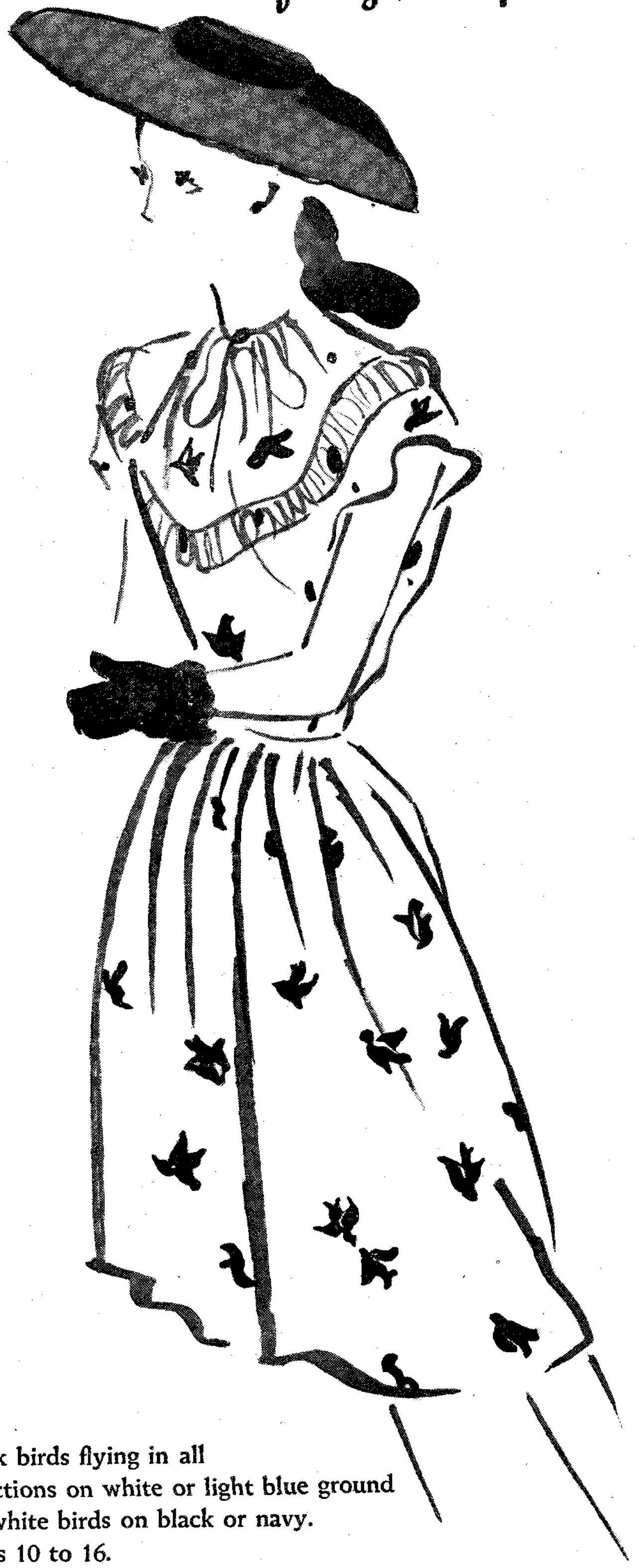

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Louis (Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9, at 2:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. Boston (Fri., May 10, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., May 11, at 2 P.M.)... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston (Fri., May 10, at 8:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Philadelphia (Sat., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.).

CREW—Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, M.I.T., Navy, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Rutgers, and Wisconsin. (Severn Course, Annapolis. Sat., May 11. Junior varsity race at 4:30 P.M.; varsity at 5:40 P.M.)

HORSE SHOWS—Hutchinson. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Sun., May 5.) ... Secor Farms Riding Club. (White Plains, N.Y. Fri. and Sat., May 10-11.)

HUNT RACES—Virginia Gold Cup. (Warrenton, Va. Sat., May 4, at 3 P.M.) ... Radnor Hunt. (Malvern, Pa. Sat., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.)

RACING—At CHURCHILL DOWNS: the Kentucky Derby, Sat., May 4, at 6 P.M. (A special section of the Louisville train leaves Penn Station at 5:25 P.M., Thurs., May 2. A return train leaves Louisville at 8:45 P.M., Sat., May 4.)... JAMAICA: daily at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 4. Grey Lag Handicap, May 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)... BELMONT: weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; starting Mon., May 6. Toboggan Handicap, May 6; Swift, May 8; Metropolitan Handicap, May 11. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) ... PIMLICO: weekdays at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., May 11. Pimlico Oaks, May 4; Preakness, May 11. (Baltimore trains leave Penn Station every hour on the half-hour. The track is a mile from the Baltimore station.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—Forty-five tickets of admission to the open sessions of the Security Council are made available, on a first-come-first-served basis, just before each session begins, at Building Four, Hunter College, Jerome Ave. at 200.

FRENCH FASHION DOLLS—A collection of nearly two hundred miniature mannequins, representing most of the famous old Paris dressmaking houses, exhibited by American Relief for France. The dolls, dressed, coiffed, and bejewelled to the nines, are shown in scaled-down stage settings designed by Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard, among others. (451 Madison, at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 20.)

CITY GARDENS—A number of outstanding private gardens around town will be open to public view on Tues., May 7, from 2:30 to 6:30 P.M., in a series of exhibitions arranged by the City Gardens Club of New York. The bowers on display will be those of Mrs. Sheldon Dick, 240 E. 62; Mrs. Stephen D. Hurlbut, 216 E. 62; Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, 153 E. 63; Mrs. Samuel Seabury, 154 E. 63; Mrs. W. Rodman Fay, 176 E. 64; and Mrs. Rodman B. Montgomery, 140 E. 65. (For tickets call PL 8-2695.)

COSTUME BALL—A benefit affair for the Metropolitan Museum's Building Fund, run by the Art Students League, at which the guests are supposed to represent figures from pictures in the Museum. (Waldorf-Astoria. Fri., May 10, at 9 P.M. For tickets and information call CI 7-4510.)

CHINESE JADE—A small show of birds, plaques, vases, and such objects of art, loaned by private collectors. (China House, 125 E. 65. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through May 23.)

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES—A restoration of the living conditions and culture of the ancient Egyptians that goes beyond the usual display of mummies and tomb inscriptions. (Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—"Spring and Summer Stars" is the title of the current demonstration. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sat. at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian majolica from the collection of the late Mortimer L. Schiff. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57; Sat., May 4, at 2 P.M.) ... Cruikshank drawings and illustrated books, and French fifteenth-century illuminated manuscripts, from the collection of the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9, at 2 P.M.) ... One hundred etchings by Rembrandt, and engravings by Dürer, Whistler, and Zorn, from the collection of the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—Addressing Fordham University's centennial dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, Sat.,

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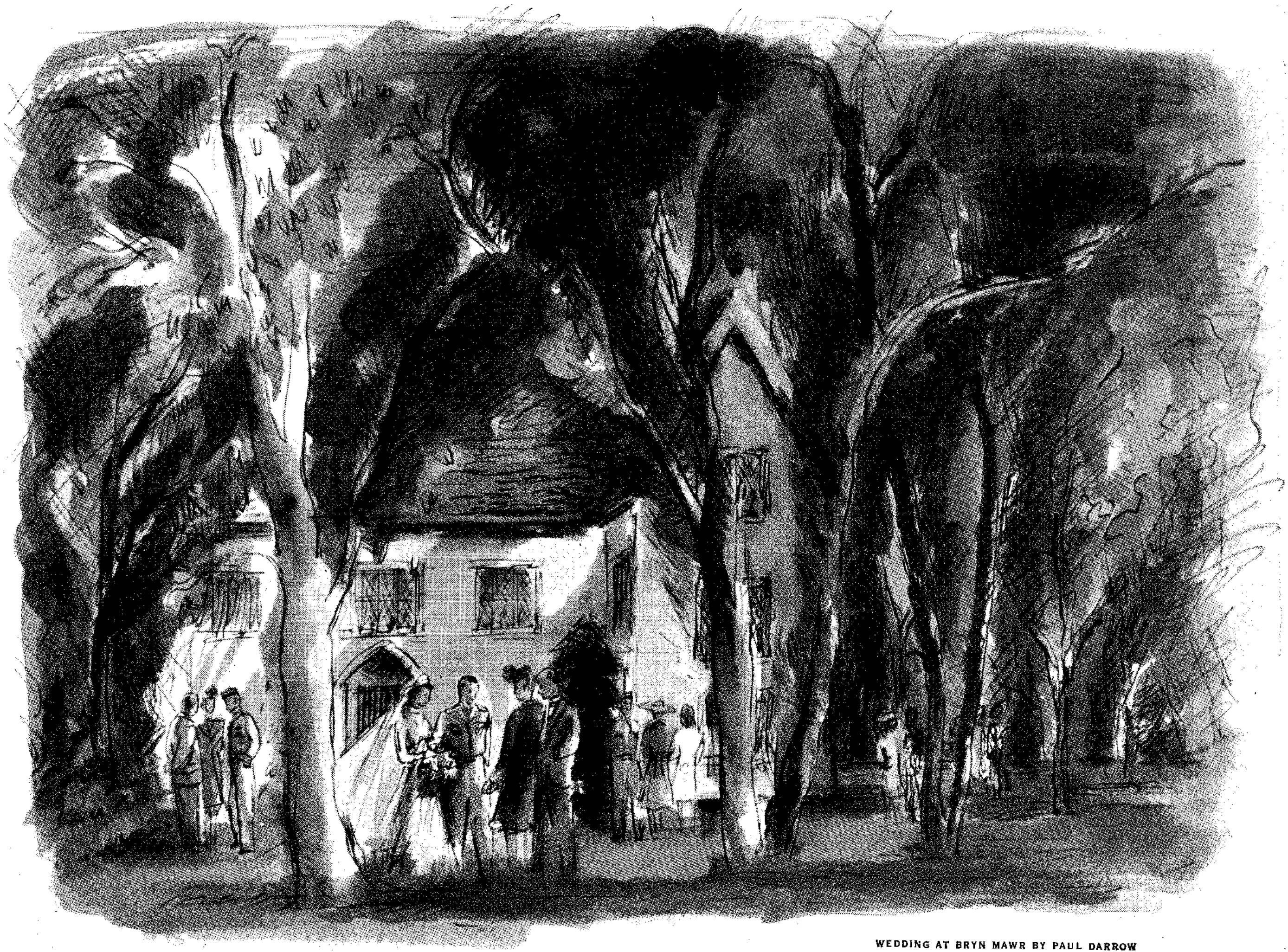

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 11, at 10:30 P.M., WABC, WJZ, WOR.

United Nations Meetings—All open sessions of the Security Council, at the Bronx Branch of Hunter College, are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

Music—C.B.S. Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., May 5, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., May 5, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera: "Il Trovatore," Sat., May 4; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Tues., May 7; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," Wed., May 8; all at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Josh White, Pete Johnson, Sarah Vaughan, and J. C. Heard's orchestra in a musical program typical of Café Society Downtown, which happens to be where it originates. Tues. and Thurs. at 11:30 P.M., WMCA.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mon. through Fri. at 9:55 P.M., and Sun. at 3 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fiorello LaGuardia, Sun. at 12 noon and at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Racing—Grey Lag Handicap, at Jamaica, Sat., May 4, at 4 P.M., WJZ, WOR. . . . Kentucky Derby, at Churchill Downs, Sat., May 4, at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont, Sat., May 11, at 4:30 P.M., WOR, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

The Green Years—A long-drawn-out but sensitively enacted adaptation of the A. J. Cronin novel about a boy growing up in Scotland around the turn of the century. With Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, and Wallace Ford. (Radio City Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50.)

The Harvey Girls—Some nice songs and the beguiling dancing of Ray Bolger will help you overlook the featherbrained plot of this one, which concerns the struggles of a bunch of virtuous waitresses to run a respectable hash house in a wicked New Mexican town. Judy Garland carols prettily against the Technicolored backgrounds. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., May 3-6. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., May 6-8. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9.)

It Happened at the Inn—From a great-grandfather, aged 106, to a foppish spratling in his twenties, everybody who turns up at this particular inn is worth your fond attention. Made in postwar France. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

The Kid from Brooklyn—There aren't many comedians around today anywhere near as funny as Danny Kaye, and he makes the most of his opportunities in this rehash of "The Milky Way," the 1934 stage success. It's about the milkman who became welterweight champion without striking a blow. Vera-Ellen's dancing adds a lot to the film. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

My Name Is Julia Ross—A dotty old lady and her homicidal son try to drive a young woman out of her wits, which makes for pretty good, grim entertainment. With Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 2.)

Open City—A superlative description of the workings of the Italian underground, featuring a cast that is just about perfect, although not many of them ever had much to do with the cinema before. Made in Rome after the city's liberation in 1944, the picture is completely authentic and a far cry from the cloak-and-dagger stuff that Hollywood has been passing off in its variations on the same theme. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Portrait of a Woman—Successively playing a wilting actress, a balmy schoolmistress, a morose peasant, and the lush and lively wife of a barge keeper, Françoise Rosay, the French actress, brings off a successful tour de force by her versatility. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Spiral Staircase—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler who wants to stifle her because he believes women ought to be perfect. The grisly atmosphere is nicely maintained, and there's a capable cast to assist Miss McGuire, including Ethel Barrymore. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., May 4-7. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Tues. through Fri., May 7-10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., May 8-11.)

Three Strangers—There's a good deal of foolishness in this one about an idol that arranges to have a trio of sad characters win a sweepstakes and then crosses them up when they try to cash in on their ticket. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet are entertaining, however, even in the film's most preposterous moments. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 3. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May

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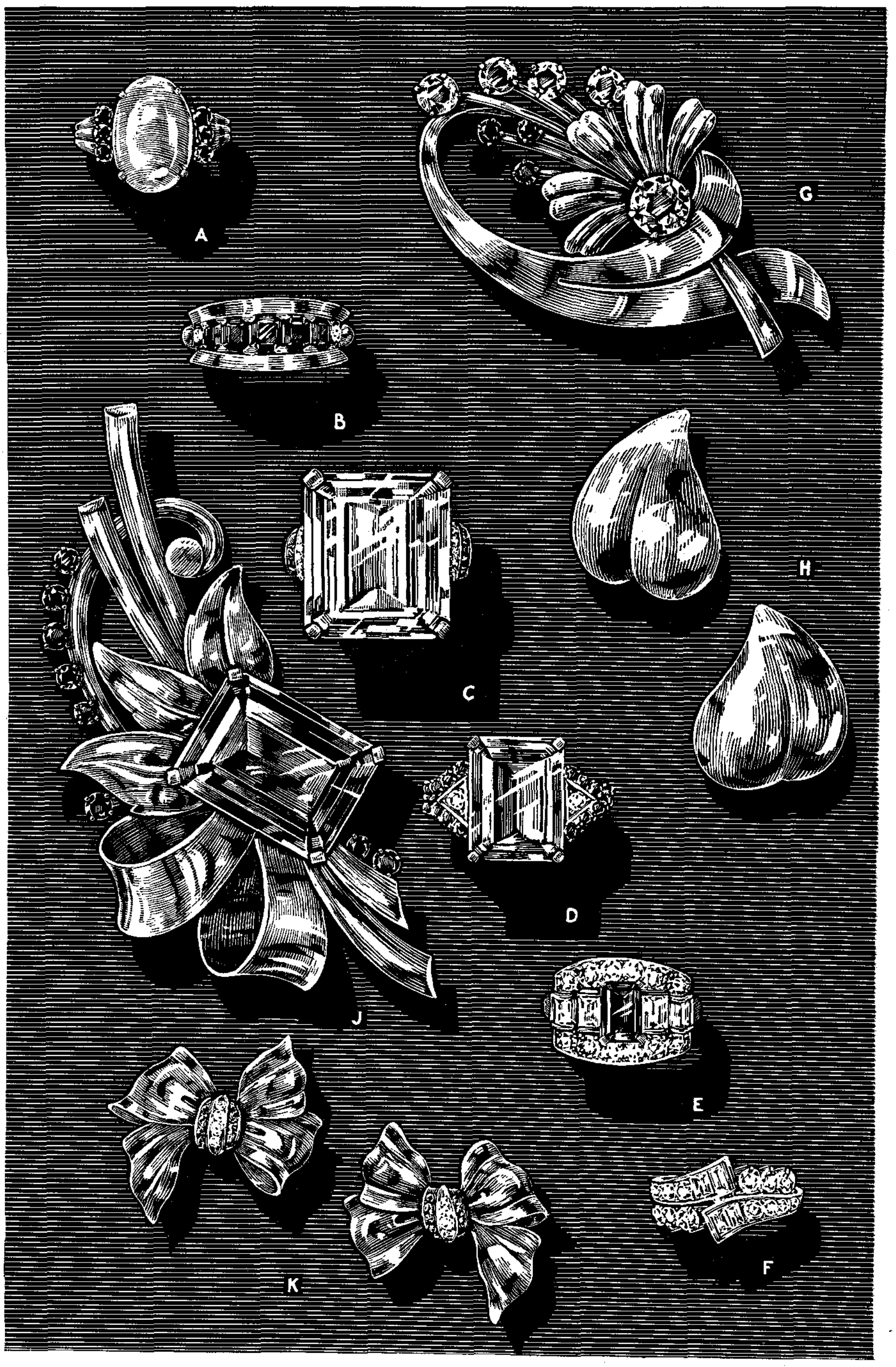

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 5-6.)

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr turn in a pair of stimulating performances as an English couple whom the war forces out of a complacent rut and transforms into jaunty individuals determined to avoid their prewar, lacklustre existence. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., May 7. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., May 8.)

A YANK IN LONDON—This one may give Anglophobes the horrors, but it's really only a mild discussion of some of the small difficulties that kept the British and the Americans from understanding each other as well as they might have during the war. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger head an excellent cast. (Victoria, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 9.)

NOTE—"Hymn of the Nations," a thirty-minute short, shows Arturo Toscanini leading a symphony orchestra and a choir through his own adaptation of Verdi's "Hymn." In this, the first film in which the conductor has appeared, he proves himself to be more dramatic than most of the actors now around, and he sees to it that everyone in the shadow of his baton makes superb music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

REVIVALS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., May 3-4.)

BELOVED ENEMY (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish Rebellion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 2. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 4.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 3-9.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., May 7.)

COME AND GET IT (1936)—Edna Ferber's story of a lumber millionaire. Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, and Joel McCrea. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 2.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE (1945)—An adaptation of the play about a family-wrecker. Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (1944)—Preston Sturges' tale of a bogus Marine hero. Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, and William Demarest. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 3-6.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE (1945)—Life among the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Mon. and Tues., May 6-7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 8-11.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1931)—The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 3-9.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—The play dealing with Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 5-6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., May 5-7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9.)

STREET SCENE (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9.)

THESE THREE (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in a doctored version of Lillian Hellman's play "The Children's Hour." (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., May 2.)

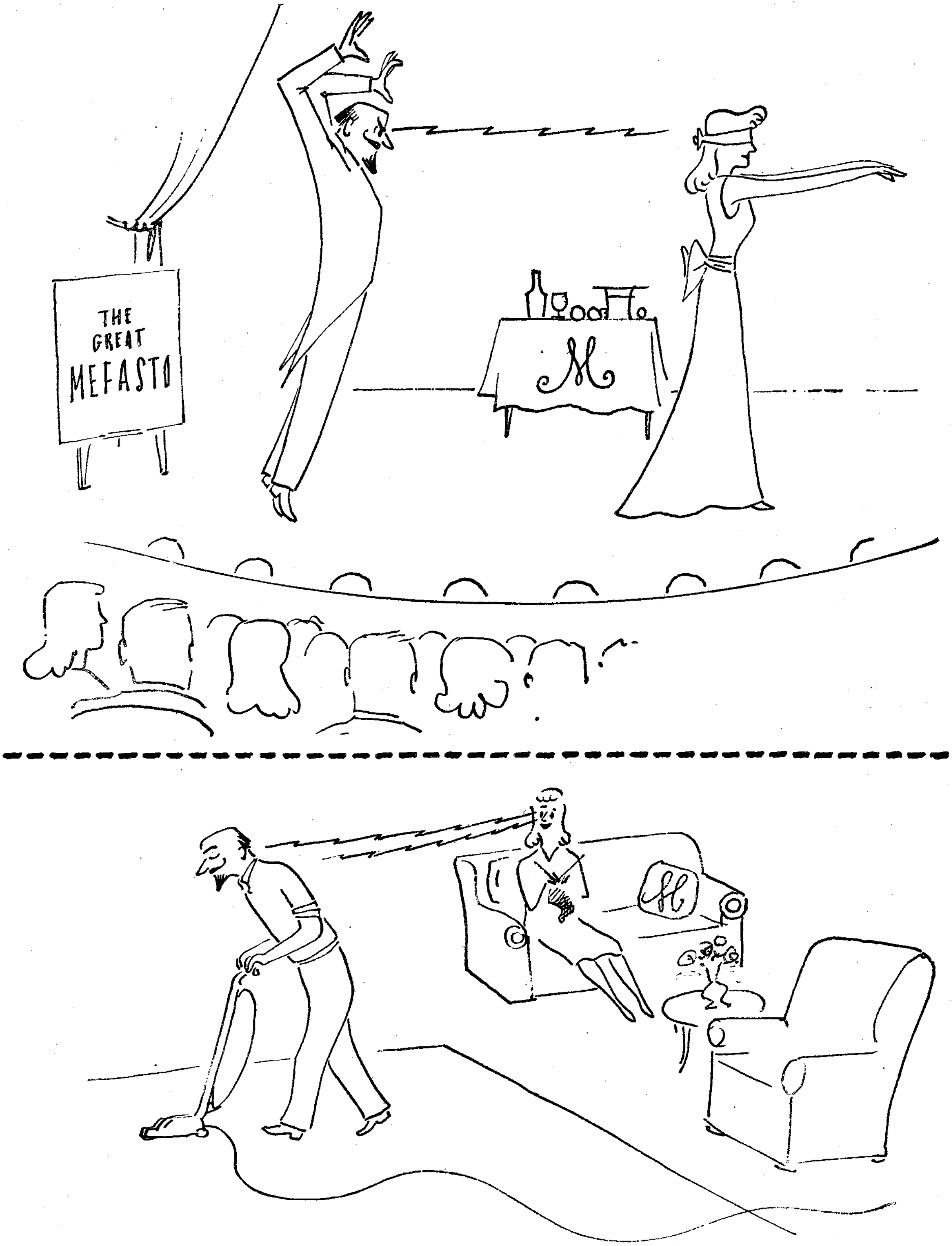
THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—Concerning a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 2.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., May 5-6.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 7-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series of wartime documentary pictures—THURS., MAY 2: "Memphis Belle" (1944) and "Welcome to Britain" (1944). . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 3-5: "War Department Report" (1943). . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 6-9: "Report from the Aleutians" (1943) and "Thunderbolt" (1945). . . . FROM FRI., MAY 10: "Wings Up" (1943) and "AAF Report" (1944). (Weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.)

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


THE GREAT MEFASTO
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Nor the power of the magazine that
attracts more women than
any other magazine in the world.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

No one is safe from Cancer
OUR NO. 1 ENEMY
Cancer

...IT RESPECTS NEITHER AGE NOR SEX

IF this child were yours...you would do anything to save him from cancer.

Cancer now ranks second as a cause of death in the United States: unless **something is done about it, 17,000,000 American men, women and children now living will die of cancer.**

That means that an average of **one in every eight of us** faces eventual death from this most dreaded of all diseases!

Cancer is *no respecter of age or sex:* more than 175,000 men, women and children will be its victims during 1946 in this country alone. While medical science has been winning victories over many diseases, deaths from cancer have been steadily increasing. Today more children between the ages of 5 and 20 die of cancer than die of the following four diseases combined: Diphtheria, Infantile Paralysis, Scarlet Fever and Whooping Cough.

The great tragedy of this is that 30% to 50% of cancer deaths are needless. They could have been saved by early recognition of the symptoms of cancer and by early and proper treatment.

It is up to every one of us to help in the fight against cancer on three fronts:

1. To spread the knowledge that cancer is frequently curable if diagnosed in its earliest stages. **2.** To provide the most modern facilities for the care and treatment of present cancer patients, and, **3.** To launch a really comprehensive, nationwide cancer research program to find the basic cause and cure of cancer.

No one is safe from cancer. And no sacrifice is too great to protect a loved one from it.

GUARD THOSE YOU LOVE...
GIVE TO CONQUER CANCER

The American Cancer Society, Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.
Sirs:
☐ I enclose $........as my gift to fight cancer.
☐ Please send me, without cost, information on the "danger signals" of cancer, to protect myself and my family.
☐ Please send me the name and address of the nearest cancer information center.

Name____________________
PRINT
Street____________________
City____________State______
ACS No. 2

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THERE IS SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN!

Liquid Sunshine

NEVER BEFORE has a sun tanning preparation brought you all these additional benefits. Liquid Sunshine gives you a quick, golden tan. And wonderful to say—powerfully repels insects! It filters the harmful rays of the sun. Non-greasy, you'll enjoy using it . . . for it keeps your skin soft and alluring while it is on—and after! And to cap it all, it has a fresh, tangy scent the whole family endorses. Never dreamed a sun preparation could do all these wonderful things? Leave it to the genius of Helena Rubinstein! 1.50, .85

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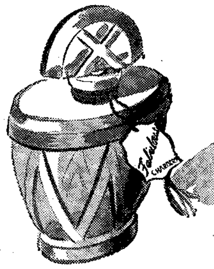

For Mother

the perfume that's just as wonderful
as she is . . . Charbert's Fabulous.
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

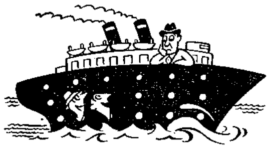
Notes and Comment

WHEN we found ourself tucking a sheet of carbon paper under a letterhead, it seemed like a turning point of a sort. A man should be able to get through life without committing anything to the files, but it is not as easy as it once was. When you make a carbon, you give hostages to fortune. It is a matter of temperament, of course. Some people begin using carbon paper as soon as they are off the bottle and onto solid food.

A QUESTIONNAIRE from our university, in the mail this morning, pumps us about the number of children we have begotten. A study is being made of the "sources from which intelligent citizens are derived." We appreciate the subtle compliment and thank our university for it. Sociologically, we are not impressed. An intelligent citizen is an accident of God, not the work of an alumnus.

THEY say that when the bombs explode over Bikini, the heat will equal the interior heat of stars. This is of the utmost interest to scientists, every one of whom owes his existence to the earth's having cooled off.

THE Ile-de-France is accepting Grade B passengers for $165 to Cherbourg, the accommodations being "in reality troop quarters." The French Line is being unnecessarily apologetic about this, we think. The first trip we made abroad was in the Andania's steerage section, which had been converted for the accommodation of collegians, and as we recall the voyage, the first-class passengers spent most of their time trying to crash the steerage, where all the fun was. If the French Line is smart, it will not apologize for troop quarters, it will glamorize them. The simplest way is to install a really hot band down there and give the Grade A passengers a diseased string quartet in the main dining saloon.

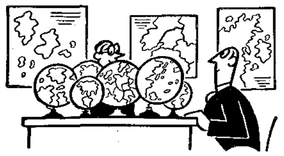


IT is discouraging that at the highest council table, the conversations should be on a low level. We sat through a three-hour debate on whether the Iranian matter should, or should not, remain on the agenda. It hardly seemed worth debating. Trouble is always on the world's agenda, and cannot be dislodged by the vote of eleven men. Everybody in the room knew that, and wished it weren't so.

ANOTHER long debate was on the question whether Franco's Spain was a threat to peace. It seemed a senseless argument. The presence of Fascism anywhere constitutes a threat to peace, and you do not need to debate it. Fascism enjoys at the moment an almost perfect climate for growth—a world of fear and hunger and a new, quick weapon of mass destruction which bypasses armies and navies and goes right to the root of the thing, right to the people in their homes in the cities. If the triumphant democracies hope to beat Fascism at its own game, they will have to bypass the academic debates on whether Franco constitutes a threat to peace and whether Iran should be on or off the agenda, and go right to the guts of peace itself—in short, right to the heart of sovereignty. They ducked it at Yalta, they ducked it at Dumbarton Oaks, they ducked it at San Francisco, and now it dogs them relentlessly, and will continue to dog them until they turn and face it.

IT has seemed to us that Mr. Gromyko's behavior throughout has been consistent with the letter of the Charter. The Western nations, on the other hand, have been wistfully trying to breathe something into the Council which is not there. The Charter at least has the virtue of candor: it expressly affirms its own impotence. But despite this, the people devoutly wish for a strong implement to translate their high purpose into good results. To us the memorable thing about the United Nations meetings, both in San Francisco, where they were in the fetal stage, and latterly in the Bronx, where they are in infancy, is how desperately people want a world order and how willing they are to invest the new organism with the authority without which it can never properly function.

WE'VE just had a brisk global briefing by Andrew McNally III, vice-president of Rand McNally and a great-grandson of the founder. He is a pleasant young man with blond hair and an inappropriately unworldly look. He recently returned to civilian cartography after four years with the Army Map Service. "My work there was practically preordained," he told us. "So was my being vice-president of this place. I studied music at school, but my father is president of the firm, and the firm was founded back in 1856—*you* know. Now that the war is over, I'm tempted to divide up the world, the Rand McNally world, according to my own ideas, but we're a very old and very stuffy firm, and I suppose it wouldn't do. Occasionally, in the past, we've stuck our neck out a little. The State Department never recognized Manchukuo, since it had a puppet Japanese government, but we did, and in 1939 we wiped out Austria and Czechoslovakia. We made them purple, the same



as Germany, and that's the way they look on our 1945 maps. Boy, did we get beefs! We're putting them back in pink and orange now."

McNally III told us that because the final peace treaties may not be drawn up for years, Rand McNally must inevitably stick its neck out again, to the extent of indicating provisional settlements. The maps, globes, and atlases that are being published this spring not only restore Austria and Czechoslovakia to their previous shades but change Manchukuo to Manchuria and give it back to China, change Italian East Africa to Ethiopia, recognize the independence of Outer Mongolia, divide East Prussia between Poland and the U.S.S.R., reduce Germany by removing about a tenth of its prewar territory, and cut Japan down from an Asiatic empire to a minor island kingdom consisting of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu, and Shikoku. "We decided months ago to hand the Kuriles back to Russia and were pleased when it turned out that the Yalta Agreement agreed with us," McNally III said. "We've put Okinawa and some of the other Ryukyus down as Chinese and we've removed all indication of possession from a number of other islands formerly held by Japan. For the time being, at least, they won't belong to anybody but themselves, which is as it should be."

Rand McNally figures that during the war the Soviet Union acquired about two hundred thousand square miles of territory and some twenty-five million inhabitants. The new territory includes parts of Czechoslovakia, Finland, Rumania, Poland, and East Prussia, and all of the three Baltic countries—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—which voted themselves into the U.S.S.R. "We've divided Germany up into four zones of military occupation," McNally III said, "but we haven't split her up into four different colors. They're all Germans in there." Lifting the face of the world is costing Rand McNally upward of a hundred thousand dollars. Luckily, it isn't necessary to make entirely new master maps. Old drawings can be corrected. The spelling of many place names is being changed to suit the new circumstances. Wilno will be Vilna, since that city is now in the U.S.S.R., and Lwow will be Lvov. Prag is to be Praha again, and Keijo, the capital of Korea under the Japs, Seoul. "We're also taking the opportunity to get rid of some of our more hideous colors," McNally III said. "For one thing, that weird shade we've been using for Yugoslavia. We may change that to champagne beige."

During the war, naturally, the sale of maps skyrocketed. Rand McNally expects the future demand to level off somewhere between the prewar and war levels. Schools, which make up the bulk of the map trade, are less interested these days in boundaries than in other characteristics. "Recently," McNally III told us, "we put out an air-travel globe for fourth-grade geography students, and other forward-looking people, from which we omitted all boundaries, all mountains, and all bodies of water. We just put in cities, because cities are people and nothing on earth matters so much as people."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign in a store window in San Francisco that reads, "INCOME TAX SERVICE BY CONFIDENT AUDITORS."

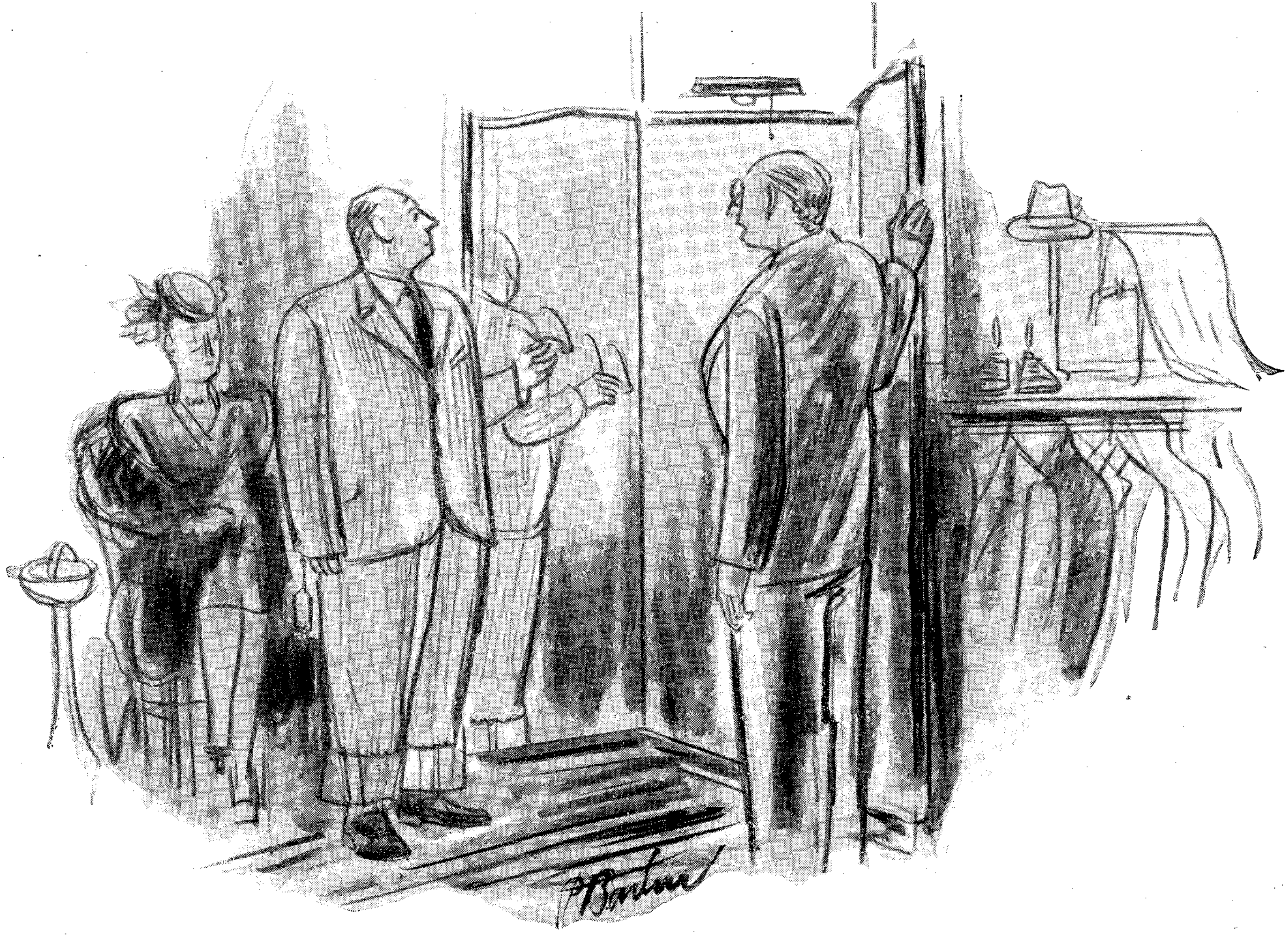
A church paper, published in Chicago by the Reverend Wilbur N. Palmquist, bears the name *Gethsemanews*.

There's a firm of lawyers in Manila called Opinión y Opinión.

Second Biggest City

LAST Wednesday, we took a sightseeing bus to Chinatown ($2.30 from Times Square, *in*cluding the Joss House), our first since the war and probably our last for all time. The buses have been back on the streets since September, when wartime restrictions against their use were lifted. Atom bomb or no atom bomb, one world or none, the procedure clings to its ancient form. We were ambling along Broadway near Forty-second when a squat man with a cigar in his mouth and a sign in his hat saying "Sightseeing" sidled alongside and remarked huskily, "Greenwhich Village, the Bowery, Chinatown, the opium dens." "Real opium dens?" we asked. "Cross my heart and hope to die a Chinaman," said the man. We ducked around the corner behind him and followed him into a doorway, where another man, behind a counter, took our money. "Bus leaves at two prompt," said the cashier, and at two-thirty we were off, one of a full busload of thirty-seven folk, more than half of whom were soldiers. Our tour guide was the man with the cigar. He sat beside the driver with his back to the windshield and barked through an old-fashioned brown megaphone. "*Pro*ceeding south from the foot of the Great White Way along Broadway, a street thirty-seven and one-half miles in its length," he said, "we pass on our right the Metropolitan Opera House, where hosts of world-famed songbirds have lifted their voices, *in*cluding Henrico Caruso. In the teeming canyons on both sides, three-quarters of one million needleworkers toil." The guide lowered the megaphone, put a lozenge in his mouth, and chewed it furiously. "Ailing again?" asked the driver. "Shut up, baboon," said the guide, who then restored his megaphone to position and continued, "On our left, the seated figure of Horace Greeley, famed for the remark 'Go West, young fellow,' and plenty did, and had to wire for money to get back East, while Greeley stayed here and made a million. [Laughter] You are in the second biggest city in the woild. We speak seventy-four languages, that being the reason we all get along so wonderful together, nobody understanding what anybody else is saying. [Titters] . . . On the left, the Little Choich Around the Corner, where *all* the important people get married. . . . Straight ahead, the Washington Arch, gateway to famed Greenwhich Village—night life, Bohemians, companionate marriage, artists and models!" [Craning of necks]

The guide subsided, and chewed lozenges until we swung down the Bowery—"Street of Forgotten Men, where beds are ten cents and there are showers on rainy nights only." At Chatham Square and Mott Street, the bus bumped to a halt. "Gateway to famed Chinatown, folks," said the guide. "Please stick together until we reach the Moo Tai Temple, or Joss House, and if you hear shooting, I'll be four blocks away." [Gasps] In a tight knot, the group walked down Mott Street and entered a dingy doorway leading to a dark room lined with hard benches. Everybody sat down facing a carved altarpiece. Beside it were a huge gong and an empty baby carriage. The walls were covered with hundreds of small pink pieces of paper that looked like laundry slips. Our Burton Holmes solemnly hit the gong three times. "You



"We call it the executive's model."

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are in a Chinee temple," he said. "The Chinee people never make a business move before entering Moo Tai Temple, shaking the Chi-Chi sticks, and kowtowing before the altar. Altarpiece is priceless. J. P. Morgan himself offered five hundred thousand American dollars for this all-teak altar, but officials of Moo Tai consider the altar sacrilegious and will not sell." [Gasps] At the guide's suggestion, everybody made a wish and hit the gong on the way out, and the party repaired to a bazaar on Doyers Street, where those who wanted to bought small mementos of the trip, including back scratchers. The party then gathered in the street, where the guide pointed to an empty lot and said, "In this historic site, little Oiving Berlin first played the piano, later the author of 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' " Farther down the street, members of the party were herded into the auditorium of the Rescue Society, better known as Noonan's Mission, sat again on hard benches, studied a sign on the wall ("How long since you wrote to Mother?"), listened to a short address by a representative of the Society, and had the bite put on them as they departed. Everybody trooped back to the bus.

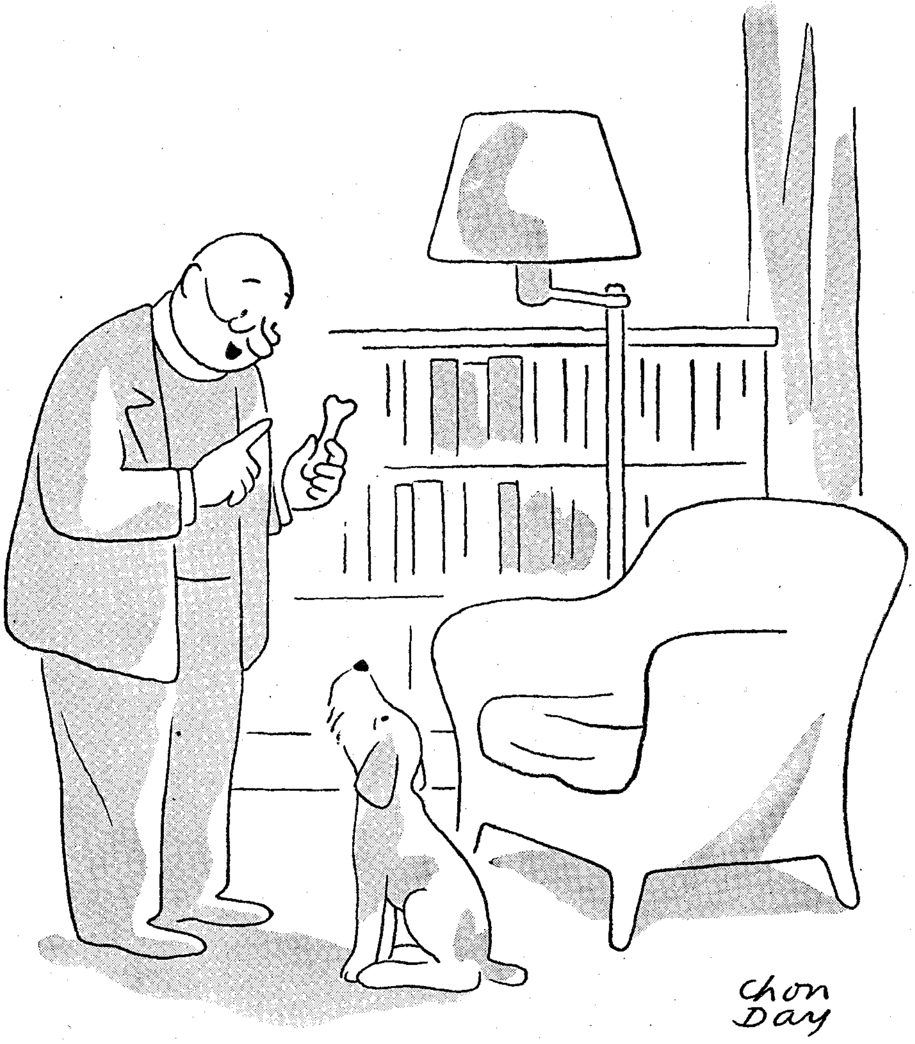
Obviously wearied by the rigors of Chinatown, our guide spoke only a few words as we headed south to the tip of the island: "On your left, the Fish Market, where Al Smith labored. . . . On your right, Wall Street. . . . On the left, the Little Lady herself, the Statue of Liberty." On the homeward trip, he fizzled out entirely, brooding over his megaphone and lozenges. He revived briefly as the bus came into the homestretch, on Forty-second. "This is the street that is known as the street with moving-picture houses on both sides," he said. All alighted, tired but unhappy.

Misogynist

STORIES about children frequently tend to make us uneasy, and with reason. The mother of a ten-year-old son writes us that she recently undertook to help him weed out his formidable collection of comic books. She was about to toss one particularly lurid-looking item into the wastebasket when the lad snatched it from her. "Not that one, Mom," he said, a diabolical look in his clear young eyes. "That's the one on torturing women."

Staff of Life

WHEAT, which is in the headlines these days, probably originated in Mesopotamia or the Himalayas as a group of wild grasses called egilops. Because of scientific crossing, it now appears in over a thousand varieties. These fall into eleven divisions, called "races," of which the most important are einkorn, cultivated chiefly in Europe, Asia Minor, and Morocco as animal feed; emmer, the only wheat grown by the ancient Egyptians; and bread wheat, or *Triticum vulgare* (or common wheat). Einkorn has fourteen chromosomes per cell, emmer twenty-eight, and bread wheat forty-two, or only six less than man. We are a sucker for chromosomes and will therefore in this discourse stress this last species, far and away the most popular with wheat fanciers. But first let us advise you that the word *Triticum* (Latin for



"Pray for it."

"wheat") comes from *tritus*, a participle of the verb *terere*, meaning "to grind," and that the word "wheat" comes from *hwæte*, an Old English derivative of *hwit*, meaning "white." In Middle English, *hwæte* was changed to *whete*, thank goodness. Crossword-puzzle addicts better paste all this in their hats (or *hwats*).

Very well. *Triticum vulgare* was cultivated in Mexico in the early fifteen-hundreds by the Spanish. It can be red or white and hard or soft. In 1602 it was sown in the Elizabeth Islands, off Massachusetts; in 1611 in Virginia; by 1622 in New Netherland. The first American wheat belt ran from Delaware and Maryland to central New York; next, the Ohio Valley states were planted, with soft, red wheat. Missionaries introduced this valuable cereal into California in 1769. Canada started growing it around 1800, and in 1827 raised over twenty million bushels. In 1945 we produced 1,123,143,000 bushels, about one-fifth of the total world crop. We used to be runner-up to Russia and probably still are, but we may be gaining on her. You can't tell, because the Soviet government hasn't released any production figures since 1940. Our Winchester bushel, legal standard of measurement here, weighs 60 pounds and contains from 466,580 to 971,940 grains, or 489,919,000,000,000 to 1,020,537,000,000,000 chromosomes. The imperial bushel, England's standard, weighs 61.92 pounds, so some laymen think that English *Triticum* is heavier than ours. Of course it isn't.

Wheat roots sometimes grow from four to six feet into the ground, which is an astonishing fact. Wheat ears usually top a stem three to five feet tall and have from eighteen to twenty-five flattened spikelets with half a dozen flowers apiece. Half of these flowers develop into grains; the rest are abortive. Some spikelets have long hairs, which give the wheat a bearded character, like Bernard Shaw. Shaw weighs a bit more than two Winchester bushels and contains several trillion more chromosomes.

Wheat now grows anywhere, from equatorial Ecuador to the Klondike. It flourishes at sea level in Holland, at eleven thousand feet in the Himalayas, and can get along in any type of soil except dry sand and wet peat. Macaroni is made from a wheat similar to emmer. It can also be produced from a hard wheat known as durum. There is a good deal of durum south of the Great Lakes. Winter wheat is sown in the fall and harvested in early summer. Spring wheat is sown in the early spring and harvested in late summer. Sumer is icumen in.

Wheat stalks are used in Europe and the Orient for straw hats, and here for low-grade paper and cardboard. A small amount of the grain goes into Postum. Everybody should cut down on bread.

Suspicious

A COUPLE we are told of has been lucky enough to move from a small, uncomfortable apartment to one which is slightly less so. In the midst of packing, they found they would need some cartons in which to carry kitchen utensils and things like that. The man of the house went down to the corner grocery and asked the proprietress, a hard-bitten old harridan, if he might have a few empty cartons. She gave him a look. "Empty cartons of what?" she demanded.

All-Round Man

CHARLES TRENET, the French singer, flew to this country in time to pay the required ritual visits to the Empire State Building and Coney Island, see "Make Mine Music!" and "Ziegfeld Follies," listen to Louis Armstrong at the Aquarium Restaurant, eat a couple of meals, sleep a couple of hours, and run through two highly confused rehearsals before opening at the Embassy Club last Thursday evening. We caught the second of these rehearsals on Thursday afternoon, working our way into the Club past the kitchen help, electricians carrying ten-foot ladders, and an elderly Vermont lady from Western Union, who inquired at intervals, "Won't *somebody* please sign this telegram for Mr. Tenant?" Though Trenet's manager was pacing up and down the dance floor in a Gallic tizzy as we came in, his press agent, an American gentleman with the look of eagles in his eyes, was suitably composed. "He'll be a smash," he told us. "He was a smash at the Etoile in Paris. His records were a smash here before the war with the cognoscenti." "With the what?"

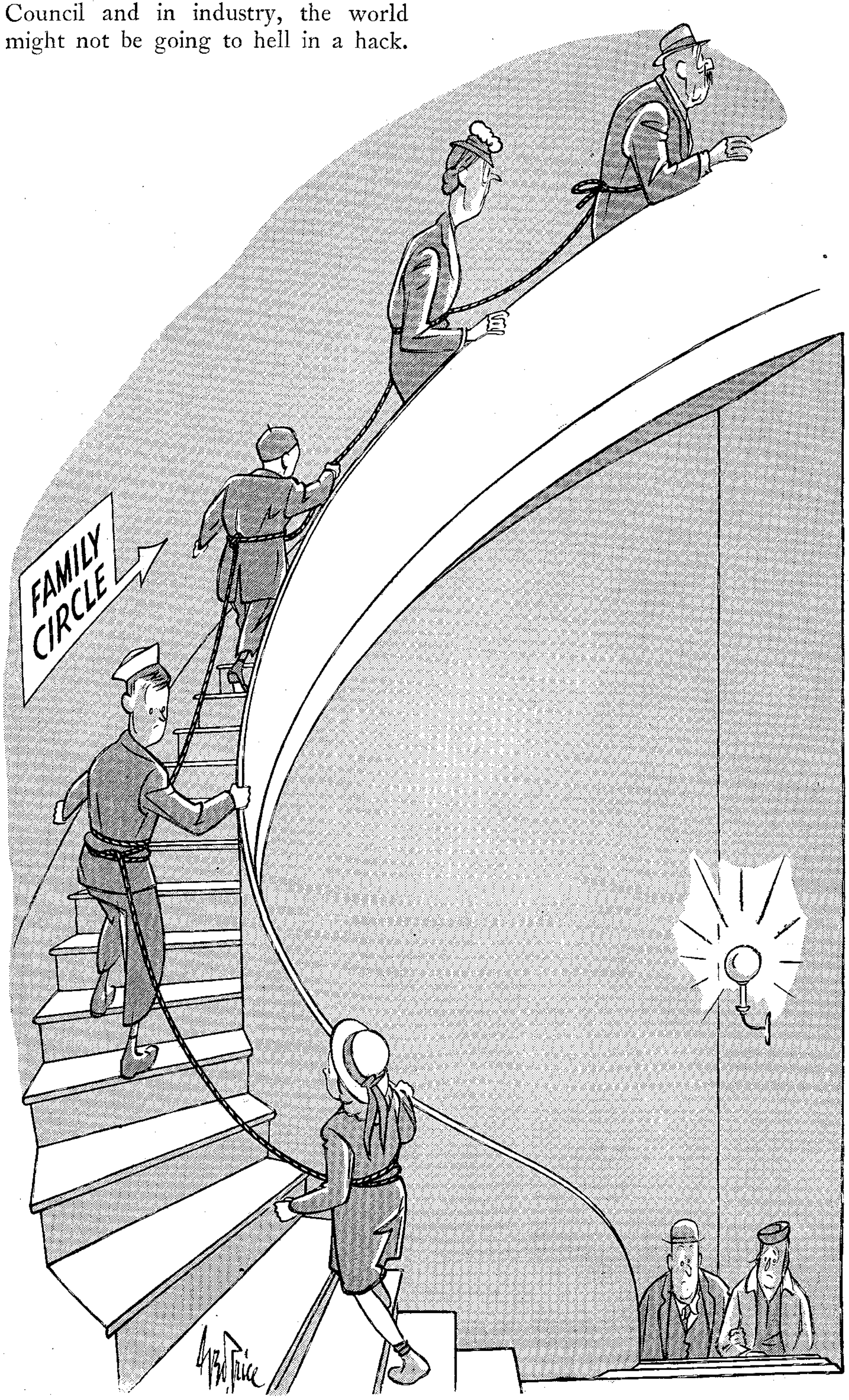
we asked. "You heard me," the press agent said, stepping up the wattage in his eagle eyes.

Trenet himself appeared to be having the time of his life. A blond young man with blue eyes and pink cheeks, he was dressed in a corduroy sports jacket and light buckskin shoes, and as he went through his songs he shadowboxed about the floor in a manner reminiscent of the early Jolson. Some of his songs were in French, some in English. The orchestra found it difficult to grasp the relation between his footwork and his voice, which he kept at a whisper in order to conserve it for the night's work ahead. "*Plus fort!*" Trenet called to them from time to time. "*Plus fort!*" The orchestra leader finally held up one hand. "Don't you worry about that *fort* stuff," he said. "Our trumpet player hasn't got here yet." Trenet's manager stopped his pacing long enough to outline for us the story of one of Trenet's songs, "La Java des Scaphandriers." He told us that it concerns a couple making love under water in diving suits; the man's air hose breaks, and then . . . "Yes, yes," we said. "Go on." The manager shrugged. "That is the end," he said. "He cannot breathe. It is a great rage in Paris. Very funny! Very gay!"

After some minutes, Trenet asked for time out, and we were introduced to him. He told us, half in French, half in English, that he was born in Narbonne, a town in the south of France, and that he is about to celebrate his thirtieth birthday. His family intended to make an architect of him, but he had no sooner enrolled in an architectural school in Paris than he started to sing professionally. He has written at least a hundred songs, he said, and has as many more in his head. He strongly dislikes South American music. He likes Gershwin, Kern, and Harold Rome. The last-named also set out to be an architect, and has written English lyrics for a song of Trenet's entitled "J'ai Ta Main" ("Here we go, holding hands, just like kids, you and I"). Trenet is an all-round man. He also paints; an exhibition of what he calls his "paintings of memory" was put on in Paris last month—landscapes of the country around Narbonne. He has appeared in a number of French movies and would like to make some American movies, too. He came over in the same plane with Spyros Skouras, the colossal movie magnate, and we wouldn't be surprised if the *mariage* was already arranged. "I want to stay in this country a long time," Trenet said. "I have it from a little boy this high to come to America and now the dream is true, only it is not a dream, it is better than a dream, it is that I am truly here."

Blunder

A YOUNG Yale fellow who picked up some pretty radical notions about the circumference of the earth, the circulation of the blood, and so on during a recent tour of duty with the armed forces was chatting with an Old Blue in the Yale Club grill the other day and ventured to assert his opinion that, despite conflicts in the U.N. Security Council and in industry, the world might not be going to hell in a hack. "Fiddle!" the Old Blue said. "We're ruined. The whole country's ruined. We'll never get the good days back again." The Young Blue made an effort to pin his adversary down. What did he consider the first false step the country had taken? Social Security? Electing Roosevelt? "I'm glad you asked me that," the Old Blue said, pounding the table till his broiled kidney hopped. "That's a surprisingly sensible question, coming from one of your age. It was the day the federal government took over the post offices. From then on, young man, we were lost."



TOWN HOUSE—VI

"WELL, let's try and make the last months nice," Esther Murray said. "I'm personally willing to do everything I can to make the house run smoothly, and if we all pull together, everything will be all right. I'm sorry about the things I said yesterday. I guess I must have lost my temper, but I guess we all make mistakes, and what kind of people would we be if we never lost our tempers?" She stood in the library doorway, a hungry-looking girl dressed in a lacy dirndl and Indian moccasins. Her remarks were addressed to the Hylers and the Tremaines, who were sitting in the comfortable room drinking Martinis. Twenty-four hours earlier, Esther had stood at the same place and screamed at Jack Tremaine and his wife that they were a pair of Judas Iscariots.

More than a year earlier, the Hylers, the Murrays, and the Tremaines had been unable to find apartments, and they had jointly rented and furnished a big house in the East Eighties, just off Fifth Avenue. The three couples had had many quarrels, the latest having reached an explosive pitch a few days earlier, when the Tremaines, without consulting the others, had put an advertisement in the *Times*, offering to exchange their share of the house for an apartment. It was less Esther's vilification than the fact that their advertisement had been unproductive that had led them, the night before, to apologize for their apostasy.

"After all, we have so much to be thankful for!" Carol Hyler exclaimed. "We have plenty of space," she said, as though this had just occurred to her. "We have light and hot water and privacy! And it's nice for the children to be so near the Park."

"You sound like your mother, dear," Larry told his wife pleasantly, and she did. There was something about her anxiety to find the bright side of misfortune that belonged to an older generation.

"I suppose the housing shortage must be giving some people a dreadful time," Lucille Tremaine said reflectively. "So many people have to live with their families."

"There was a very interesting article in the *New Republic* about the housing shortage," Esther said. "Did any of you happen to read it?"

"I can't read the *New Republic*," Lucille said. "They print it on such vile paper. It has warts and hairs sticking out of it."

"Well, I'm glad we're all going to stay together," Esther said. "I wouldn't feel right, somehow, if we broke up before the lease expired. After all, if we can't get along together, we must be neurotic, and I don't think we're that neurotic. Of course, Pete and I could leave the house if we wanted." She was speaking defensively, and she pursed her lips a little, as though the words were bitter. "Pete could go back to Cleveland as an assistant professor tomorrow, and we could have one of the faculty houses." She realized that none of them were interested in her defenses, that none of them cared. "Well, I'm glad we're all going to stick together," she repeated, and she turned and went up the curved stairs to her bedroom. Pete, her husband, was there, reading the evening paper. "The Tremaines have decided to stay," she told him. "Everything's been patched up."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," Pete said. He was a research chemist, a scholarly and taciturn man.

"You think it's my fault, don't you?" Esther asked. "You think it's my fault that the house hasn't worked. You think I'm the one who's made all the mistakes."

"Now, pussycat, I never said anything like that," Pete said. He did, though, sometimes wonder if his wife weren't more at fault than any of the others. She was the one who had dropped the Tremaines' Lowestoft teapot on the marble hearth, she was the one who seemed to be at the center of the most intense community quarrels, and he himself was occasionally shocked by her rudeness.

"Well, it *isn't* my fault," Esther said. "Of course, I'm unlucky. I've always been unlucky, ever since I was a little girl. But I don't like people who attach so much importance to china. The Hylers and the Tremaines are shallow people. They care more about appearances than anything else in the world. I don't think life is long enough to worry about trivial things. And anyhow, even if you wanted to divorce me," she added suddenly, "we'd have to go right on living together. We couldn't get separate apartments, not even in Cleveland."

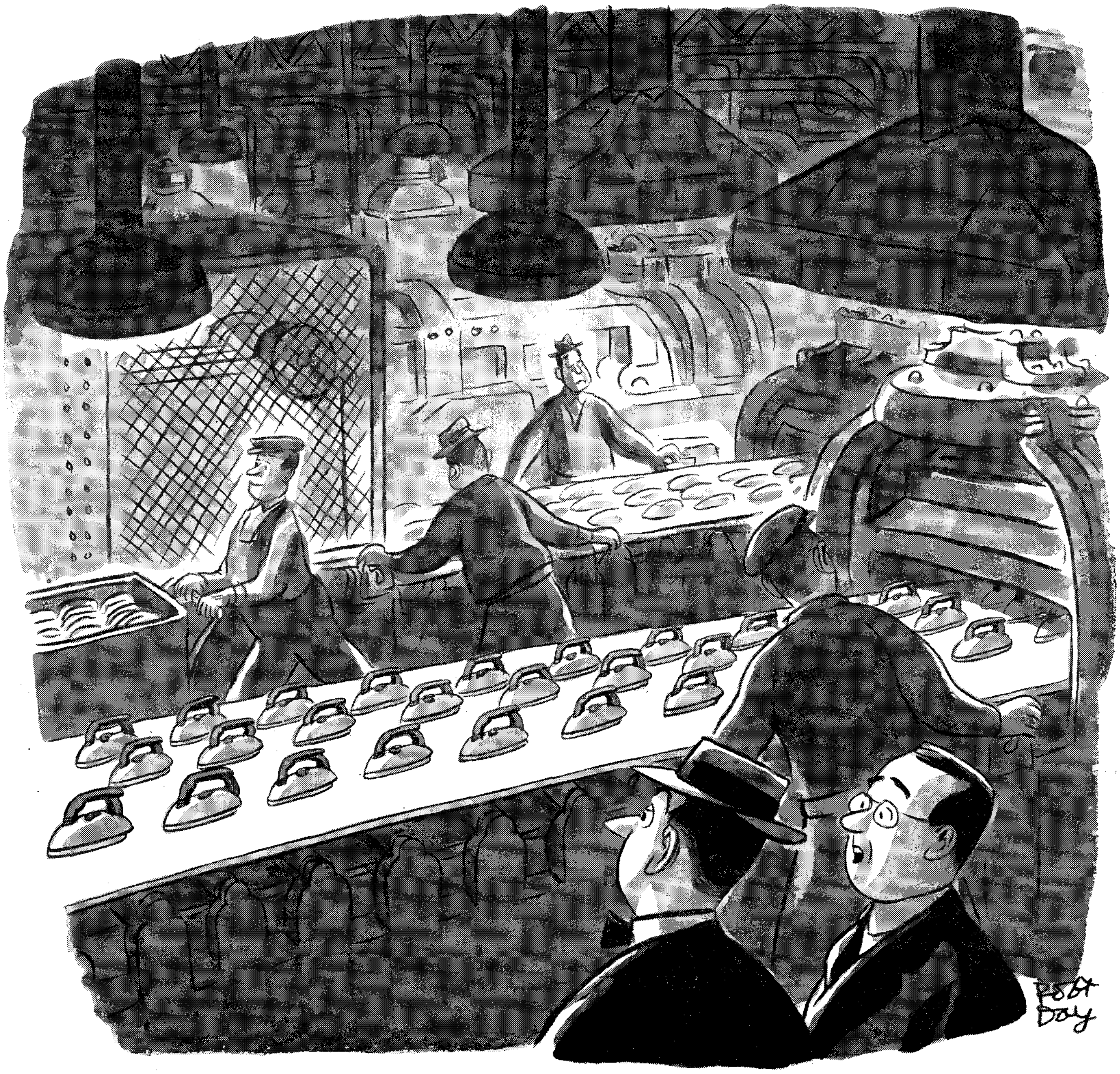
"I don't want to divorce you, pussycat," Pete said.

Esther went to the window seat and looked up at the evening sky. The Murrays' bedroom was a large chamber with a crystal chandelier and panelled walls. It was furnished with a few essentials they had bought at a Third Avenue junk shop, and an ironing board stood in the center of the floor. The bare room and the evening sky made Esther feel sad. Her life had been happy enough before she had been forced to share a house. She had come from a small town in the West, and she had had no preparation for the complications of life with two New York families.

When she had attacked the Tremaines for their advertisement in the *Times*, she had been defending her own happiness, for she had come to feel that the fortunes of the house and the fortunes of her marriage were inseparable. Lately, her husband had seemed more and more to side with the others and to blame her for her innocent mistakes. He had begun to spend a lot of evenings at his laboratory and to treat her indifferently when he stayed home. She turned away from the window and spoke to him, and she spoke softly, as she would have spoken in Cleveland, where they had lived before the war and spent their Saturday nights with simple friends, broiling hamburgers in the living-room fireplace. "Don't you want to read to me, Pete?" she asked. "We never finished Beard's 'Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy.'"

"Not tonight, pussycat," Pete said. "If I read too much at night, it gives me a headache."

THE truce the three couples had reached that evening was not their first, but they had all resolved that it would be the most enduring. "We're all civilized, adult people," Jack Tremaine had said, "and there's no reason why we can't live together peaceably." Carol Hyler thought things would go more smoothly now that the cold weather was over. There would be no more trouble about shovelling snow, or the oil burner, and with these problems eliminated, the practical arrangements of the big house were simple enough. Each of the couples and each of the children had a large bedroom and bath. They shared the library, the morning room, and the dining room. A cook did the shopping and prepared their dinner, and her salary, divided among the three families, was not burdensome. A cleaning woman came to the house twice a week. The Tremaines owned a lot of heavy and valuable furniture, and this, combined with the Hylers' possessions, made the house comfortable and handsome. The Murrays owned



"It will be some time before the dealers get any. It's all we can do now to keep the radio quiz programs supplied with enough for prizes."

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nothing but the essentials in their bedroom.

On the morning following the truce, Esther got a pail and some hot water and, beginning in the marble hall on the first floor, scrubbed the stairs all the way to the top of the house.

"Who cleaned the stairs?" Carol asked at dinner that night.

"I did," Esther said.

"They look marvellous," Lucille said. She had not noticed the stairs. "They look marvellous and slippery."

"I had a few hours to spare, so I put them to good use," Esther said earnestly. "If we all did one thing in our spare time each day, the house would look a lot better. Now, whenever I go into the morning room or the library, I always empty the ashtrays."

"You were so *courageous* to do the stairs," Carol said. "The cleaning woman never scrubs them."

"I noticed them as soon as I came into the house," Jack Tremaine said. "They make the place smell better. Sometimes I think this house has a bad smell. Grandmother had the same trouble with the house on Fifty-fourth Street. It had a bad smell."

Esther was pleased with her success. Next day she dusted the Venetian blinds. Carol polished the silver, and Lucille bought a pot of roses for the morning room, so when they met at dinner, they all complimented one another. After dinner, the Murrays went up to their bedroom and Pete agreed to read to Esther. The Tremaines went off to a party, and Larry Hyler read the evening paper in the library while Carol studied seed catalogues. Since they were going to remain in the house until fall, Carol had decided to plant a garden.

The garden was a plot of acid city earth outside the dining room. It had been flagged and landscaped years ago. With the first warm weather, Carol began to imagine grass and flowers growing there. She was a woman to whom life in the city would always seem a not unpleasant exile from the broad lawns and spaces of her childhood, and she had an affection for flowers that was as intense and simple as her affection for small children. She had mentioned her gardening plans at dinner.

"Since we're all going to be here until fall," she had said, "I think I'd like to plant a garden at the back of the house. The soil needs lime, but it's not as bad as it might be. I'll buy everything and I'll do all the work, but I want to be sure of the children. I'll keep my own son out of the garden. He knows about those things. But I don't want to spend a lot of time and money on something that's going to be destroyed."

"Our boy's fine about gardens," Lucille said.

"Well, Ramona's different, of course," Esther said. "Her education has always been very progressive. We've never excluded her from any of our pleasures, and we like to make her think that whatever we have belongs to her. I don't think it would be fair of us to keep her out of the garden."

"Perhaps she could plant a garden of her own," Larry said.

"That would be a solution," Esther said. "If you'll leave a little place in the garden for her, I'll buy some seeds and she can plant her own flowers."

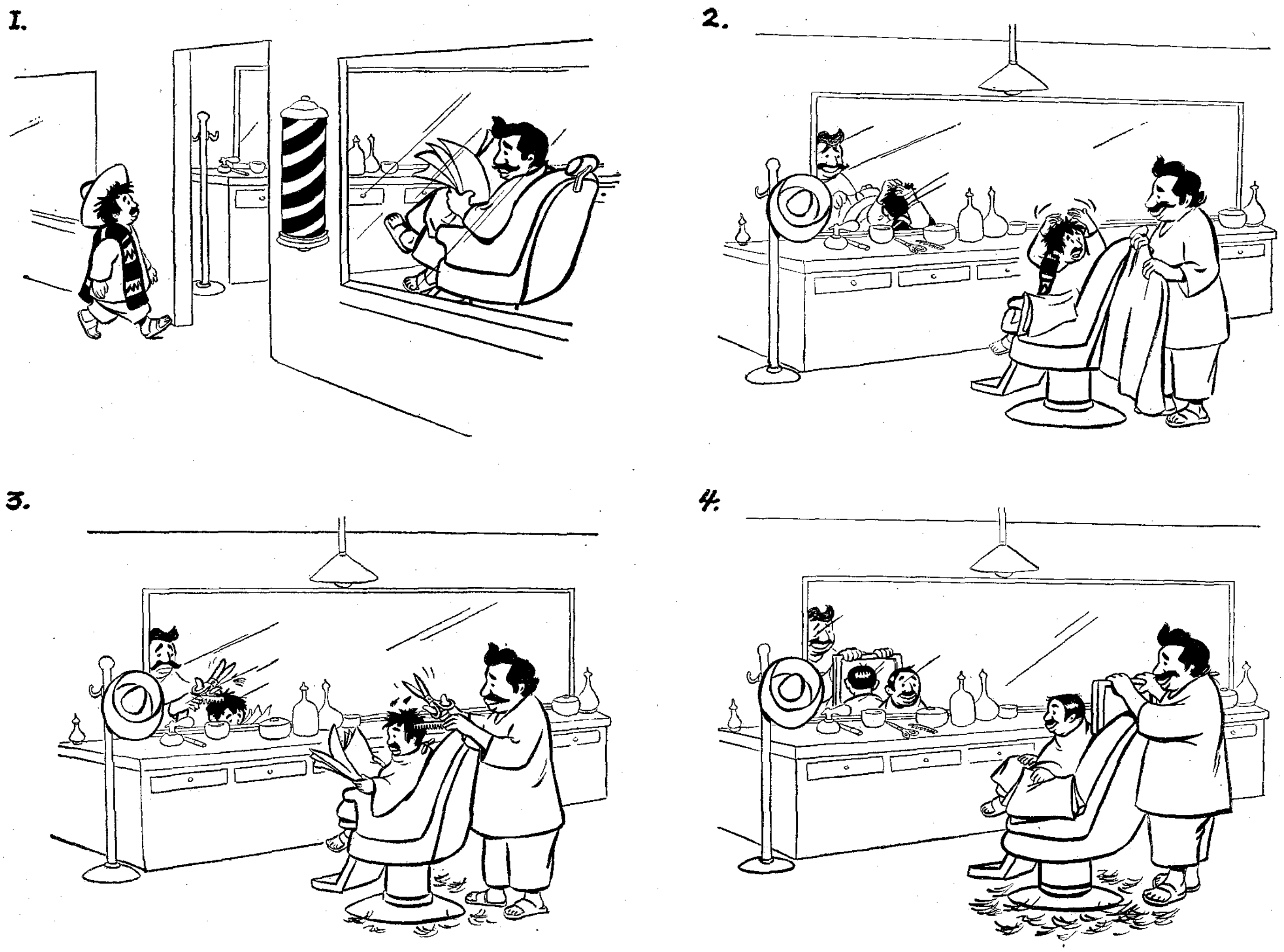
"I'll leave a plot by the door, then," Carol said. "There's a lot of sun, and the soil drains well."

CAROL went ahead with her garden. She spaded lime into the soil and bought a complete set of garden tools and a hose. Everyone helped; even Jack Tremaine spent an evening planting grass. Carol bought sets of marigolds, snapdragons, and delphiniums, seeded a border of parsley around the flower bed, and planted grass in the center plot and around the flags. They were all anxious to help one another in those weeks. One night, when the Tremaines had trouble starting their car, Larry and Pete pushed them up to a rise on Madison Avenue. Esther took care of Carol's son one afternoon. Pete came home in a taxi one evening, bringing a bed that Esther had bought for Ramona, and Larry helped him carry it upstairs.

It was a second-hand bed, but the others were accustomed to the Murrays' frugality. At dinner that night, when Esther said she had been able to get the bed and mattress for twenty dollars, Jack Tremaine, who was as extravagant as the Murrays were thrifty, and who sometimes had a barber come in to shave him, complimented Esther on her ability to live sensibly. After dinner, the Tremaines went upstairs to prepare for some guests. Carol and Larry went out to work in the garden. The Murrays went up to their bedroom. Esther could see the garden from her window and hear the noise of the hose and smell the water. It was a beautiful evening, and she felt that the house had succeeded, that they had at last learned to live together.

Later that week, when Esther said that Ramona seemed to be suffering from hives, Lucille gave Esther the address of her doctor. "He's the best dermatologist in the country," Lucille said. "People fly from California to New York just to have him look at their skin." Carol told Esther of a place where she could buy stockings, and on Sunday morning Jack and Larry went riding together in the Park.

Monday afternoon, Esther discov-



ered that the trouble with her daughter was not hives but the second-hand bed. She told herself that there was no reason to become excited or depressed. It could have happened to anyone. She would take sensible measures to eradicate the pests, and everything would be all right. She went with Ramona to a hardware store and bought a spray gun and some insecticide. There was a seed counter at the store, and she let Ramona buy some seeds for her garden. This would keep the child busy while Esther sprayed the bed. She had the clerk wrap the spray gun up so that its shape would not be recognizable. There was no one in the house but the cook when she got back. She took Ramona into the garden. "You make little holes in the ground like this, dear," she said, "and then you put the seeds in, one at a time. In a few weeks some beautiful flowers will come up out of the ground if we water them carefully and never, never, never step on them." She wanted to spend more time with the child, but it was getting late.

WHEN Larry Hyler came home that night, he went directly upstairs. Carol was in their bedroom. She was standing in the middle of the room, and she looked stricken. "What's the matter?" Larry asked.

"Look in that ashtray, Larry. I found it in the bed."

"Oh," Larry said. "I'll have to call an exterminator."

"I won't have an exterminator in the house," Carol said. She stood stiffly and spoke in the voice of an outraged woman. "I've never had one in my house. They leave a dreadful smell and everyone will know."

"But you'll have to get an exterminator, darling," Larry said. He put a hand on her arm.

"It makes me feel repulsive and dirty," Carol said. She turned away from him. "I've taken a scalding bath and put on clean clothes, and I still feel dirty. I suppose I must have gotten them on the Madison Avenue bus. It's too disgusting."

"It isn't that bad," Larry said. "They're probably in the woodwork. It's an old house. In the Army we had them all the time."

Someone knocked on the door, and when Larry asked who it was, Lucille Tremaine came in. She looked at Larry and then at Carol, and the distress in Carol's face must have been clear. "So you have them, too," she said. She fell into a chair. "Get me a drink, Larry. I've got to have a drink. I just came in. The cleaning woman left a note. I'd never seen one of them before."

"Neither had I," Carol said. "Of course, I've heard about them. They used to have them in Paris."

"And in Spain, too," Lucille said. "Oh, I think this is too revolting." Larry poured her a stiff drink of whiskey in a toothbrush glass and she gulped it down. "I'd die if anyone knew," she said. "When Jack hears about it, he's simply going to tear the house down. I'm afraid to tell him, literally afraid to tell him. It's the sort of thing he can't stand. He's never been to dinner at the Osborns' since the night he saw a cockroach in their pantry."

"I feel dreadfully about it," Carol said. "I'm afraid it's all my fault. I must have gotten them on a Madison Avenue bus."

"Oh, it isn't *your* fault, darling," Lucille said. "It's that second-hand bed that Esther bought. She's up there spraying it now. I heard her when I came upstairs."

"That bed in Ramona's room?"

"Yes. Isn't it shocking? I've never heard of anything like it. Jack and I are supposed to go to the Dodds' tonight and I really don't feel that I can. I don't feel that I ought to shake hands with anyone. I feel like a leper." The front door slammed. "There's Jack now," Lucille said, and hurried out of the room.

"We had them in the Army all the time," Larry said. "It isn't as bad as you and Lucille seem to think. Let's go downstairs and have a Martini."

Carol said nothing, but she followed Larry downstairs, and while he made the drinks she went to the window to look at her garden.

It was just before dark, and the light was blue and deceptive. At first, Carol could not see what had happened. It looked to her as though someone had walked on the new grass and uprooted the annuals. She opened the window to get a better view. She saw that it was not a trick of light; the garden had been ruined. The uprooted annuals had already withered. There were footprints all over the grass, and someone had trampled the tender border of parsley.

"Larry! Larry, come and see what's happened!"

"What's the matter, darling?"

"She's ruined my garden," Carol said. "She's destroyed my garden. Oh, how can anyone be so thoughtless, how can anyone be so careless!" She began to cry.

"Now, now, now, darling," Larry said, and he put his arms around her. "We can get some new plants."

He heard someone coming down the stairs. It was the Tremaines. Their little boy, Davey, was with them. Jack was carrying two suitcases. "Oh, hello, Larry," Jack said. His voice was dry and angry. "We're going to the Westbury. We've got a room there for five days. I don't know where we'll go aft-

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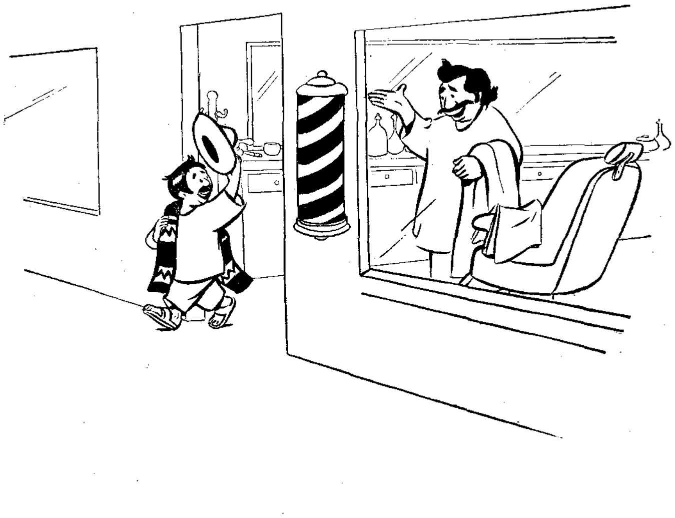

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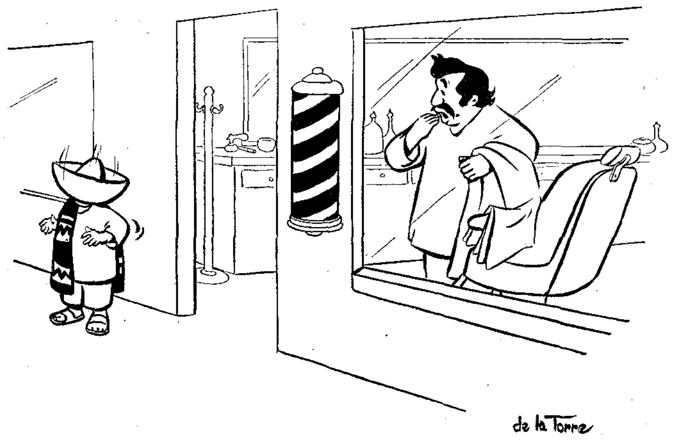


er that. We're not coming back here."

"She's ruined my garden!" Carol cried. "She's destroyed my garden!"

"We're going to live in a hotel," Davey Tremaine said.

"I'll put up with almost anything," Jack Tremaine said, "and I've put up with nearly everything during the months we've spent here, but unnecessary and inexcusable filth I will not stand. I had never seen one of them before. Neither has anyone else I've ever known. I'd never seen or heard them mentioned, except in advertisements."

Esther Murray came running down the stairs. She could not have overheard any of the conversation, because she looked happy. "You going somewhere?" she asked Jack when she noticed the suitcases.

"We're leaving the house," Jack said.

"Oh, but I thought we'd all planned to stay until the lease expires. I thought that was the agreement."

"That was the agreement," Jack said. "I'm breaking it."

"Ramona destroyed my garden," Carol said. She pushed past her husband and faced Esther. "I spent a hundred and twenty-five dollars there. I've worked there day and night. There's nothing left."

"I don't know what you're all talking about," Esther said.

"Well, I'm talking about that second-hand bed," Jack said. "That filthy, rotten, second-hand bed of yours. That's why I'm getting out."

"She uprooted all the annuals and walked on the parsley," Carol said.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Esther said. "Of course, if you're leaving the house because of a little accident, if you're going to violate an agreement just because of something that could happen to anyone, if you're that small—"

"It isn't only the bed!" Jack shouted. "It's everything. It's because you've filled this house with ghosts. When we first came here, it was a nice place, but now I can hear your shrewish voice and the noise of your slippers on every staircase."

"Mrs. Tremaine?" It was the cook. She climbed the stairs to the upper hall, holding a plate with some butter on it. "Somebody's been into my icebox again," she said angrily. "I told you people that I'd leave unless you stayed out of my icebox."

"Oh, don't bother us now, Ruby," Jack said.

"There's tooth marks in the butter," the cook said.

"What?"

"There's tooth marks in the table butter."

"Well, we don't know anything about it, Ruby," Larry said. "It must have been one of the children."

"These ain't children's tooth marks," Ruby said. "They're the tooth marks of some grown person."

"You think it's my fault, don't you?" Esther cried. "You think it's my fault, but it isn't, but you think it is, don't you?" She began to cry. Davey Tremaine, who had been fascinated by the quarrel until then, began to cry, too. Esther ran up the stairs to her room.

The following morning, Ruby packed her bag, disconnected her portable radio, and left. Esther saw none of the other tenants that day. She fried some pork chops and heated a can of beans for Pete's supper that night. They ate on the kitchen table, and when Pete asked her about the others, she said she didn't know where they were. She did not mention the quarrel.

The day after that, Carol Hyler knocked on her door. "I talked with Lucille yesterday," Carol said. "I thought you ought to know. The Tremaines are going to stay with Lucille's mother until they can find an apartment." Carol lit a cigarette and sat down. "The storage people are coming for their furniture tomorrow."

"I guess that's just as well," Esther said. "We can get along without them, can't we? We can take turns cooking, you and I."

"That's what I wanted to tell you," Carol said. "Larry and I are moving tomorrow, too. We've bought a house in Bronxville. We'd been thinking of it for some time, and Larry decided to take it. You see, we'll have to get out of here in the fall anyway, and we won't have any place to go to then, and the price on this house was reasonable as things go these days, so we decided to take it. We'll pay our share of the rent here, of course. So will the Tremaines. The house in Bronxville isn't exactly what we wanted, but no one can get what they want, and Larry thinks we can live there for ten years and sell the place without too much of a loss. There are some shade trees and a garden."

"I'm sorry about the garden," Esther said. "If you want to make an estimate, I'll be glad to pay you for the damage Ramona did."

"That doesn't matter any more," Carol said. "If we don't see you again, remember us to Pete. But I'm sure we'll see you again."

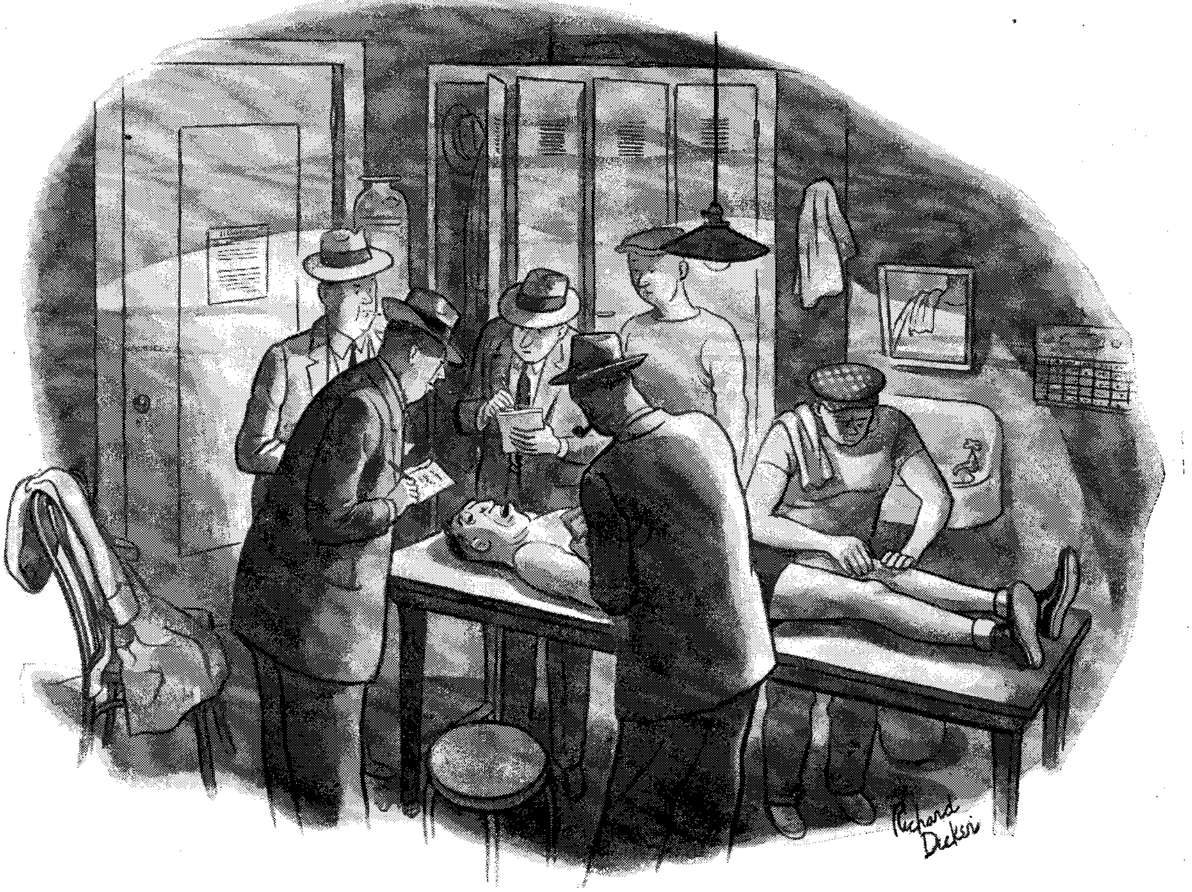
"Goodbye," Esther said.

"Goodbye, Esther."

PETE didn't get home from his laboratory that night until eleven. Esther pretended to be asleep. He left in the morning before the moving men came. Esther heard them invade the house. Jack and Larry were in the downstairs hall explaining which furniture went to Bronxville and which went to storage. Esther decided not to take Ramona to nursery school. She held the child on her lap and read to her from "Mother Goose." She could hear the moving men carrying the furniture out. They brought the same disinterested, ruthless, and comical note to tragedy as gravediggers, she thought. She hated the noise of their heavy shoes. She dressed herself and the child quickly and left the house. Larry Hyler was on the sidewalk, but she hurried past him without speaking.

She and Ramona spent the morning wandering in the Park. It was a sunny day. They had lunch at the zoo and did not return to the house until late afternoon. The vans had gone. The curtains had been taken down, and there was an empty tooth-powder can in the Tremaines' bedroom window. As she put her key in the lock, she could see through the uncurtained door into the empty hall and through the empty dining room into the dark garden that Ramona had destroyed.

The air in the hall was cold. The place smelled as though it had been shut up for years. Esther sent Ramona out to the garden and walked through the empty rooms. The others had left a few traces—curtain rods, excelsior,



"Just say I was off form tonight—and don't make any cracks about a return match."

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a broken lamp, and a cracked after-dinner coffee cup. On the morning-room floor there was a torn copy of the 1945 *Summer Social Register*, and a novel by Eric Ambler. The house looked bigger. There were no carpets, and for the first time since she had come to live there, Esther could hear the sound of her heels on the bare floor.

In the kitchen the table, the chairs, the vegetable bin, and the pantry ladder had all been taken. It was dark in the pantry. Esther snapped the light switch. Nothing happened. She tried several other lights before she realized that the electricity had been turned off.

She gave Ramona some cold cereal in a cracked dish which the Hylers had left, then carried the little girl upstairs, past the open doors of all the haunted bedrooms, to her nursery. She read to the child until it was nearly dark:

> "Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
> Apple seed and apple thorn,
> Wine, brier, limber-lock,
> Five geese in a flock."

The faint print hurt Esther's eyes. She closed the book and kissed the child good night. The light of a street lamp was reflected in the windows, but it was dark in the halls, and she had to keep her hand on the banister when she went downstairs. She sat in her bedroom and waited. She thought of what Jack Tremaine had said about ghosts. It seemed true that in a year they had filled the place with voices and shadows. The house, like any other dwelling once the life of its tenants has ceased, seemed to pick up a life of its own. The floors creaked, a wire scratched a window pane, a mouse gnawed at something behind a baseboard in the library. There was an explosion of thunder north of the city.

When Pete opened the front door, Esther ran to the head of the stairs. "Pete! Pete! Pete!" she cried.

"Hello, sweet," he said. "Why so dark?"

"The electricity's been turned off. They've all gone. They moved today."

"That was quick, wasn't it? Where are you?"

"Up here."

"Where's that?"

"Up here."

"I can't see you."

"I'm coming down."

They met in the lower hall. "The Tremaines found an apartment and the Hylers bought a house," she said. "They moved just like that. They're going to pay the rent. It wasn't my fault. There's nothing in the house to eat. It wasn't my fault."

"I'll go out and get some sandwiches," Pete said. "I'll go out now. It's going to rain."

Pete got back to the house just as the rain began. He and Esther sat on the library floor and ate their supper there.

"They didn't give me any warning," Esther said. "They just left."

"Well, I'm sort of glad they've gone," Pete said. He spoke through a mouthful. "They made life too complicated. I had a feeling they were going to go, anyhow. After all, we're pretty lucky. We have twenty rooms and ten baths all to ourselves. And two other people paying two-thirds of the rent. It'll be nice here in the hot weather. It'll be cool. And it's nice for Ramona, being so near the Park."

"It's sort of like our honeymoon, isn't it?" Esther said. "Remember when we walked up to Canada and slept in those sleeping bags?"

"Yes."

"And we were so happy that year we lived in the cold-water flat, weren't we? Remember the bathtub in the kitchen and that funny toilet?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad they've gone," she said. The memories had excited her. She got to her feet and crossed the room, past the marble hearth where she had dropped the Lowestoft teapot, past the place where Jack Tremaine had been standing when she had called him Judas Iscariot, past the spot on the floor where she had once spilled a rum Collins. She stood at a window and watched the rain pour down onto the black street and the play of blue lightning on the house fronts. "It's such a wonderful city, isn't it?" she said. "I mean, they never really understood how wonderful it is, did they? We can have such a wonderful time here. They were New Yorkers, but they never understood how wonderful it is."

—JOHN CHEEVER

THE SUBSTITUTE

WHEN Eddie Stewart, who was eleven years old, came out of the uptown apartment hotel where he lived with his parents, his chubby face was alight with expectation. Then he saw his friend Dick Umstead leaning against one of the pole supports of the entrance canopy. Eddie's expression changed to indifference.

"We had turkey hash for lunch," said Dick. "What'd you have?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Eddie. "Something or other."

"Something or other," said Dick. "What's the matter with you? Asleep or something?"

Eddie shrugged and started walking east toward Madison Avenue.

"Hey," said Dick. "I thought we were going over in the Park a while first."

"I'd better get back to school," said Eddie.

"There's plenty of time!"

When Eddie didn't stop, Dick trotted after him, flipped out his tie, yanked it hard, and ran. After a hundred feet or so, he looked over his shoulder. Eddie wasn't chasing him; he was only walking fast as he put the tie back inside his jacket.

"Hey," said Dick, "are you sick or something?" He waited, hands on hips, and as Eddie drew near, he suddenly said, "I know what's the matter with you." Then, as Eddie passed him, he cried, singsong, "Miss Moore, Miss Moore."

Eddie stopped. "That's not the truth. You promised you wouldn't do that."

"Gosh, imagine a guy dreaming about his teacher."

"I did not! I didn't say that."

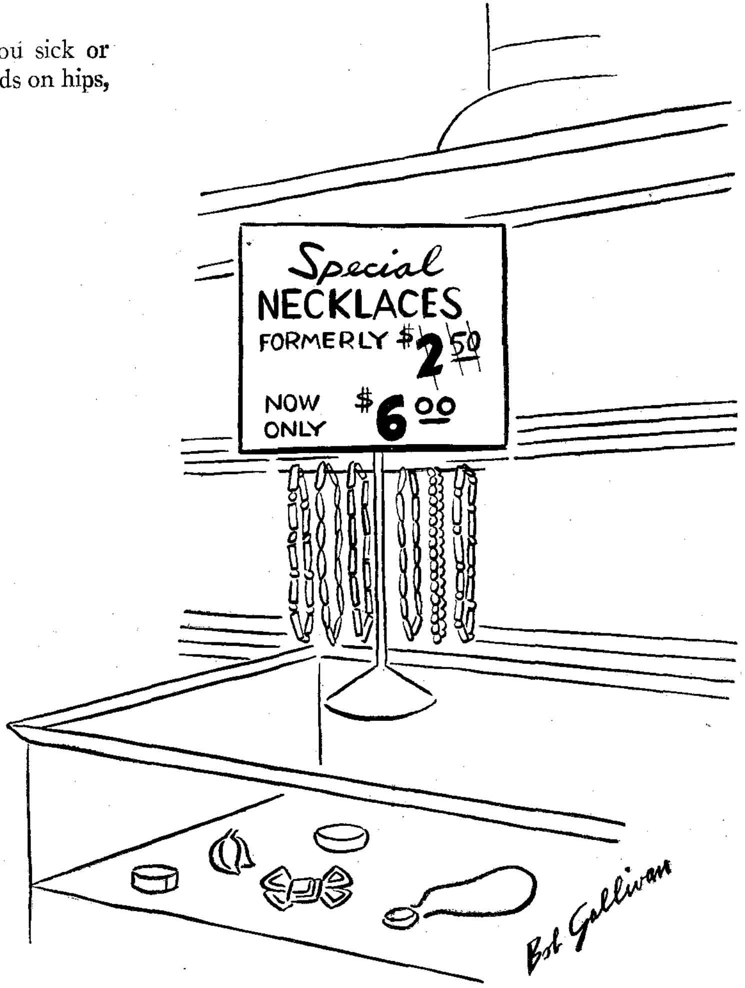
"You did. What *did* you say?"

"I only said I liked her better than old Miss Tanquary."

"You said you hoped old Miss Tanquary never would get well because you thought Miss Moore was the prettiest, best teacher you ever had."

"Well, I do."

Dick laughed scornfully. "Gosh, what a kid!"



At the corner, the lights were against them, so they crossed to the south side of the street and waited. Suddenly, Dick threw back his head and shouted to the tops of the buildings, "Miss Moore, Miss Moore!"

"Quit it, Dick!" begged Eddie. "If you don't quit that, you and I just aren't going to be friends any more."

"Who wants to be friends?"

"You may think just because you're twelve years old and I'm just barely not yet that you're awfully smart," said Eddie, "but you're certainly acting like a six-year-old kid."

There was a break in the traffic and Dick ran across the avenue without waiting for the light, shouting, "Miss Moore, Miss Moore!"

Eddie followed at a walk, his lips compressed. Ignoring Dick, he turned south. Dick caught up with him and shouted over his shoulder, "Miss Moore, Miss Moore!"

Eddie started running. He ran all the way to the entrance to the school playground. Dick ran after him, shouting gleefully.

Quite a few boys and girls had already returned from lunch and were playing around the catalpa tree in the center of the paved playground. Eddie halted. He couldn't go in and have Dick follow him yelling her name at him. Everybody else would probably begin doing it, too. Desperately, he swung around. A lock of dark brown hair had fallen over one eye; he shoved it under his cap.

Dick, who had slowed down to a walk when Eddie stopped, sauntered up and leaned against the iron pickets of the playground fence. He grinned malevolently. "Gets your goat, doesn't it?"

Breathing heavily, Eddie took Dick's measure, from the brown moccasins and red checked socks showing below his hiked-up trousers to his hateful, skinny face and crew haircut. He despised every inch.

"Look, Dick," he said, "you and I have been friends a long time."

"Not so long. Just since we've been in the seventh together. Few months."

"What I mean is, I've always liked you very much and I still do. As a matter of fact, I've got a kind of present for you I was intending to give you to show you how much I like you and think you're swell."

"Yeah? What, for instance?"

Eddie put a hand in his pants pocket and took out a small box. He opened it. Inside was a steel ring set with a white skull which had two rhinestones in the eye sockets.

"Golly!" said Dick. "Where'd you get that?"

"I sent off for it. The package came this morning and was there when I went home for lunch."

"And you want me to have it, Eddie?"

"I did want you to because I thought you were my friend."

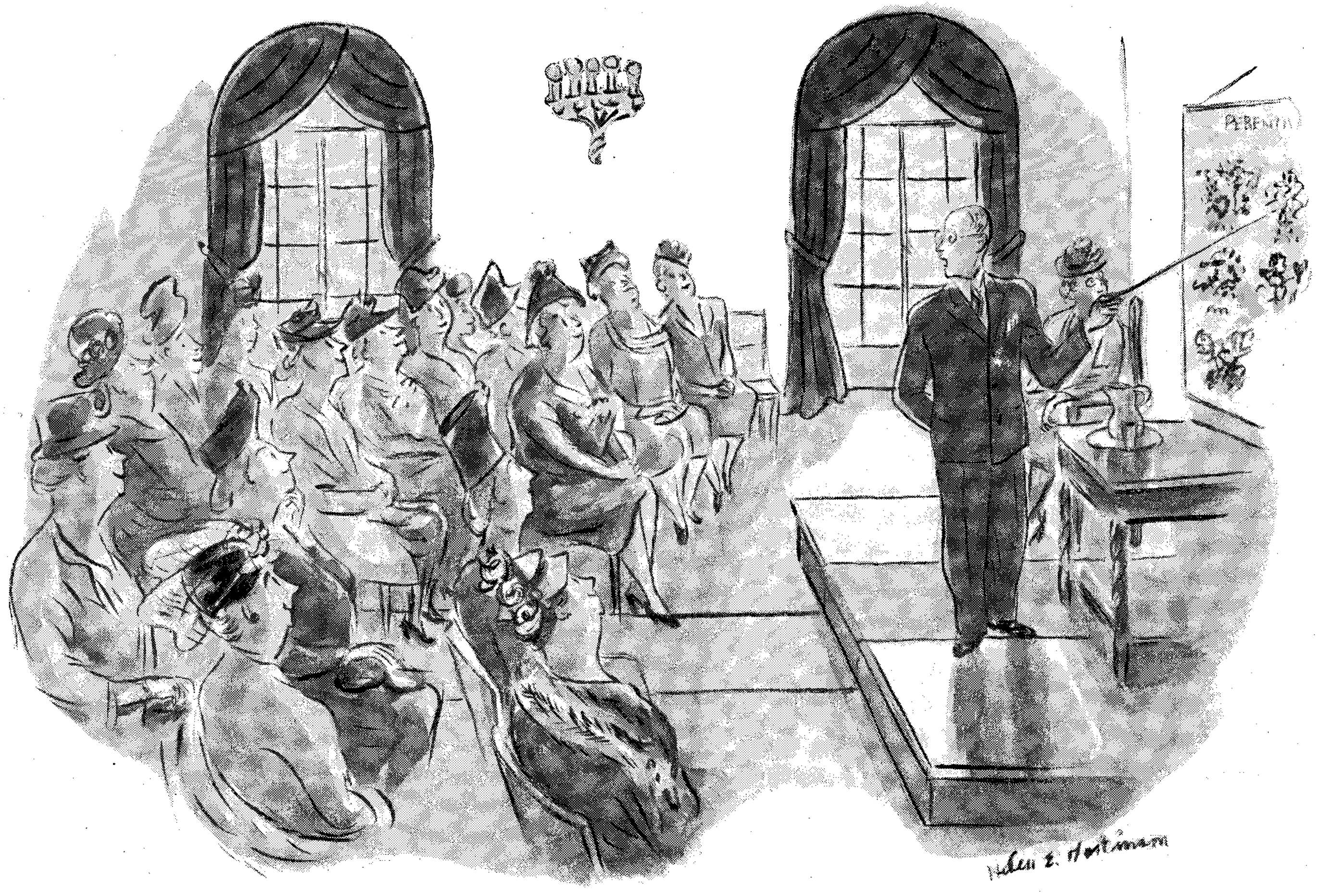
"I am!"

"You can have it on one condition. That you never, never mention that subject again."

"What subject? I never heard of any such subject."

"All right." Eddie held out the ring. "Here it is."

Dick put it on a forefinger and held it up,



"Another good June perennial is Bedstraw, or Galium boreale, as I prefer to call it."

• •

then ran through the playground gate. "Hey, look what I've got, everybody!" he shouted. "Hey, Andy, Joe, look what I've got!"

Eddie walked through the crowd of playing boys to the yard door of the school, where he stood by himself, waiting impatiently for the bell to ring.

ALL afternoon she had been beautiful to look at, and a half-hour before, when, as chairman of the committee on shipments of food by rail, Eddie had given his report from notes, she had said, "Though you always give us good reports, Eddie, I think we'll agree that this has been the most interesting and instructive we've ever had. Good work." He got back to his seat as quickly as he could.

Now she pushed her chair back. Eddie looked up quickly from the examination paper he was working on. She reached down and opened a bottom drawer and took out a paper, then pulled her chair up to the desk again. Eddie swallowed nervously. Surely she'd stand up soon, he thought. During the whole month that she had been the substitute teacher, he couldn't recall that she had ever sat behind her desk all afternoon without once getting up.

He finished filling in his answers on American inventors and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, then wadded and unwadded it. She looked up from her papers and their eyes met briefly. He lowered his head.

"We should be done by now, rows one and two," she said. "Exchange work and mark as I read the correct answers."

Eddie exchanged with Terry Ritter, a girl sitting across the aisle from him.

Miss Moore, looking very slim in her blue flowered dress, got up, stood at the end of the aisle, and began reading aloud.

In the midst of checking Terry's answers with a pencil, Eddie hastily looked over his shoulder. Dick Umstead was standing with three other boys at a table at the back of the room, engrossed in making a relief map of Hong Kong. Eddie fumbled in his left jacket pocket and brought out a wooden tube, about three inches long and with the diameter of a pencil. He took a deep breath and waited a second or two, then quickly lifted the tube to his eye and pointed it toward Miss Moore. All he could see was Miss Moore simply standing there in the blue flowered dress.

"You're not marking my work," whispered Terry angrily.

He dropped his arm, hiding the tube in his fist. "I am!" he whispered back.

Miss Moore looked up briefly, then went on.

Eddie checked three more of Terry's answers, then glanced at her to be sure she wasn't looking, and lifted the tube again. Still he could see nothing but Miss Moore simply standing there in the blue flowered dress. He turned the tube around and looked through the other end. It made no difference.

"What are you doing?" whispered Terry.

"None of your business!"

"It is. You're not marking my work."

"I am."

"I'm going to tell Miss Moore if you don't—"

"You do and I'll fix you!" In a

fury he put the tube to his eye and peered at Terry.

She screamed.

Miss Moore came up the aisle. "What's the trouble?" she asked Terry.

"Eddie Stewart was looking at me!" said Terry. "He's got something and he was looking at me with it."

She turned to him. "Eddie?"

"I haven't got anything," he said.

"He has!" said Terry. "He's hiding it."

Miss Moore held out her hand. Eddie opened his fist and dropped the tube into her palm. She examined it, turning it in her fingers. "What is this?" she asked.

"It's not anything," said Eddie.

She held it up to her eye, and then she examined it again. "Was there a picture or something in this, Eddie?"

"No. It's not anything. Honest, it's not."

"I see," said Miss Moore. "I hardly need say I'm surprised, Eddie, and disappointed. This doesn't seem like you." He stared at the yellow top of his desk and made no reply. "You may have this back at the end of class." She walked to the front of the room. "We will go on where we left off."

"And you see that you mark my work properly!" whispered Terry viciously.

AFTER a while, when rows one and two were in art period, Eddie laid down his paintbrush and reached into the rack under his desk for his arithmetic book. He slipped out of it a torn-out magazine advertisement and, concealing it in a cupped hand, read it through carefully:

> Novelty Bargain Offer—Complete Sherlock Holmes Detective Set, with cap, magnifying glass, pipe, instructions to track down most desperate criminal; also handsome Death's Head skull ring, set with genuine imitation diamonds; plus marvel pocket-size X-Ray, enabling owner to apparently see through thick doors, solid walls, *fabrics*, etc. Limited Offer, $1 postpaid, plain wrapper. John Yount Novelty Mfg. Co., S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

He read the last part of the ad through again, very slowly. His eyes widened for a second, then he frowned.

With the three-o'clock bell there was a banging of desk tops and a scuffling of feet as the pupils ran to the wardrobe at the rear of the room for hats and coats. Two or three girls went to Miss Moore's desk for a final bit of hurried, laughing talk. Eddie went to the wardrobe for his cap, then stood in front of the open closet, his back to the room, turning the cap in his hands.

"On line, children," said Miss Moore, and they lined up two abreast, facing the door. She stepped into the hall, got the attention of the stair watcher, and said, smiling, "All right, boys and girls." They marched out.

Miss Moore returned to her desk and sat down. "Eddie," she said.

He went down an aisle to her desk and stood mutely before her, looking down at the floor.

"I'm not going to reprimand you for making a disturbance, Eddie," said Miss Moore. "I know it isn't your usual behavior. One time or another we all do something that isn't wise, and we know it better than anyone else." She hesitated. "For example, Eddie, I've been having quite an experience—almost every day now for two weeks I've been receiving letters from someone. He signs himself Michael, but I'm sure that isn't his real name. We can try, but it's really pretty difficult to disguise one's handwriting completely, isn't it?"

Eddie clenched his cap at his side and didn't raise his head.

"I've hardly known what to do about the letter writing. They are sweet, sincere letters. The person who wrote them is honest and possesses deep sensibilities. But some things are impossible, and must be accepted as such. Mustn't they, Eddie?"

"What?"

"Don't you think Michael would be wise not to write any more letters?"

He stared at the floor.

"You may go now, Eddie. I'll see you in the morning."

He started for the door. Near it a big dictionary stood open on a steel tripod. He went to it and began flipping the pages back to the "A"s. He ran his finger down a column until he came to "Apparent": ". . . seeming . . . not actual . . . as distinguished from *true* and *real* . . ."

"Is it a word I can help you with, Eddie?"

He fought back the tears and, staring at the page, shook his head.

"Hey, Eddie!" someone whispered. Eddie looked out the doorway and saw Dick standing in the hall at an angle out of Miss Moore's sight. "Come on!"

Eddie started for the doorway.

"Oh, I forgot, Eddie," said Miss Moore. "Here's your toy."

He looked back over his shoulder at the tube, which she was holding out to him. "I don't want it," he said.

The two boys walked down the hall. "Gee, you sure got yourself in bad. What was the idea?"

"Forget it, forget it!" said Eddie brusquely. "Come on! Do you want to go over in the Park with me or not?"

—Noel Houston

WHY CAN'T THOSE BIG COMPANIES DO SOMETHING FOR CHARLIE?

Charles Boyer listens to Magnavox in the library of the French Research Foundation, Hollywood.—*Advertisement in The New Yorker.*

What is the matter with our friend Charles Boyer?
Why doesn't he have a radio-phonograph in his own foyer?
Ronald Colman and his wife posed only last week
With their personally owned combination—pretty sleek.
Maybe a word with Twentieth Century-Fox
Would fetch for Charles a private music box.
Or how about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
Presenting him with his choice of record players?
Whether it's themes from "Onesy-Twosy" or whether he
Prefers songs from a Lammermoor name of Lucia di,
I hate to think of Charles' having to run clear down to the Foundation
Every time he feels the need of a little musical titillation.

—Leah Curran Wright

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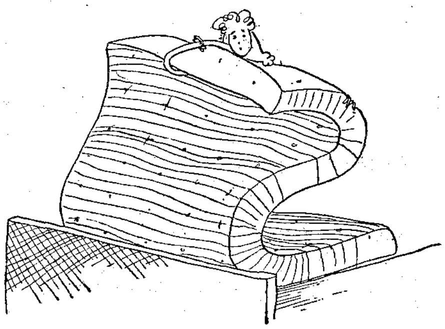

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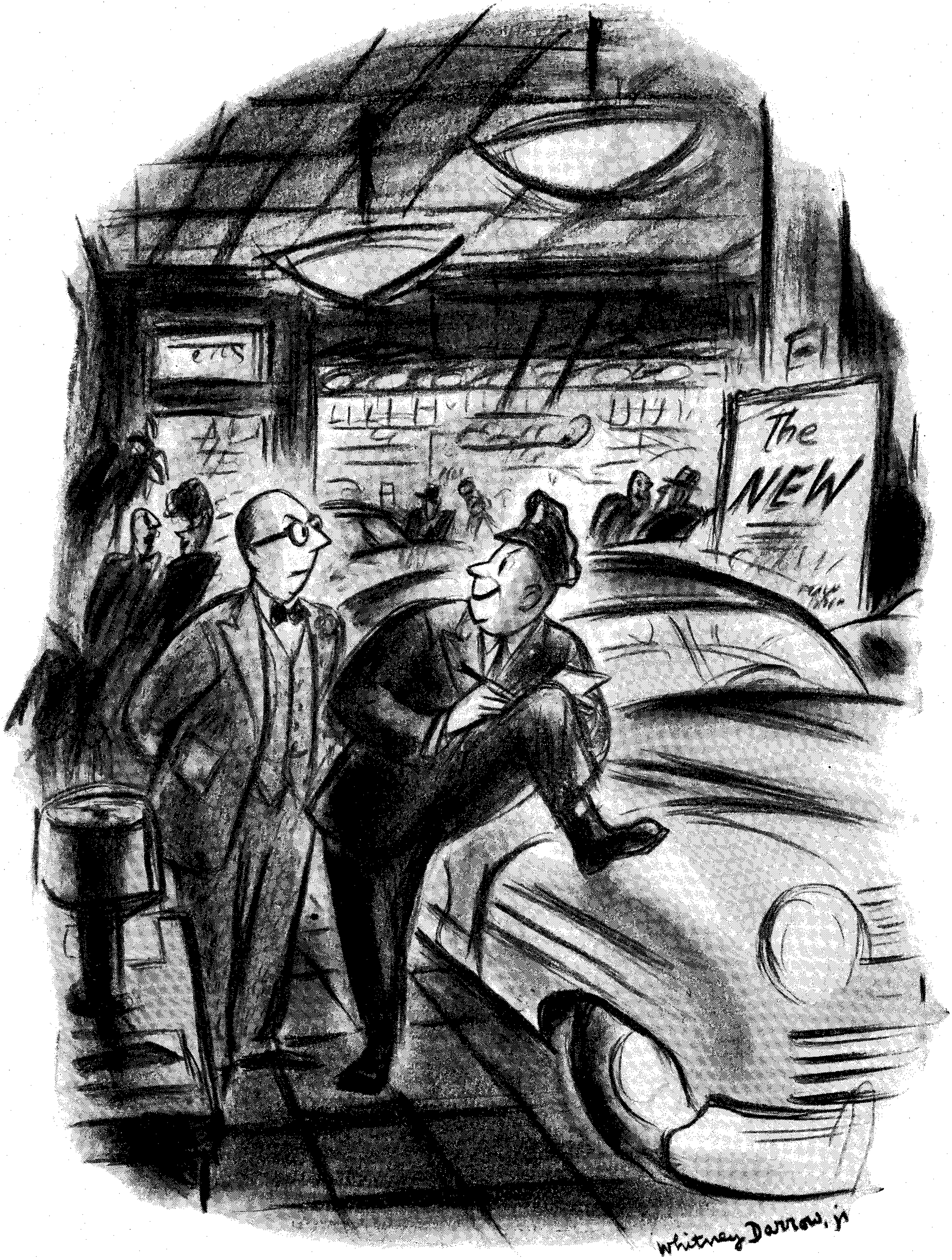
Tremendous self-confidence and captivating charm were such magnificent assets Dickens never needed birth, education, or security.—*Orville Prescott in the Times.*

Birth was sort of handy, though.


The
NEW
Whitney Darrow, jr

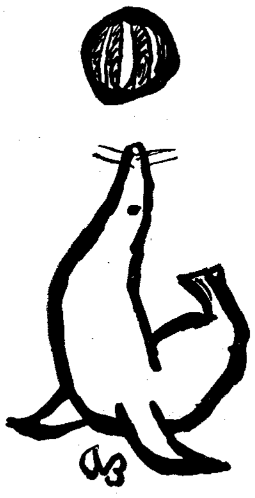
"I hope you don't mind. I just want to get the feel of the new models."

THAT WAS THE WAR

RANGOSO, REX

WHILE on duty with the Navy in the Pacific during the last year of the war, I decided to look up my friend Rangoso, the King of the Solomon Islands. It turned out to be a difficult trip, requiring more than a month to accomplish. The King, an active man in the prime of life, was occupied with affairs of state, which were taking the form of hectoring the Japanese. Rangoso was doing this single-handed; that is, he was not waging formal warfare, with crown troops and pitched battles. He was doing all right, though, and there are plenty of Japanese widows to prove it. Rangoso's story seemed to me an unusual one, but it involved delicate matters of security and could not be told until the war was over and the last Japs were rounded up in the most remote islands of the Solomons group.

Rangoso is not, strictly speaking, the King of the Solomons. He is one of the kings. The king situation there is somewhat reminiscent of the old wrestling situation in America. Rangoso is recognized as the King on three large islands; other regions have different candidates. None of them, to my way of thinking, is better qualified than Rangoso. In fact, I consider him the most impressive monarch currently in business, though I confess that my acquaintance in royal circles, outside the Solomons, is limited to half a dozen conversations with Carol of Rumania, most of them held in a saloon.



I had met Rangoso through our common love of travel. Nearly ten years ago, a short while after I graduated from college, I unexpectedly came into nine hundred dollars and rapidly divorced myself from the Southern Illinois Lump Coal Company, upon one of whose trucks I was employed as shoveller. Some time afterward, having dallied in Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, and New Zealand, I found myself aboard the Matson liner Mariposa, headed for Honolulu. The Mariposa was a pleasant ship, though a bit austere at first, and the passengers were much gratified, during their first breakfast out from New Zealand, when a huge, barefoot, ebony man wearing a white starched skirt, a scarlet cummerbund, a white blouse, and several orchids in his bushy, upstanding hair walked in and regally seated himself at a center table. He was soon joined by a small, humble-looking white man in a faded linen suit, and, without self-consciousness, although everyone in the dining room was staring rudely, he attended to his breakfast, which consisted of three steak-and-kidney pies and half a gallon of tea. The pair, I was told, were Rangoso, the King of the Solomon Islands, and Mr. Stevenson, an English missionary. Their destination was Washington, D.C., where the King was to represent his people at a religious conclave of some kind, presumably having edged out the other Solomons monarchs by two falls out of three.

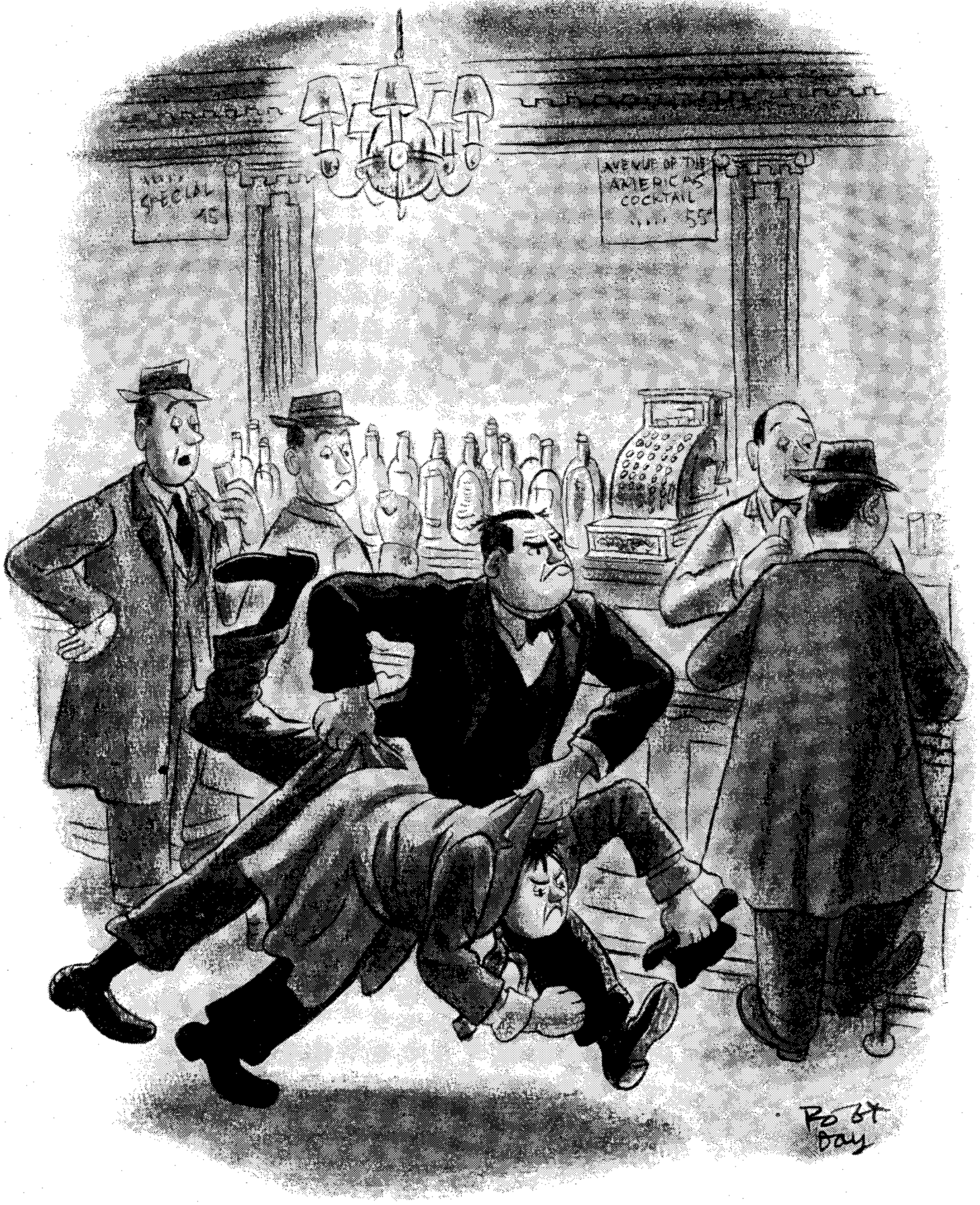
Notwithstanding his station, the King proved to be a very democratic fellow, and he and I had some enjoyable talks. For the most part, he spoke English like an Oxonian, having learned it at a missionary school. It was only occasionally that he lapsed into pidgin, which generally seemed to me much superior to the phrases on which he had missed fire. During several languid days and evenings on deck, he told me, among other things, about the moribund Solomons custom of inter-tribal dining and about his grandfather, who had been a notable glutton for Long Pig and who had owned a large drum whose head bore a tattoo of a design once popular in the British Navy. In return, I attempted to bring the King up to date on some of the similar practices of civilization.

Before reaching the Fiji Islands, I had occasion to become temporarily peeved at Rangoso. During a stretch of slick, calm sea, two days before we got to Suva, capital of the Fijis, the Mariposa held one of those deck fêtes which so enliven a ship's passengers when gossip begins to flag. The pièce de résistance of this event was a contest in which the participants dived for twenty dinner plates strewn over the bottom of the ship's swimming pool. The contestants were supposed to take a deep breath, dive in, and see how many they could bring up in one try. Although I was comfortably established in a deck chair with the ship's copy of "Huckleberry Finn," I was persuaded by three elderly, toothless Australian ladies to join in the hurly-burly. A few minutes later, I found myself, with sixteen plates, in a three-way tie for first place with Charles Farrell, the movie actor, and an adagio dancer named Wyse. These two were part of a troupe of entertainers that had been distributing American glamour throughout the antipodes. By this time, I had begun to get into the spirit of the occasion, having been informed that the award for first place was a bottle of Mumm 1906 and a pot of beluga caviar. Fired with this knowledge, I dived in for the last of my three trials, planning to come up with seventeen plates or not at all. It was close, but when it was all over, Farrell and Wyse were tied for second, which I believe entitled them to divide a case of beer and some anchovy paste. With my seventeen plates, I was ready to collect my prize, when the Australian witches took a hand. "Your Majesty," one of them said to Rangoso, with a smirk, "why don't you try? I just know you'd be the best."

The King had been watching quietly, with what I took to be a look of deep admiration on his face. At the suggestion, he demurred modestly, but when his missionary consort, no doubt thinking about the champagne, added his voice to the clamor, Rangoso sportingly broke down and started to undress. It was explained to him that a bathing suit was considered desirable in contests of this kind, and the Third Witch, a large woman, offered to lend him one she had bought in Sydney. The two of them went below, and the King shortly appeared in a red, knee-length number, with a striped skirt, that had probably been exported from England or America around 1900. Feeling vastly secure with my seventeen plates, I gave him a friendly pat and a sentence or two of encouragement, advising him to take it easy in the deep stretch beneath the diving board, and settled back to watch him make a fool of himself. The King drew a medium-sized breath and slipped into the pool feet first, holding his nose. Once at the bottom, he released his nose and began to loosen up. Before getting down to business, he frisked around a bit, turning a few somersaults and getting the feel of the water. This went on, I estimated, for several minutes. Then, seemingly as an afterthought, he gathered up the twenty plates, did another somersault or two, and came up.

I offered my congratulations and returned to "Huckleberry Finn."

The King cut me in on his winnings, and we were soon quite chummy again. Some weeks later, on his way back from the States, he visited me in Honolulu. We corresponded for a while after that, then gradually stopped. I had not heard from him for nearly seven years when I was sent to the Solomons on a mission for the Navy.


SPECIAL 45
AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS COCKTAIL 55
Robt Day

"It must be a job that carries very little thanks with it."

• •

THE Solomons, with an area of about fifteen thousand square miles far south in the Pacific, consisting mostly of dark, unwholesome jungle, struck me then, and still do, as a curious place for a group of big nations to get together and fight a war, and I was anxious to learn what Rangoso thought about it. So, at the first opportunity, I called at the British administration building on Guadalcanal and made inquiries. The man I talked to, a young, plump, red-faced official, cautiously admitted that he knew Rangoso. "A nice chap," he remarked, with an odd look. "Most engaging." I agreed that Rangoso was a capital fellow and then said, "Where is he? I'd like to talk to him. I've known him for some time." Before replying, the official took several shots at a fly with some paper wads and a rubber band. Then he said, "Why, the fact is, Rangoso isn't around just now. I'm not sure where he is. I don't believe I can help you." Most British government officials begin a conversation along these lines, so I persisted. "Well," I said, "where does he stay when he's around here? I'll drop in and ask for him." The official looked alarmed. "Oh, no," he said. "I wish you wouldn't. See here, you're a friend of his, so I'll tell you this much—Rangoso is involved in a terribly secret operation, perhaps the most secret business in the whole South Pacific. The censors won't even let it be hinted at before the end of the war, and I don't blame them. You know, it's really a very marvellous thing, in its way." I said, "Tell me about it," and produced a Navy document authorizing me to pass through lines with classified information. "Oh, no, not me," said the official. "Talk to your own Intelligence chaps. They're running the show."

That evening I went to see an acquaintance on Admiral Halsey's staff, and heard for the first time about the Coast Watchers. In that uncertain period of the war, the Japs were dug in on most of the northern Solomons and, above them, on New Britain and New Ireland. We had started from New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, had moved into Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, and were now slowly working up the Solomons chain. The Japs were particularly eager to hold the Solomons; possession of those islands assured air control of the whole South Pacific, an essential to the defense of the Japanese homeland. It soon appeared that the only way to dig out the enemy was to cut off his supply, but it was impossible to conduct air searches for Jap supply ships without having both sea and air supremacy. It was a bleak situation, and the Allied commanders in that re-

SONNETS FROM WESTCHESTER

THIS SIDE OF CALVIN

The Reverend Dr. Harcourt, folk agree,
Nodding their heads in solid satisfaction,
Is just the man for this community.
Tall, young, urbane, but capable of action,
He pleases where he serves. He marshals out
The younger crowd, lacks trace of clerical unction,
Cheers the Kiwanis and the Eagle Scout,
Is popular at every public function,

And in the pulpit eloquently speaks
On divers matters with both wit and clarity:
Art, Education, God, the Early Greeks,
Psychiatry, Saint Paul, true Christian charity,
Vestry repairs that shortly must begin—
All things but Sin. He seldom mentions Sin.

P.-T.A. TEA PARTY

The hats are flowered or the hats are furred
According to the season. Plump and pretty,
Madam the Chairman says a plaintive word
About the Milk-and-Midday-Lunch Committee.
The secretary, fumbling through her papers,
Murmurs inaudibly the bleak returns
From Tuesday's Fun Fair. Someone lights the tapers
Set, geometric, by the coffee urns.

Now from their chalky classrooms straggle in
The apprehensive mentors of the young,
To be impaled like beetles on a pin
By the sharp glance, the question-darting tongue
Of vested motherhood—while daylight droops
To smile and sip and talk of Hobby Groups.

LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Headlines, a little smudged, spell out the stories
That stir the Friday village to its roots:
TOWN COUNCIL MEETS FOR MAY, MISS BABCOCK MARRIES,
SHORE CLUB TO PASS ON TOPLESS BATHING SUITS.
While elsewhere thunders roll or atoms shiver
Or ultimate tyrants into dust are hurled,
Weekly small boys on bicycles deliver
News of a snugger and more innocent world—

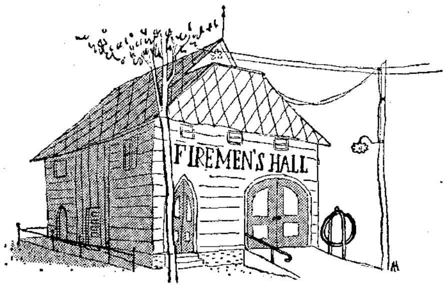
A capsule universe of church bazaars
Where even the cross-stitched aprons sell on chances,
Of brush fires, births, receptions, soda bars,
Memorial Day parades, and high-school dances,
And (though on various brinks the planet teeters)
Of fierce disputes concerned with parking meters.

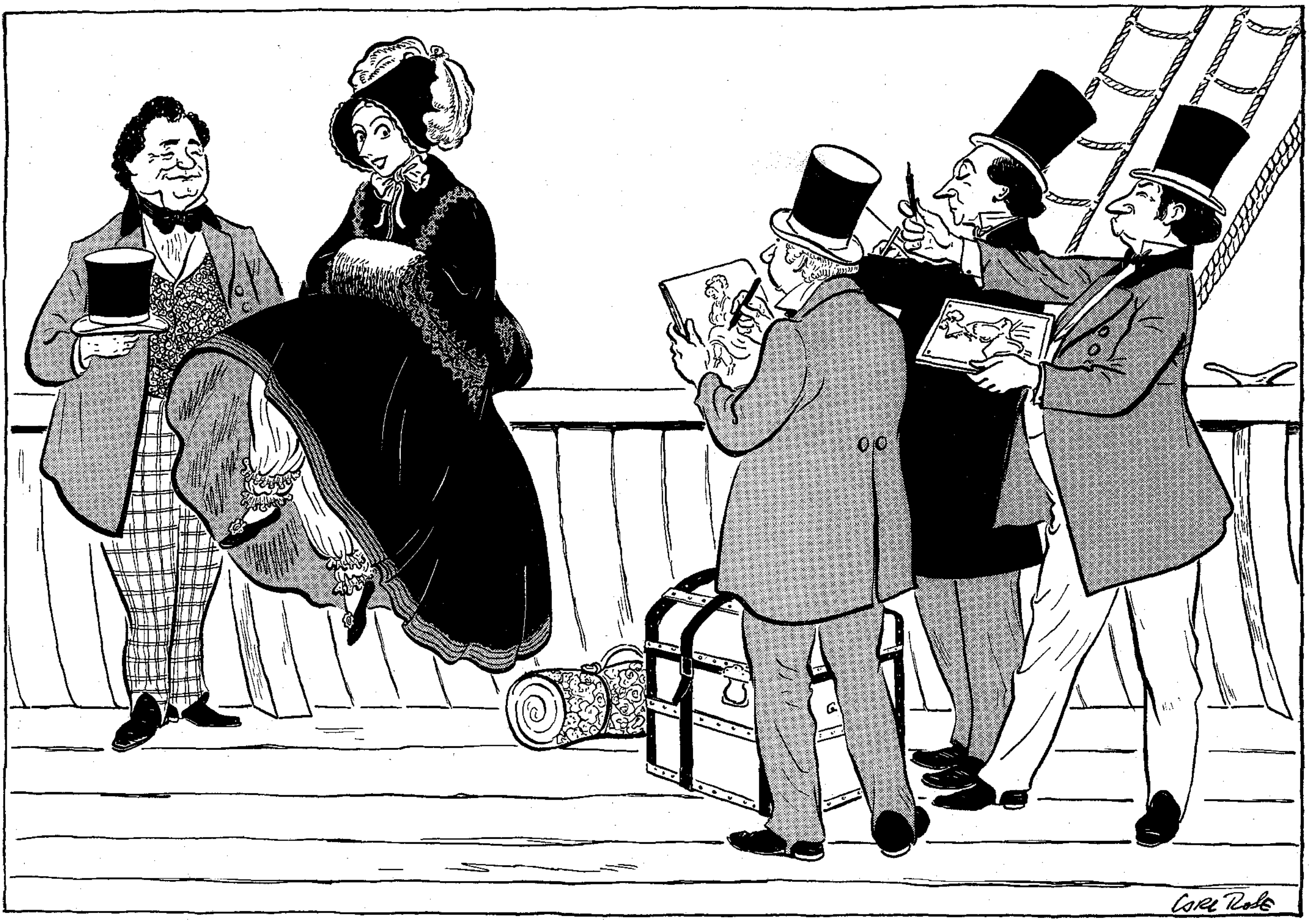
—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

gion have since admitted that for a time it looked hopeless. Then one day an old Australian civilian walked into Allied headquarters and said, in substance, "I've been around here for thirty-five years. I know every white man and most of the natives between Espiritu Santo and Bougainville, and I thought maybe I might get them together and see what we can find out." In no time at all, there came into being an espionage organization, later known as the Coast Watchers, that took care of spying out supply ships and quite a number of other things in the Solomons.

In a surprisingly short time, considering the risks and distances involved, a spy network was operating for the Allies that was unique in this or any other war. Most of its leaders were elderly Australian, New Zealand, and English planters whose previous experience included nothing more violent than husking coconuts, and its yeomen were native bushmen, who, even on short acquaintance, didn't particularly care for the Japanese. It was a motley army, but its work was brilliant. By and large, when the Japs came into the Solomons, they neglected to take precautions against the residents, either white or native. This turned out to be a mistake. Operating by night, Allied Intelligence officers smuggled short-wave radio transmitters and other equipment, by means of seaplanes, outrigger canoes, sailing craft, and even native swimmers, to friendly planters on every island in the group. Oddly, one of the most energetic of these operatives was a German who had served the Kaiser with distinction in the first World War and whose appearance was somewhat more Prussian than that of Erich von Stroheim. He said that he was not concerned with the larger issues of the war but that he preferred to keep the Solomons free of Japs. Detailed news about enemy activities began to pour into Allied headquarters. The planters seemed to find espionage a welcome relief from raising coconuts, and their native helpers took to the new sport with great enthusiasm. In fact, they vied with one another for choice items of intelligence, now and then even cooking up a little news of their own when things got dull. Late of an evening on Vella Lavella, a native runner might stick his head in the window of Mr. Bridges' house and whisper, "Major Shikimotu just takum bath," while over on Rendova another operative, calling down softly from a coconut tree, would report to Mr. Smithers that several Jap soldiers were laid up sick after a banquet of red snapper cooked by the correspondent's wife. Although items of this sort were





FOOTNOTES TO AMERICAN HISTORY

Jenny Lind, with her manager, P. T. Barnum, poses for the ship-news reporters on her arrival at Quarantine.

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generally of small consequence, the combined reports were enormously valuable, and the Jap supply lines began to show signs of erosion.

My friend Rangoso, I learned, was one of the main liaison men between the planters, the natives, and our Intelligence officers. He had done a lot of the organizing, being able to speak both English and the Solomons dialects. "If you're going up north," my informant said, "you may run into him somewhere. He gets around a good deal."

ONE month later to the day, I was standing on a float at the seaplane base on Bougainville—having been able to arrange, in the course of carrying out my Navy job, to fly with a New Zealand search plane north toward Rabaul—when a Navy PBY circled and came in for a landing. It was a rescue-service plane, known in the profession as a Dumbo, and my New Zealand crew, who were at work on their plane, stopped to watch. It taxied up to the float and two members of the crew got out. Then two elderly, crotchety civilians, both of them complaining about the gasoline fumes, crawled out, and so, at length, did my friend Rangoso. I called out his name, and he turned and stared at me. "Why, bless my soul," he said, and went on to address me by name. Needless to say, I felt complimented at being remembered after seven years, and we shook hands warmly. The King then told me that he and his companions, a Mr. Henderson and a Mr. Cadwallader, had come from the island of Malaiga, and indicated that the departure had taken place in some haste. They were about to report in to Intelligence, he said, and Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader hoped to be assigned quarters afterward, but neither of them appeared to entertain very great expectations along this line. "George," said Mr. Henderson to Mr. Cadwallader, "I don't like this island. I never did. I told you that. It's feverish here. We should have gone on down to Guadalcanal." "It was impossible, impossible," said Mr. Cadwallader, with some asperity. "Headquarters has moved up. We might as well make the best of it." Rangoso said he planned to stop in one of the native villages for a while, and I asked his permission to visit him there that evening.

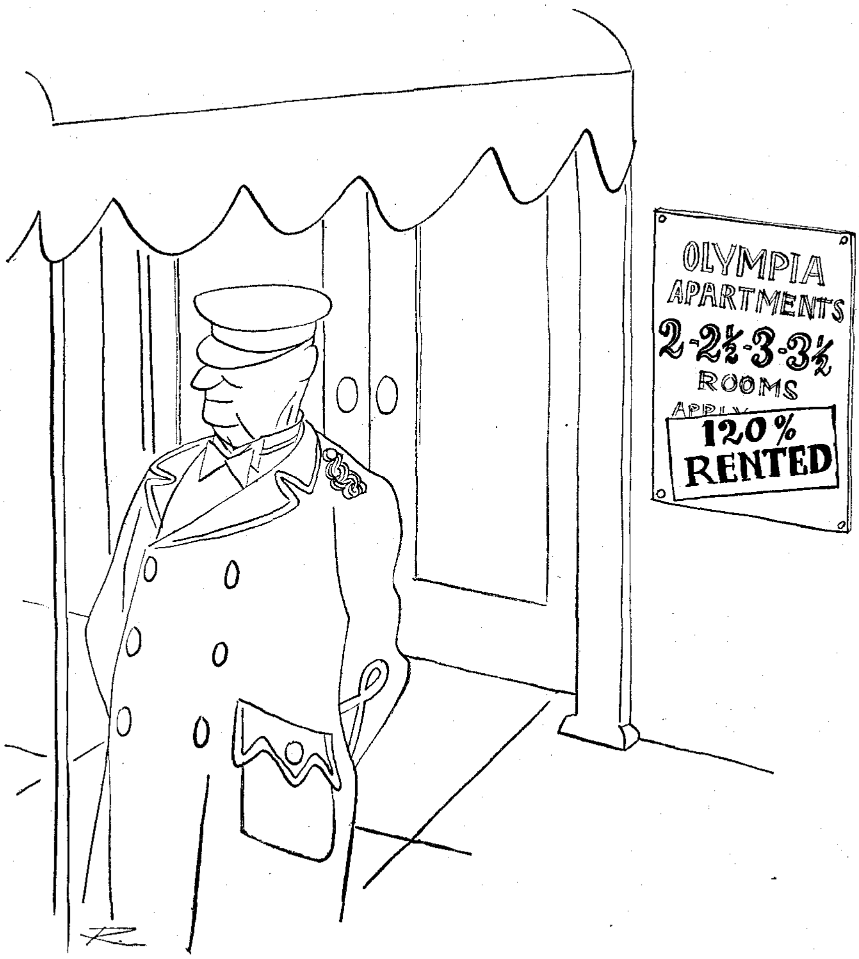
At that time two native villages had been set up, more or less like compounds, in the comparatively small area of Bougainville held by the Allies. One was for the giant Fiji scouts who had been brought up by the British to harass the Japs in the jungle, and the other was for Solomon islanders, much smaller men, as a rule, who were used chiefly as guides. I was admitted to the Solomons compound by an Australian sergeant, who escorted me to a Quonset hut that had been assigned to Rangoso. The King was out back, washing his socks. He had on a pair of khaki shorts, a pair of old white tennis shoes, and a Navy skivvy shirt. We went inside and sat down on a couple of cots, and he told me what had been happening on the island of Malaiga. "First of all," he said, "I must make it clear that Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader are very courageous men. Foolishly courageous, if I may say so. I had difficulty getting them out in time." Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader had been copra planters on Malaiga for over twenty years when the Japs showed up. Before the war, they lived comfortably in sizable houses several miles apart, but after the occupation, at the direction of the enemy, they doubled up in Mr. Henderson's place, which was near the only harbor on the island. The Japs had occupied Malaiga to strengthen their supply line, sending in a Major Tagamatsu with half a dozen officers and two hundred men. However, the island never became a battleground; nor was it ever bombed. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader had not followed the war very closely—the drying season was at hand—and they were naturally indignant at the intrusion. Mr. Cadwallader had, in fact, gone down to the command shack and given the Major and his staff a piece of his mind. "See here," he had told the group, "you'll have to get out of here, you know. You're interfering with the drying."

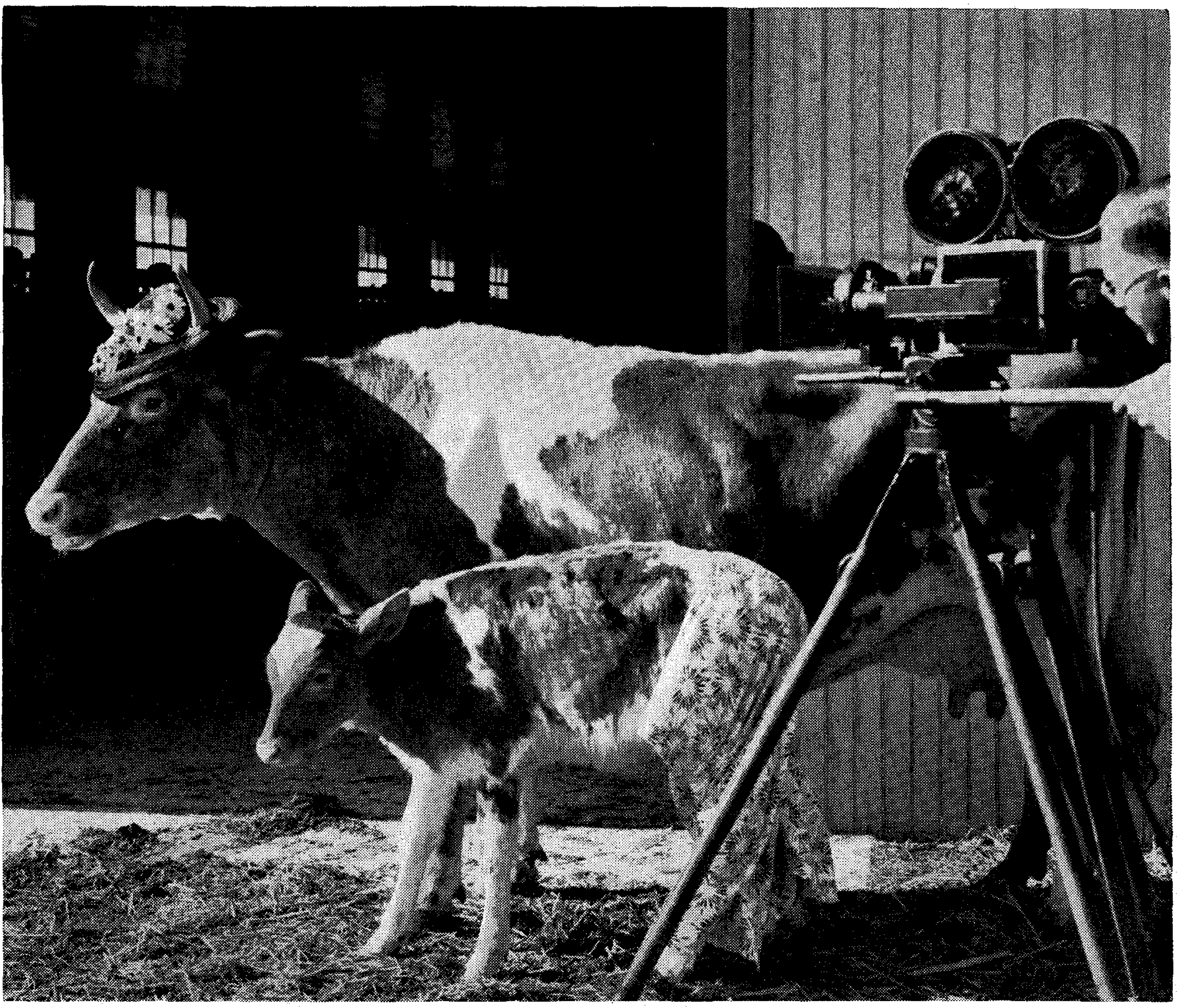
Generally speaking, Rangoso said, the Japs did not abuse either the white men or the natives. There were a few atrocities by Jap enlisted men, including a decapitation and several rapings, but no organized looting, aside from the appropriation of all the food in sight. Instead, Major Tagamatsu and his group tried to cultivate the residents, working for the most part on the natives, by means of an educational program about the new world to come. The friendly overtures did not seem to sway Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader. It was a wonder, Rangoso said, that Mr. Henderson was not shot. He kept hissing at the Japanese, and leering at them with his front teeth showing, and sticking his thumbs in his ears and wiggling his hands and braying like a donkey. It was never very clear to anybody just what he thought he was doing, but he appeared to get a lot of satisfaction out of it. After performing, he would go off cackling and slapping his knee. Mr. Cadwallader addressed all the members of the occupying party as General Foureyes, although no more than a third of them wore glasses. This plainly gravelled the Major, who was dependent upon the usual tortoise shells, but he kept the peace.

When Rangoso arrived by seaplane—at night and at a secluded spot—with plans for organized espionage, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader were delighted. Except for brief nocturnal disappearances, Rangoso stayed at Mr. Henderson's house, ostensibly as handyman. The Japs never questioned his being there; the island was full of native villages and they knew only a handful of residents by sight. The time was quite opportune for spying on Malaiga. The Japanese had just effected a change in their methods of supply. Theretofore, having had no serious air and sea opposition, they had sent troops and matériel down from the northern islands in big ships. Now, because of the Coast Watchers and our increasing military resources, their shipping was beginning to have a painful time, so they switched to barges, which ran at night and hid in the daytime. At first these came down to Buin, at the southern tip of Bougainville, then ran over to Vella Lavella and across the Vella Gulf. This strategy, which worked very well, caused a dangerous situation calling for severe counter-measures, since one bargeload was capable of supplying five thousand Japs for a day. The Allies worked out a team of night-prowling Catalinas, painted black, and motor torpedo boats, but before this could operate effectively it was important to obtain knowledge of barge movements. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader, whose island was on the barge route, entered wholeheartedly into the counter-offensive. They were provided with a short-wave radio, which, after some technical study and considerable bickering, they set up in a shack in the bush.

Then Rangoso organized the natives, who were equally charmed with the arrangements. The nights of Malaiga developed at least a thousand eyes, and no enemy activities went unnoticed. Nocturnal fishing became fashionable. In many cases, the sportsmen ventured far to sea in their canoes, into the deep places that they said hadn't been fished out. The Japs on Malaiga were relieved to find the attitude of the residents growing more friendly. Mr. Henderson quit hissing, and Mr. Cadwallader started calling the Major Mr. Taskmaster, which Rangoso believed was about as close as he could get to pronouncing the name and which was meant in perfectly good faith.

The natives became so agreeable that





Mama's in the "moo-vies"!

Though she may never win an "Oscar," nor sign an autograph, she's the star of a picture that's drawing quite a public!

From its title, you can tell the film is something different in movie fare. It's called "Quality Milk Production" — and it deals, not with make-believe, but with scientific methods of getting *more* and *better* milk to market.

These methods cover everything from the brushing of a cow to the construction of a barn. They show how to keep equipment sterile; milk scrupulously clean. They bring progressive and practical guidance to the 350,000 dairy farmers who will see them on the screen.

Filmed by National Dairy, the movie is distributed to U. S. Public Health Services, Vocational Agricultural Departments, Agricultural Extension Services, and state and city Boards of Health. It is shown to farm associations, grange meetings, farm youth groups, and many other such audiences.

In a sense, this picture might be cited as *research in action.* For it's another means by which the findings of National Dairy Laboratories reach out to improve milk — nature's most nearly perfect food — right at the source, and protect its purity every step of the journey to your dinner table.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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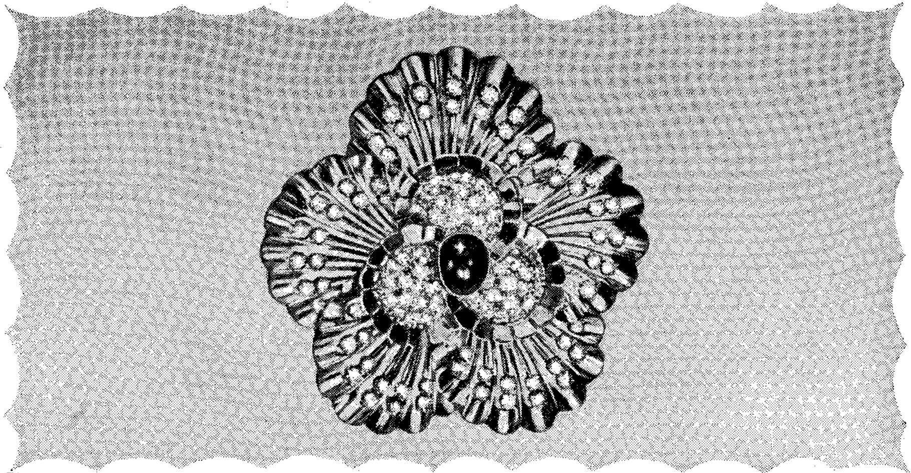

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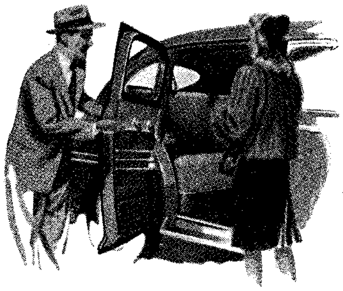
the Japs stepped up their efforts to educate them. The Major distributed a number of small Jap flags and had his language expert teach the natives a song about the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Periodically the residents of each village would be asked to line up and sing it, which they did willingly, and when they had finished they would scurry back into the bush and pick up some more secrets. The Jap officers were fascinated by the native drumming, which they considered an interesting primitive art form. They would visit a village in the evening and listen appreciatively as a drummer or two passed the news down the line that six barges had just been sighted off Buka Point. The Japs were dead right when they expressed the view that the art of drumming had reached a new high on Malaiga. The thing that broke up this tranquil way of life was the enemy's penchant for bragging. Major Tagamatsu and his officers could not resist telling Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader, in lively detail, what a smart war the Japanese were fighting. From the start, their attitude toward the planters had been one of tolerant amusement. The whole occupation force, in fact, regarded the two old gentlemen as doddering and harmless. After their metamorphosis, both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader took to dropping into Jap headquarters for chats, sometimes carrying gifts. "Well," Mr. Cadwallader would say, handing over a stalk of bananas, "you certainly seem to have them on the run." "Mr. Cadwalla," the Major would reply, "big business tonight. Allies on Green Island catch hell." "Troop barges, eh?" Mr. Cadwallader would say, and the Major would say yes, that barges were going to land on the north end of Green Island while night bombers plastered the Allied installations farther south. Mr. Cadwallader would shake his head in admiration, take his old bones off home, go in the front door, prance out the back door, and head for the bush, where he would make the radio hum. That night the troop barges would run into a whole swarm of PT boats and the bombers would have an interesting time with night fighters.

This kind of disaster overtook the Japs so many times that Major Tagamatsu finally got suspicious. One morning the Major's houseboy came running to Rangoso with the news that the Japs were talking about arresting Mr. Cadwallader and Mr. Henderson. Rangoso promptly repaired to the radio and set in motion a previously arranged plan



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What a surprise that such a *big* car can cost so little to operate. New balanced carburetion and new 4-ring pistons make for *extra* savings on gas and oil. In everything you want, you get *more* with the handsome new Mercury!

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Step out with more of that famous Mercury pickup and power. Nineteen engine improvements mean quick getaways that put you out front when the traffic light changes . . . extra reserves of speed that *keep* you out front on the highway. If you want more "go"—go Mercury!

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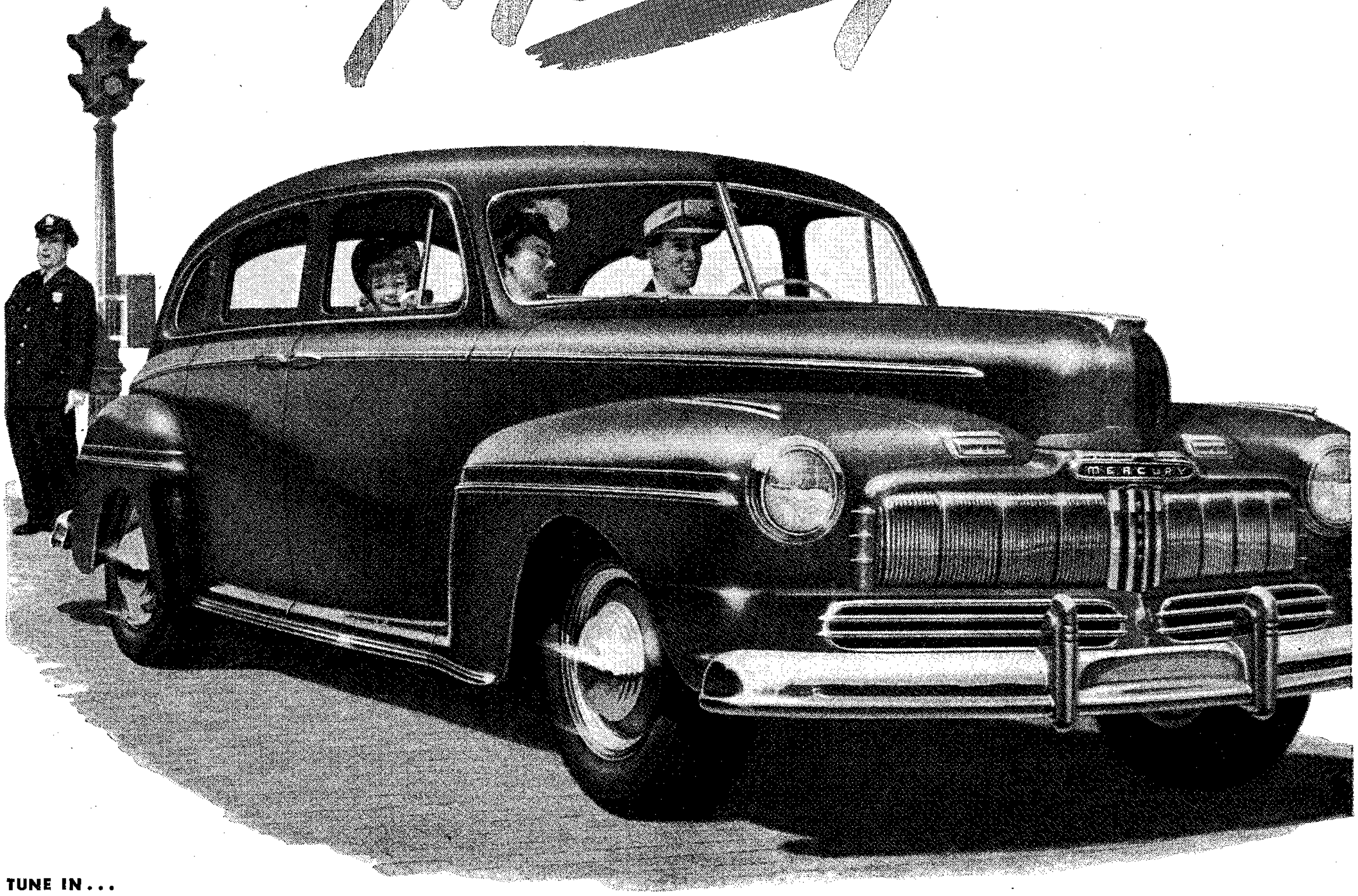

TUNE IN . . .
The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—
CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 p.m., E.S.T.
The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—
ABC, Sundays, 8-9 p.m., E.S.T.

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The roses were our idea

We put the roses up with the collectors' items to remind you of two things . . .

First, those four red roses stand for a whiskey so distinctive in flavor, so richly mellow in its own special way, that Four Roses has become recognized as a "collector's item" among fine whiskies.

For Four Roses is *all* straight whiskey, every drop. And, being an exclusive combination of *specially distilled straight whiskies*, it can't be compared with any other whiskey you ever tasted.

Secondly — like some other collectors' items, Four Roses is in such great demand that it isn't always easy to find. But when you do, *what a drink you get!*

Note to collectors: We'll be glad to supply catalogue information on the rare pieces shown above. Write to Frankfort Distillers Corp., 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war

A blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

to evacuate the three men by seaplane. Both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader, when Rangoso arrived to tell them what he had done, objected. Mr. Cadwallader maintained, reasonably enough, that since he had lived on Malaiga for twenty years, he was entitled to priority over the Japs, who had been there only eight months. Mr. Henderson was dubious about finding a comfortable house on any of the other islands. Rangoso persisted, and after a lengthy discussion the planters were made aware of their danger. "Our position was really very delicate," the King told me. "We had a two-hour wait on our hands and I felt that Major Tagamatsu might elect to arrest us at any minute." Also, because the sea was running high, he had radioed the information that the plane would have to be set down in the harbor. Carefully calculating the plane's time of arrival, since an error might well have been fatal, Rangoso kept his party in the bush until the last possible minute. Then they emerged and strolled casually past Jap headquarters and down to the waterfront. There had been another, and briefer, argument before they started off, as Mr. Cadwallader had announced his intention of picking up a suitcase en route. The folly of this was pointed out to him, and they went ahead. "I hurried, in spite of myself," Rangoso told me, "but Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader appeared to be perfectly calm. I don't think they realized just how serious it all was." The three men climbed into an outrigger canoe, apparently bent on a relaxing excursion of some kind, and paddled out into the harbor. There were no slipups. An American Navy Dumbo appeared two or three minutes before they reached the reef, spanked down on the water, and taxied up alongside. Rangoso and his companions climbed in, Mr. Henderson first turning to hiss at the shore, and they took off just as the first signs

LISTEN: MAY 4, 1946

Through 30 months of war and 8 of reconstruction, *Transatlantic Call*, the CBS-BBC exchange series, kept adding its weekly contribution to international understanding.

Perhaps you listened to the 168th and final broadcast on Easter Sunday, which pieced together some of the more enduring episodes from earlier programs, and heard a Dakota wheat farmer's wife saying: "This is the *give-us-our-daily bread* the world keeps talking about. And I think sometimes, *Oh Lord — just make it grow.*"

Meanwhile CBS and BBC continue holding hands across the sea in a new program each Sunday at 12:30 p.m. EDT called *Yours Sincerely*. It invites British and American listeners who want to know more about each other to correspond, and promises to deliver the letters air-mail — by having Charles Collingwood in New York and Wilson Midgley in London read them out loud in front of a microphone.

So tune in Sunday, pen in hand...

★

One of radio's richest sources of spiritual counsel is the full hour each Sunday between 10 and 11 a.m. EDT when CBS broadcasts the sermons of two distinguished clergymen. The speakers are carefully chosen by an impartial committee to represent a true cross-section of the varied faiths and denominations that form the pattern of religious life in America. What they say is not only worth hearing but preserving. On May 22 the bookstores will carry the 1946 edition of *Best Sermons*, published annually by Harper & Brothers. It contains 52 sermons boiled down from a total submitted list of 5,674. Four of the 52 were spoken on Columbia's *Church of the Air*, and testify eloquently to the quality of inspiration you can find each week on the program.

★

The weekly mail from Latin America abundantly testifies to the enthusiasm with which listeners tune in Columbia's nightly shortwave broadcasts over the 112 stations of its Latin-American network scattered from Mexico to Chile. So does a recent letter from Sister John Emmanuel, favorite teacher of 100 students of Spanish in Troy's Catholic Central High School. Through her good offices they now own a short wave receiver provided by CBS and listen regularly to the 50 hours of weekly programs in Spanish and Portuguese. She writes:

"...For nearly two years now I have listened eagerly and often to the *Cadena de Las Americas* since Spanish is my chief interest...As a teacher of Spanish, I have found (the programs) my chief... source of stimulation and information, not to speak of the keen enjoyment they have provided.

"The naturalness, the throbbing life, the deep sincerity, the animation, the variety of voices, of dialects, of tempo of those who participate, together with the utter timeliness of the programs could hardly be duplicated even in part by the Spanish department of any university.

"Granted that these programs were never intended to inform or entertain us at home, not to mention to educate and to inspire the schoolteacher; still it is this very fact that makes them utterly desirable. They make Spanish, and above all the people who are represented, live, as nothing short of foreign travel can do..."

★

Readers of a new book by Francis Williams, Britain's chief wartime censor, soon reach this terse comment on Columbia's former European News Chief, now back home in charge of the network's public affairs programming and on the air every Sunday at 1:45 p.m. EDT:

"...A number of first-class American newspaper correspondents and one outstanding radio commentator, Edward Murrow, have done much to give the American people a truer conception of the British people."

This is

CBS

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CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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OKLAHOMA!
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May 6th to July 27th
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EDWARD GROSS *presents a New Musical Play*
St. Louis Woman
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
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ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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THE NICHOLAS BROS., PEARL BAILEY
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—*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 43rd St. East of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Thursday & Saturday, 2:40
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THE Magnificent Yankee
(JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)
A New Play by
EMMET LAVERY
LOUIS CALHERN DOROTHY GISH
ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Eves. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

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Stanley Gilkey & Barbara Payne *present*
RAY BOLGER
In a New Revue
Three To Make Ready
Sketches & Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
ADELPHI THEA., 54th St. East of B'way.
CI. 6-5097. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"An uproarious delight . . . a solid comedy"—*Barnes, HERALD TRIBUNE*
MAX GORDON *presents*
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

of alarm were apparent in the Jap camp.

"THAT'S all," the King said. "We made it, as you see. Everything worked out fine. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Cadwallader are, as I have indicated, very remarkable gentlemen. They deserve a lot of credit."

I stood up to leave. It had got dark while we were talking, and the island was blacked out for fear of Jap planes from Rabaul. "And what about you, Rangoso?" I said. "What will you do now?"

"Oh, I got my orders this afternoon," he replied, looking pleased. "Tonight at midnight I'm to be taken up to Santa Isabella. There's a Mr. Cartwright there who should be able to do us a lot of good. He's a planter, an old fellow. I'm looking forward to it."

I wished him luck, said goodbye, and walked back in the pitch-black darkness to my quarters. For the first time I had the feeling that things were well in hand in the Solomons.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

THE SENATOR FROM MAINE SAYS A WORD

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. WHITE. Mr. President, I wish to say a word about the situation. In normal circumstances, and generally, I am in complete harmony with the views expressed by the Senator from Wisconsin. I am quite content to have determination of the proper amount of salaries of Members of Congress and determination of the question of retirement for Members of Congress await a report from the committee of which the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin is the chairman.

But here we are confronted with a situation for which I think there can be no possible justification. . . .

The objections to the amendment remind me of something which happened some years ago when I was a Member of the House of Representatives. A merchant marine bill was pending before the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and various witnesses would come before the committee and would pound their chests and tell of their love of the American ship and the American merchant marine, they would state that they wanted American ships to be on every sea and to be in every port of the world, with the flag of America at the masthead, and carrying the commerce of America to the people and markets of the world. But then from all sides criticisms and objections would be directed to this feature and that of the proposed legislation, notwithstanding all the encomiums which the general purposes of the measure had received.

After one meeting, Mr. Lasker, who then was Chairman of the Shipping Board, came into my office and said he never had undergone an experience quite like his

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. *presents*
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
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MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
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S. HUROK
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THE GREATEST IN
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Evenings Including Sundays $1.20 to $4.80
Matinees May 4, 5, 11: $1.20 to $3.60 (tax incl.)
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

PAUL FEIGAY and OLIVER SMITH present
"A HONEY!"—*Barnes, Herald Tribune*
BILLION DOLLAR BABY
New Musical Hit
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Book & Lyrics by Betty COMDEN & Adolph GREEN—*Music by* Morton GOULD
Choreography and Musical Numbers Staged by Jerome ROBBINS
with MITZI GREEN • JOAN McCRACKEN
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd Street West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

2nd YEAR • DRAMA CRITICS AWARD YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER *present*
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
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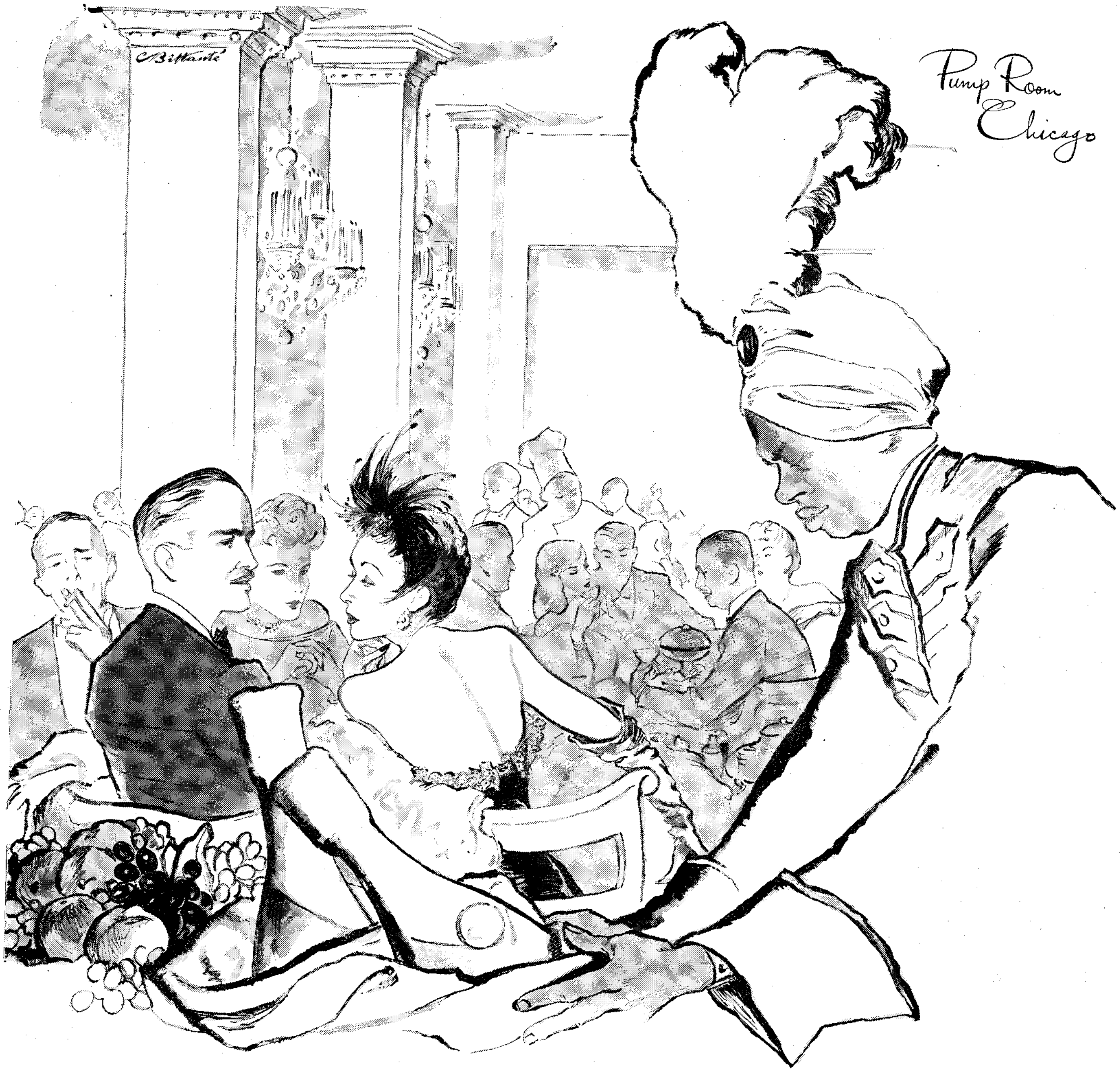
EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
BROADWAY Th. B'way & 53rd St. • Circle 7-2887. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' *'Mama's Bank Account'*
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX W. 45 St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40


Bittante
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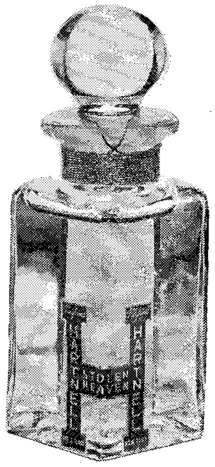
Chicago

Stolen Heaven

when one is mindful of her most dramatic perfection

by

HARTNELL


STOLEN HEAVEN
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A New Comedy by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
NEW YORK • Hudson Theatre
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KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
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Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
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McKAY MORRIS HELEN CRAIG CLARENCE DERWENT REX O'MALLEY YUL BRYNNER
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The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
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"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

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PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY, Jr.
Jack Whiting • Odette Myrtil • Dorothy Stone
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A John Wildberg Harry Gribble Production
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by Philip Yordan
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No Mon. Perf.

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with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
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recent one before the committee. He said the nearest to it occurred when he was appointed to a committee, in Chicago, to solicit funds for some Jewish relief; and he was assigned to canvass a certain section of the city with which he was not particularly familiar, so he was given a guide. As he would come to a particular store, his guide would tell him the business which was conducted in the store and would also tell him what should be contributed by the owners or managers of the store.

He said that finally, as he was about to enter a certain store, the guide said to him, "There are a couple of brothers here, and they are pretty well to do. They can give plenty if they will, but they are pretty tight, and you will have to work on them." Lasker said he went into the store and met a man who turned out to be the older brother. What happened was substantially as follows: Lasker asked the man for a contribution, but he said, "No; I cannot." Lasker then asked why he could not contribute, and the man said, "Well, my old mother is over in Warsaw, and I have to send her money regularly; and my wife is sick and in a hospital here in Chicago, and the hospital bills are simply terrifying in their amount and frequency." When he was further pressed to make a contribution, the man said, "I have a daughter in one of the fancy finishing schools in the East, and the authorities of the school seem to devote their entire time to offering justifications for this charge or that charge or some other charge, and the total of the charges is positively staggering. So I simply cannot give you anything." At that point the door opened and another man entered. He turned out to be the younger brother. Lasker asked him for a contribution, but the younger brother said, "No." Then Lasker said, "Come on, now; you know you can contribute something if you want to." But the man said, "No; I cannot do it." Then Lasker called his attention to the fact that he was not supporting his mother, he did not have a wife in a hospital, he did not have a daughter in one of the fancy finishing schools in the East, and all it would mean if he made a contribution of a couple of hundred dollars would be that he would have only that much less to spend on his lady friends in Chicago. But still the man refused to contribute. Lasker finally turned to him and said, "Will you honestly tell me why you will not contribute?"

The man said, "Yes; I will. It is because I don't like mince pie."

Lasker said, "What does that have to do with whether you will contribute?"

"Well," the man said, "when you ain't going to do a thing anyhow, one excuse is as good as another."

Mr. President, that is the situation here.

•

NEAR GREATNESS

Mark Twain is my uncle's uncle,
Which reminds me I must take a train
To Harvard to dig in the archives
For a letter written in spleen
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Revealing the *real* Mark Twain.

—E. S. TIFFT

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"It's a Hit!" —MOREHOUSE, The Sun
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OF ALL THINGS

THE Big Four conference in Paris has decided that the Italian Navy is to be reduced and the surplus vessels are to be divided up among the Allies. The Foreign Ministers might have added, "The way of wrong-guessers is hard."

•

It now seems likely that there will be enough votes in the Senate to ratify the British loan. It may be several weeks, however, before all the necessary hemming and hawing has been done.

•

The government of Spain announces that a census of adults will be taken as a preliminary to a referendum for an undesignated purpose. There is a suspicion that Franco is lining things up so he can win a popularity contest.

•

Bilbo asked unanimous consent of the Senate to let him stop talking and go home and do some electioneering. There was no objection to this ear-relief program.

•

Republicans in Congress are said to be uneasy over the possible effects of their attack upon the O.P.A. If prices should rise sharply, many lawmakers might easily become displaced persons on election night.

•

From present indications, Senator Mead will be the Democratic candidate against Governor Dewey in the state election this year. Even Jim Farley may love the Senator in November more than he does in May.

•

Trygve Lie, the U.N. Secretary-General, is negotiating with his staff about its demand for higher wages. Many of us had not realized that the United Nations was already old enough to have labor troubles.

•

Chairman Reece of the G.O.P. has brought unhappiness to the South by a careless reference to his Party's "captive Democrats." The Dixie boys had supposed that they constituted an allied and associated power.

•

The flight of a jet plane from New York to Washington in half an hour opens an interesting prospect. Some day it will be possible to hop down to the Capital during the lunch hour and straighten out a couple of congressmen. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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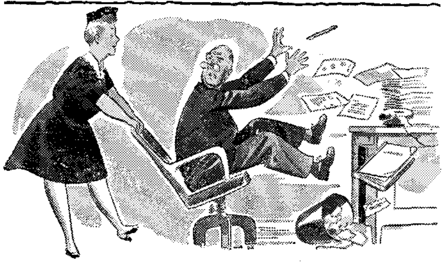

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CUTE LITTLE FELLOWS

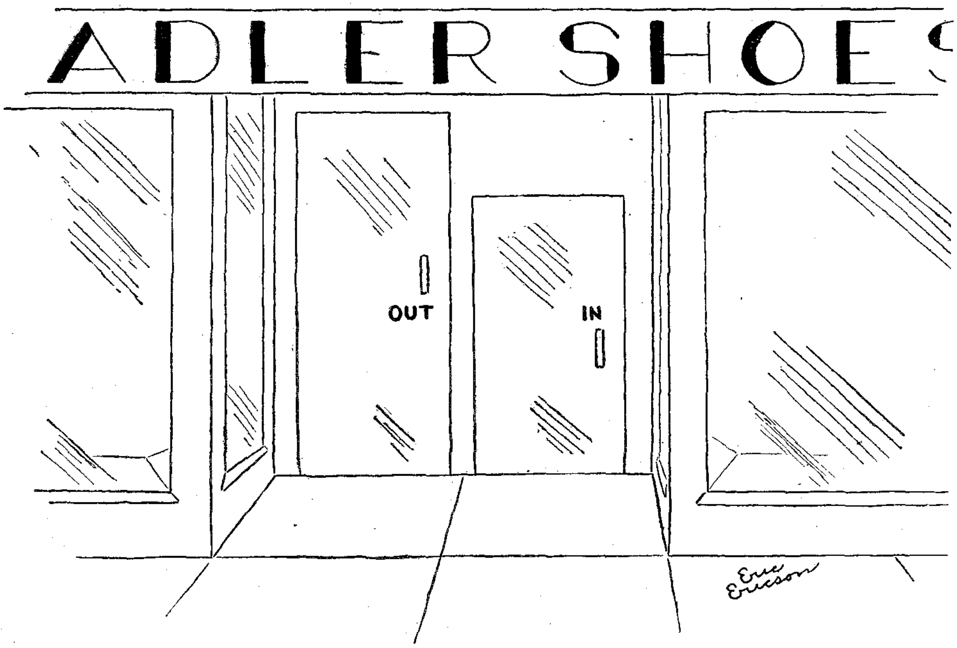
ONE of the more obscure pioneers in American animal husbandry is a mild, bald, pink-faced, retired Wall Street broker of seventy-three named Robert W. Green. Mr. Green has reason to believe that he was the first man to import donkeys of the Sardinian breed to this country for the purpose of building up a stable. It was not a difficult enterprise; early in 1929 he just took it into his head to place an order with an agent, and that May six females, or jennies, and a male, or jack, arrived in New York from their native island of Sardinia. Mr. Green, who has a small country place near West Trenton, New Jersey, now ranks well near the top among the nation's few breeders of Sardinian donkeys, having raised more than a hundred colts in the past sixteen years. His activities as a stockman have never been noted in professional breeding journals, and it is entirely possible that posterity also will choose to ignore the enterprise he has shown.

The prospect of oblivion does not disturb Mr. Green. This is not merely because, like many other Wall Street men of his generation, he has a taste for anonymity. The fact is that his close association with donkeys has so enriched his life that he is indifferent to acclaim from his fellow-men. He finds his greatest enjoyment in the companionship of his animals. His devotion to them approaches both the lyric and the maternal. In his opinion, donkeys—Sardinian donkeys, that is—are wholly without fault. Moreover, he is persuaded that they possess the affectionate nature of a Newfoundland dog, the resignation of a cow, the durability of a mule, the courage of a tiger, and an intellectual capacity only slightly inferior to man's. He also believes that the Sardinian donkey is superior to the Shetland pony as a playmate for children. He sells six or seven colts a year as pets to well-to-do families with young children. His parting with a colt is always reluctant and often tender. His enthusiasm for donkeys frequently infects his clients. A year or two ago, one of his satisfied customers wrote him, "You might talk to me about disposing of one of the children, but not the donkey." Even Mr. Green and his wife, though they happen to be childless, felt that this testimonial inclined toward the extravagant.

Zoologists classify the donkey as a member of the generic group that includes the horse, the pony (which is simply a dwarf horse), and the zebra. The donkey is more akin to the zebra than it is to the horse. Mr. Green accepts this fact, but he does not like it. There are many varieties of donkey. They tend to vary in size rather abruptly, like pajamas. The color range is fairly wide. Breeders in the Middle East have always favored a medium-sized, pure-white animal. Some donkeys are, at least by donkey standards, rather large—notably the brown ones of France and Spain, where the species, custom-made by the diligent pamperings of enlightened mule breeders, occasionally produces specimens measuring close to sixteen hands, or practically horse size. The Sardinian breed is little and gray, both characteristics that Mr. Green especially admires. It is the smallest of Occidental donkeys, rarely growing larger than a Saint Bernard, and often not even that large. (The smallest of the species, the dwarf donkey of India, is about the size of a German shepherd dog.) During the five thousand years that the donkey has been domesticated (it was a barnyard fixture for centuries before man took up with the horse), its tendency to littleness has been somewhat accentuated, it is believed, by extreme and sustained maltreatment. With the possible exception of India, nowhere do donkey keepers appear to have been quite so quick to reach for the whip or to trim a ration as in Sardinia. The thought of that martyrdom is painful to Mr. Green, highly as he prizes the product of such cruelty. He cannot understand how the Sardinians could have failed to share his conviction that their donkeys are the world's most lovable animals.

THE other morning, at Mr. Green's invitation, I took an early train down to West Trenton and spent the day with him at his place. He met me at the station and, after greeting me with a cordial handshake, took me to his car. It was a bright, gusty spring morning, and Mr. Green's pink face was gleaming. He has a large mouth, with big and irregular teeth, and his smile gives him a resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt. He was wearing a tan corduroy suit and a shaggy brown sweater vest. A very old but jaunty green Tyrolian hat was set squarely on his head. He was smoking a pipe; throughout the day he was rarely without it. Mr. Green, by the way, is one of the few one-match pipe smokers I have ever met.

As we drove off at a reckless clip, Mr. Green said abruptly, "I've been looking forward to this. I don't suppose anything gives me more pleasure than showing off my little donkeys. You'll be crazy about them. At least," he added, grinning, "I hope you will." He went on to tell me something about his home, a seven-acre place on the Delaware River. It is part of a large piece of land that for more than two hundred years has been owned by a family named Scudder, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Green, who are first cousins themselves, are related. The portion of their house that includes the kitchen and the cook's quarters was built in 1709; the rest was added in the



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seventeen-eighties. The Greens' house is only a couple of miles from where Washington crossed the Delaware. "It's a shame to have to admit it, but George Washington never got around to sleeping in our house," Mr. Green remarked as we bowled along. "However, one of our great-great-grandfathers, Amos Scudder, guided a flank of Washington's Army down to Trenton along the river that night."

Mr. Green was born on a farm not far from the Scudder estate. He was one of seven children. When he was nine, his family moved to Trenton because his father, a successful farmer, had wearied of rural life and wished to take things easy in town. Mr. Green's taste for donkeys is acquired. His father, during his years on the land, had little interest in any animal smaller than a Clydesdale horse. "I must say I was also extremely fond of big horses," Mr. Green told me reflectively, "and for a while, after Mrs. Green and I moved to the country, I bred Clydesdales and Belgians myself. Of course, that was before I got to know Sardinian donkeys." Mr. Green was not interested in agriculture, and after his graduation from high school, he went to work as an office boy at the First National Bank of Trenton. A couple of years later, he drifted into a job with a Wall Street brokerage house. Then, as time went on, he married, got to know his way around the stock market, and finally, in 1922, established the brokerage firm of Green, Ellis & Anderson, of which he was senior partner.

"I retired in 1935," Mr. Green said, "but Mrs. Green and I moved to the country long before that—in 1916, to be exact. You might say that President Wilson persuaded us to. We'd been thinking some of getting a country place, and when he came out with a statement urging people to raise as much of their own food as possible—because of the war, you know—that decided us. Our first place was over near Somerville. Mrs. Green called it the Farm of the Hidden View. The house was up on a nice hill, but the view from every window was blocked by a barn or an outbuilding of some kind. We liked it well enough, though, and we stayed on there until four or five years ago, when we got a chance to buy our present place from the Scudder estate. I wasn't glad to leave the Somerville farm. Why, our first Sardinian colts were born there!"

WE drove along in silence for a while, Mr. Green bending over the wheel, his eyes glazed by reminiscence, and then I asked him how he had happened to become so fond of Sardinian donkeys. "That's hard to explain," he replied. "A stockman friend of mine who lived over near Wilkes-Barre—he's dead now, poor fellow—heard about them first, from somebody or other. There weren't any in this country then, so far as I've ever been able to learn. My friend described them to me and they sounded like mighty nice little animals. I guess it was just instinct. Mrs. Green and I went to Europe about that time, early in 1929, and when we reached Paris I got in touch with an agent and ordered six jennies and a jack, sight unseen. I'd never even seen a picture of one of the little fellows. I saw my first Sardinians when my animals arrived in New York. The minute I set eyes on them, I admired them. They just seemed so kindly disposed."

A Sardinian jenny, bred regularly, produces a colt about once every fourteen months. The period of gestation is twelve months, a month longer than for horses and ponies, a biological fact on which Mr. Green bases his conviction that the donkey is superior in intelligence to the horse or the pony. This line of reasoning, which is not entirely supported by science, has forced him to the uncomfortable conclusion that the elephant possesses intellectual powers almost twice as great as the donkey. As for human beings, Mr. Green feels that other factors must be taken into consideration.

By 1935, Mr. Green's brainy herd had increased to fifty-two. Such numbers were unwieldy. "I felt like the old woman who lived in the shoe," he told me. "We hated to part with any of our little fellows, but we realized that we had to." He inserted a small advertisement in the April issues of *Town & Country* and *House Beautiful.* The advertisement, which was illustrated by a photograph of one of his animals, was headed "Diminutive Donkeys," and said, "The ideal pet for children. Attaining height of from 30 to 35 inches when fully grown, they are absolutely safe to ride and drive. Prices range from $50 to $100." Mr. Green wrote the ad himself. The response of the public was both flattering and alarming. "I came close to being wiped out," he said, with what I took to be a shudder at the memory. "I finally had to refuse to accept any more orders—just in time to save a gelding, eight jennies, and two jacks." He regards this as the perfect size for a stable of donkeys and has kept his at about that strength ever since. In addition, he generally has several colts on hand, but he sells them when they are six months old unless he needs replacements for his stable. Most of his colts are spoken for before birth. He has never found it necessary to run another ad. People hear of his donkeys from contented buyers. Through the years, Mr. Green has gradually raised the price of his colts to a flat $150. He does not think of himself as a commercial breeder. "The six or seven colts I sell a year," he told me, "don't any more than pay my feed bill." Macy's has been after Mr. Green for some time to supply its barnyard department with colts, but he has steadfastly refused. He wants to know whom his animals are going to live with when they leave him.

WE were now riding along the bank of the Delaware River. The water was clear and sparkling in the sun, and the wooded hills of the Pennsylvania shore looked as wild and uninhabited as they were in Washington's time. Presently we approached a large, handsome, white clapboard house, along the front of which ran a veranda with pillars two stories high. The house was set some distance back from the road and was surrounded by a broad, rolling, well-kept lawn on which a number of large, spreading shade trees were in bud. Beneath one of the trees stood a donkey, mostly head and ears, hitched to a square, high-sided, two-wheeled cart. A thin, elderly man was shovelling fertilizer out of the cart and spreading it on a flower bed. The donkey was smaller than any pony I had ever seen; its shoulders were hardly as high as the man's waist. "Here we are," said Mr. Green, somewhat unnecessarily, and turned the car up a long gravel driveway that led past one side of the house to a whitewashed stone garage. The donkey turned its head and watched us as we crunched slowly by, and the man waved. Mr. Green returned the look and the wave. "That's Christopher Columbus," he said. "The donkey, I mean. Old Chris is our gelding and he's sixteen now. We gave him that name because he was our first-born colt and because he was born on Columbus Day. The man is Mr. Clarence Jones. He's my farmer. We'll probably see them both later on, but first I want you to meet my wife and then we'll go look at some of the stuff I've got in the carriage house." He smiled and shook his head. "I certainly was a fool for fancy equipment at one time."

Mrs. Green, an attractive, gray-haired woman, was walking toward us across the lawn from the house when we came out of the garage. Her husband

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gave her an affectionate kiss and introduced us. "I wish I had time to go around with you," she said to me. "Our donkeys are lovable pets. The little baby ones make me want to pick them right up in my arms and hug them." "And she *does*, too," Mr. Green said. His wife smiled. "Well, just about," she said. "Now, don't let Robert lose all track of the time. Luncheon will be ready about one-fifteen, but you'd better come in a little before. After you've been around the grounds, I know you'll both want a nice Old-Fashioned."

The carriage house, also of whitewashed stone, was on the top of a slight slope just behind the garage. Mr. Green pushed back a sliding door and I saw that the place was jammed with donkey-size wooden carts and wagons. Among them were a buckboard, a basket cart, a chariot, a sleigh, and three exotic vehicles that Mr. Green said were Sicilian carts of a style dating back to the Middle Ages. Like the cart I had seen on the lawn, these were square and had high sides and two wheels, but they were also highly ornamented. They were painted a glittering yellow, their sides were decorated with brightly colored religious scenes, and the ends of their shafts and the tops of their side posts were elaborately carved. "Lord knows why I had to have three of them," Mr. Green said. "Pretty fancy, aren't they? I've never been to Sicily, I'm sorry to say—nor to Sardinia either, for that matter—but the donkeys there are much like Sardinian ones and they tell me a Sicilian farmer will pile his whole family into one of these carts on Sunday and let one little underfed donkey pull them all to church. No doubt about the donkey's being up to it. You never saw such concentrated power. These animals of mine make me think of something a carpenter around here said to Mrs. Green one time when she remarked that something he was making was pretty. 'It ain't pretty for handsome,' he said, 'but it's hell for strong.' " Mr. Green chuckled and added, "Of course, our donkeys are also handsome."

The three carts had cost less than a hundred dollars in Sicily, Mr. Green told me, but shipping and duties brought them up to seven hundred and fifty. "Well, I've stopped such foolishness now," he went on. "The first few years, though, I used to buy every darn thing I heard or read about. I even imported a lot of fancy Sardinian harness—plumes, bells, bits of looking glass, and brass studding. It's stored away upstairs in the harness room. You know," he said with some surprise, "I must have at least twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of carts and harness. Even ordinary harness for these donkeys is expensive, because it all has to be made to order. Pony harness is too large for my cute little fellows. Most of the other carriages in here are specially made, too." He sucked meditatively on his pipe for a moment. "Still, the children—that is, our grandnieces and nephews and the kids who live around here—get a lot of fun out of all this darn-fool stuff," he said. "Maybe I do, too. I know Mr. Clarence Jones would ride around all day behind a donkey if I let him."

WE walked over to the barn next, another white stone structure, across a small yard from the carriage house. To one side of the yard was a long, fenced-in pasture in which a few windblown-looking chickens were scrabbling. As we reached the barn, Mr. Jones and Christopher Columbus came into the yard. Mr. Jones, a taciturn man with a long, shrewd nose and a thick, iron-gray mustache, was riding at ease in the cart. He pulled up beside us, slid off the cart, and unhitched the donkey. Mr. Green introduced me, saying, "This young man is interested in our donkeys."

"Ah," said Mr. Jones.

"Good old Chris," Mr. Green said, giving the donkey's wispy tail a playful jerk. "Just a wonderful, patient animal. How much would you say he weighed, Mr. Jones? About two hundred pounds?"

"Ah," said Mr. Jones.

"I weigh close to one seventy-five," Mr. Green said. "Now, watch!" He swung nimbly astride the donkey. His feet hung almost to the ground. Chris swayed and blinked, and then stood steady, his long ears cocked in Mr. Green's direction. "A pony would go crazy if a man did that," Mr. Green said, climbing off. "And another thing. Once you've got a pony—or a horse, for that matter—broken to harness, you've got to hitch him up every day or so if you want to keep him broken."

Mr. Jones scratched his head and said, "Hooked up Nanette and Jillette to the buckboard yesterday. First time they'd been hitched since fall. Went as pretty as you please."

After giving Mr. Jones an approving glance, Mr. Green called my attention to a narrow stripe of rust-colored hair running down the donkey's spine from mane to tail, and to a similar stripe across his shoulders. "That's the Cross of God," he said. "A good many of the breeds have it, but it's usually more pronounced on the Sardinians than on the others. It was a little donkey, you remember, that carried Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. The legend is that after the Crucifixion, Christ rewarded the little fellow by marking the shadow of the cross on his back. . . . Now look at old Chris watching us. You'd almost think he knew what we were talking about." The donkey lowered his head, as if he had been guilty of eavesdropping, and began to nip at my overcoat pocket. "They like to nibble a little of everything," Mr. Green remarked indulgently. Mr. Jones pushed Chris's head away. "Won't necessarily bite," he said, giving the donkey another push, this time in the direction of the pasture.

THE barn was a two-story building on a slope, with entrances at two levels. We entered from the yard, which brought us into the upper story, where about all I could see was some farm equipment and, in one corner, a pile of dead leaves. Mr. Green pointed proudly to this pile. "Some people burn their leaves, you know," he said, "and some believe in just letting them stay on the ground to rot. What *we* do is collect our leaves in the fall and use them for bedding for the donkeys during the winter. Then, when we clean out the stable, we spread these fine rotted leaves around the place for fertilizer. That pile is just a few left over from what we collected last fall." Mr. Green considers his method of dealing with leaves both economical and original. "It might interest you to know," he said, "that we use leaves from twenty-five different kinds of trees, including a red haw. So far as I know, I've got the only red haw tree in this part of the country. Mrs. Green and I brought it back from Missouri when we made a trip out to Kansas City one time. It bears a red, mealy, bittersweet fruit about the size of a cherry."

A steep stairway led us down to a stable, where there was a row of box stalls along one wall. Mr. Green's herd welcomed us with wild, agonizing brays. "Here's little Crackerjack," Mr. Green said, stopping in front of a stall at one end of the row, in which a jack even smaller than Christopher Columbus was pacing restlessly about. "He's five years old now—they mature for breeding at two—and he's some boy. If he thinks one of the jennies is in season, seven men can't hold him." We walked down the row, past stalls from which the jennies and their colts regarded us amiably, to the other end stall. "And

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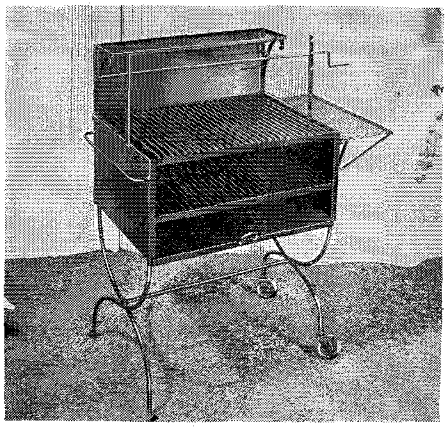

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this is Impheus," said Mr. Green in a tender voice. "He's the jack I imported from Sardinia and the sweetest thing ever born. Impy was at least two when I bought him and he's still getting colts." The donkey thrust his head toward Mr. Green, who scratched it vigorously for a moment. "He loves to be petted and babied," he said. I remarked that Impheus was a peculiar name for a donkey. "That's a funny thing," Mr. Green said. "I made up that name about fifty years ago. Mrs. Green and I were on a trip, and to pass the time I made up a little fairy story for her—just happened to be about a donkey and a bear. I called the donkey Impheus. Mrs. Green remembered it when we got this little fellow and gave it to him. Strange, isn't it?"

Mr. Green tweaked one of the donkey's ears. "We almost lost Impy twice," he said. "The first time was when he broke his leg. The vet said we'd have to shoot him, but I insisted on having it set and put in a cast, and now he's as good as new. Not many quadrupeds get over a thing like that. But the worst time was one winter when Crackerjack broke loose and got into Impy's stall. Jacks are terribly jealous of each other, you know. They would have kicked and bitten each other to pieces if Mr. Clarence Jones hadn't jumped in and separated them. They've got the sharpest little hoofs you ever saw—just like deer's. Poor old Impy nearly died as it was. He'd sweated so hard there wasn't a dry hair on him, but we covered him up with blankets to keep him from catching pneumonia and he pulled through. There aren't any gamer fighters than donkeys. They'll tackle *anything*."

It is this sort of thing that makes Mr. Green believe that, barring accidents, a donkey will live forever. He regrets that he has no vital statistics on the animals he has sold, but he has always felt that trying to keep in touch with them would be too complicated. He is inclined to scoff at scientific folk who claim the life expectancy of a donkey is about thirty years, no more than that of a horse. He has lost only three of his animals, and these died violent deaths. They were attacked and killed by dogs in a pasture one night in August, 1929. The memory of the incident still shakes him. "Oh, it was dreadful," he told me. "I hadn't had my donkeys very long then and I made the mistake of leaving them out in a little meadow overnight. Thank heaven, the sound of those dogs snarling and my poor donkeys screaming woke me up and I got down to the field before it was altogether too late. But three jennies were already dead, and the other donkeys—Impheus, Miranda, Palermo, and Suzanne—were badly cut up. I recognized the dogs before they jumped the fence and got away. They belonged to a woman down the road—two big, vicious police dogs and a nasty mongrel. I was more or less of a fighting damn fool in those days, and I was so mad that the next morning I got the State Police to shoot her dogs. She pretended they didn't belong to her, because she didn't want to have to pay for my dead donkeys."

Miranda was the most seriously injured of the survivors. Mr. Green's vet predicted that her breeding days were over. It was another piece of bad judgment. Since then, Miranda has borne ten colts, among them Christopher Columbus. Mr. Green went on to say that donkeys are doting mothers. Maternity inspires them. "I remember one time Palermo came running up to the barn from the far end of the pasture," he said. "She was whimpering and doing everything but talk. Mr. George Groff, the farmer I had then, knew something was wrong. He let her lead him down the field, and there was her new colt with its little head caught in the wire fence and ready to strangle to death. You've just got to admire an animal as smart as that. I must say I certainly have derived a great deal of pleasure from my little fellows. Why, if I didn't have them to keep me company, I wouldn't have a thing to do all day long but monkey-doodle in the garden."

It was almost time for lunch, and without any prompting from me, Mr. Green suggested that we start back. In the yard, we met Mr. Jones again. He jerked a thumb toward the chickens in the pasture. "Rooster's gone lame," he said. Mr. Green smiled. "I expect one of the donkeys gave him a kick," he remarked cheerfully. His tone implied that the rooster must have been entirely to blame. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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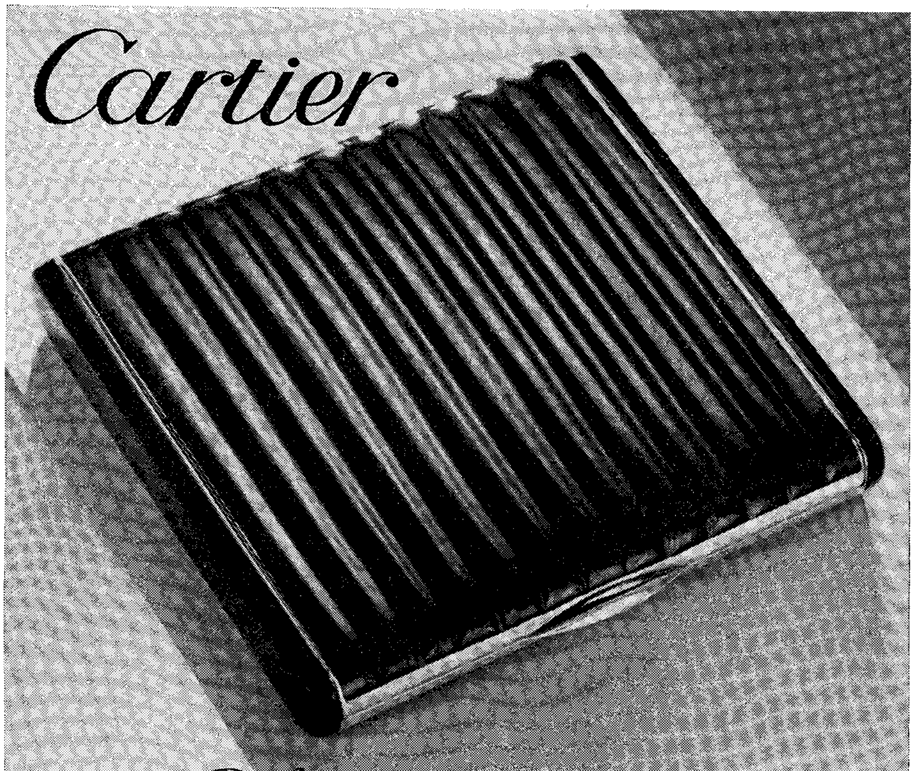

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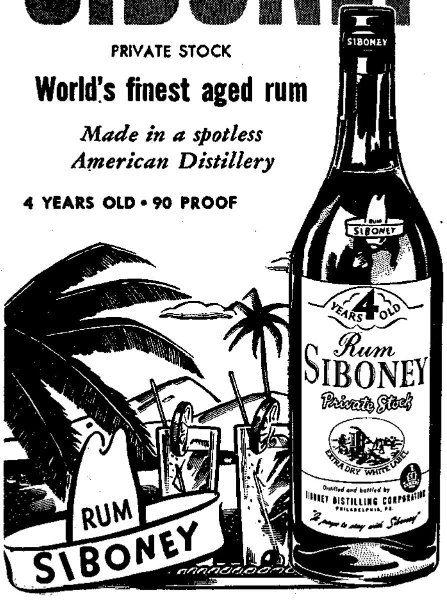

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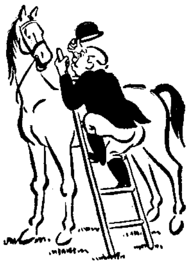

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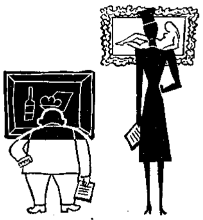

I HAVE finally got around to the "Pioneers of Modern Art in America" exhibition at the Whitney Museum, a show that can hardly be overlooked, for in some ways it is one of the most important of the season. This is not to imply that it is a particularly good one—in the sense of immediate enjoyment, at least—for it is not. Neither, for that matter, is it consistently interesting. It has its dull spots, and these are of such magnitude that at times it is real labor to get through them. The work is mixed and confused in purpose, and the total effect, I'm afraid, is discouraging. The show's importance, however, is historical, and its faults are no more than the penalties of the thoroughness with which it attacks its subject. What it sets out to do is demonstrate the effect on American painters and sculptors of the first impact of the European movements now grouped loosely as "modern"—Post-Impressionism, Fauvism, Expressionism, Cubism, and so on—and if it limps and falters, that is because the artists of the period it covers (roughly, 1910 to 1920) were uncertain themselves. The show merely mirrors a fumbling, hesitant, but tremendously significant era in the history of American art.

As I've said, the report is not entirely encouraging. We Americans were surprisingly late in getting word of the artistic revolution then occurring in Europe, and when we did, the news came in garbled fashion. Maurice Prendergast went to France just before the beginning of the century, saw some Cézannes, and was converted. He was the first, and after him there was a scattering of others—Max Weber, Bernard Karfiol, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, the Zorachs, Charles Demuth, and Stuart Davis, among them—who came in contact with the new movements at their source. But they were only a few, and there were, with the sole exception of Alfred Stieglitz, no dealers to exhibit them; it was not till the Armory Show of 1913 that any general idea of the scope of Modernist theory pervaded this country. Until then, and even until some

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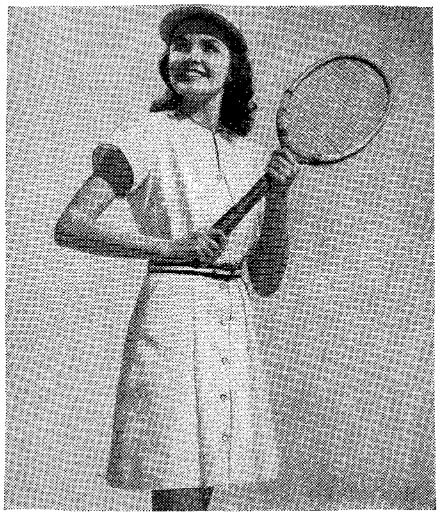

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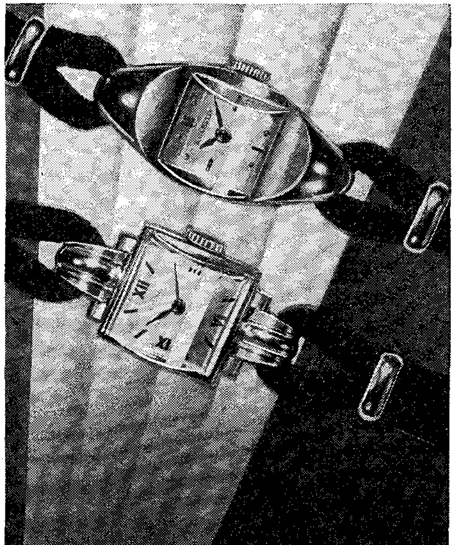

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time afterward, its effects were felt only at second hand, through the works of artists who had themselves only partly digested it, and this doubly indirect approach, with all the dilutions of the original intention that go with it, has been a limiting factor in the work of American Modernists. Except for a few sturdy independents, like John Marin and Stuart Davis, there have been until recently very few American painters of the advanced schools who were not either more "modernique" than Modern or so slavishly foreign in influence as to surrender their individuality.

But all these later developments are beyond the scope of the exhibition, and they are suggested there only by a certain jejuneness which forecasts the weaknesses of the future. This again, though, is merely a further evidence of the show's fundamental honesty. There are thirty-four painters and sculptors in the exhibit, and among them are a good many of the big names in American art today, plus a number of others—such as Oscar Bluemner, Morton Schamberg, Middleton Manigault, and Alfred H. Maurer—who deserve reviving, and it would have been easy for the Museum, by choosing only the best pieces of each, to dress up the show considerably. It has done nothing of the sort, however. It presents the good with the bad, and although the results are uneven, they are also disarming. There are inevitably a few men who stand out. Max Weber reveals consistent authority in his early abstractions, as do Marin, Stuart Davis, Gaston Lachaise, and Marsden Hartley, among others. But the general impression one gets is less of individual artists than of a group, working haltingly and with incomplete understanding, but *valiantly*, to conquer the demands of a new art principle which, in spite of all opposition, they knew had more validity than the old. It might be pointed out, too, if it needs restating, that though they were often accused, and in some cases quite justly, of succumbing to European influences, they were also rescuing our painting from other European influences—the Barbizon School, the Munich School, and what not—that were equally un-native and really deadly.

TWO artists—Josef Scharl, at the Nierendorf, and Maria, the Brazilian Surrealist sculptress, at Valentine—are having shows of new pieces that represent a more than usual advance over their last ones. At her most recent exhibit here, two years ago, Maria's

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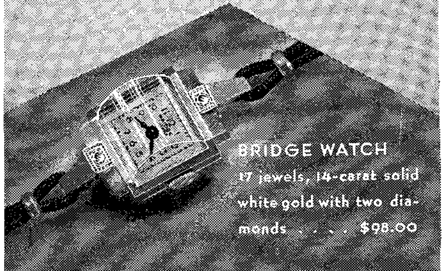

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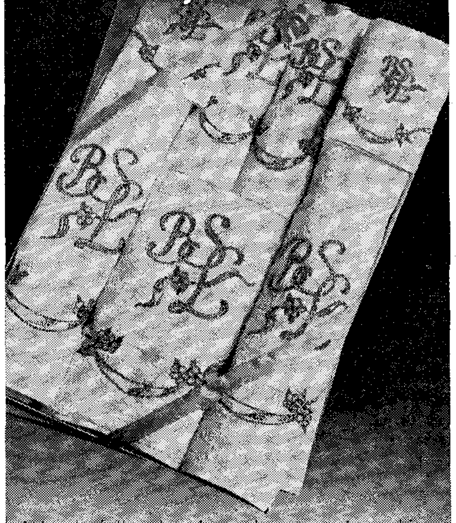

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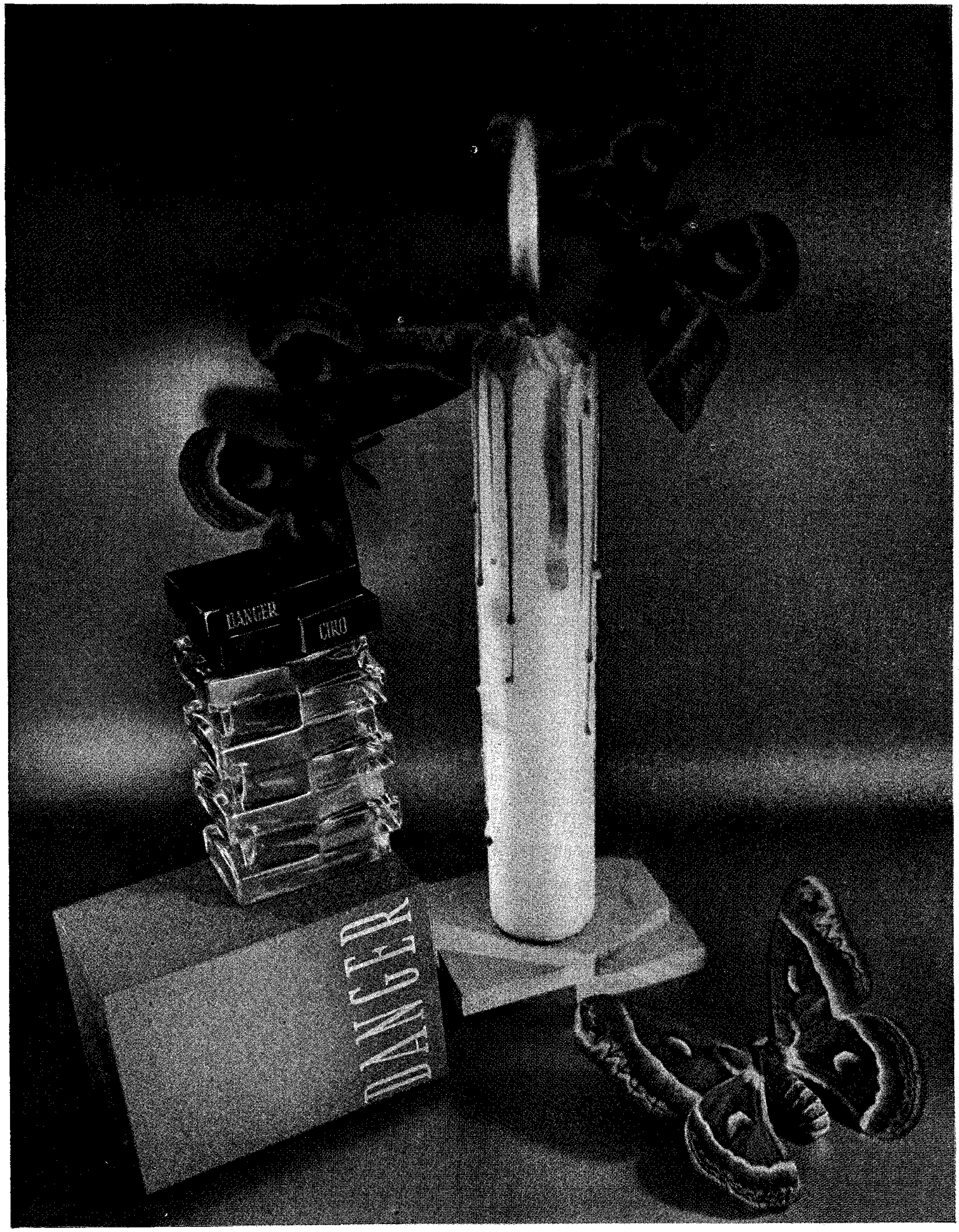
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work displayed an excessive floridity of design that obscured its purpose. It was Lipchitz gone to seed, and its exuberance was confusing. She still owes a good deal to Lipchitz, and through him to Hindu and Persian art, but she has tamed the exuberance considerably, and as a result her forms have gained in both clarity and power. I liked particularly her big bronze called "Place à l'Implacable," very serpentine in suggestion and also very menacing. . . . Scharl's, of course, has been a steadier development. An Expressionist, he has been in full command of his medium and technique for a long time. But there was a knottiness, an almost surly atmosphere, about his work that in the past repelled me, and I was delighted to note, in such pictures as his "Landscape at Dawn," "Landscape at Dusk," "Two Flowers," and "Mexican Laborer," the appearance of a serenity that I think indicates a further approach to full maturity.

AT the A.C.A., Philip Evergood is having a retrospective showing of some sixty canvases, covering his production from 1925 to the present. Evergood is a curiously uneven painter. As a social commentator, he lacks humor, and thus, in such pieces as "Don't Cry, Mother" and "Dawn," both of them in the current collection, he falls occasionally into bathos and grotesquerie. His intentionally naïve style also sometimes leads him to clutter his pictures with unnecessary detail. But he has what I can only call an eager eye, alert constantly to dramatic situations, and (though he doesn't always use it) a capacity for vivid juxtaposition of symbols that borders on the Surrealistic. When these two qualities come together, as they do in "My Forebears Were Pioneers," "The Siding," and "Design for a Black Lace Handkerchief," he produces pictures of a very high order.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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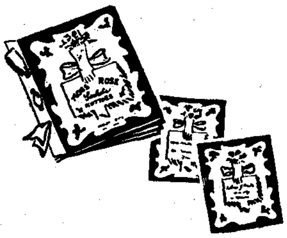

FOR

Mother's Day

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DEAR MADAME CHENKIN

My mother, who was a dressmaker, had a black dummy which stood in a corner of the bedroom where she worked. All through my boyhood, this badge of my mother's trade was a source of terror and confusion to me. I knew that the black figure, grotesquely cut off at the neck, approximated a woman in the nude. If I imagined the appropriate head, the figure became my mother or my rich Aunt Anuta or even my teacher at school. It did not much matter that for feet the dummy had a pair of iron casters, for a skirt a stiff wire netting, out of which grew the hips, the bulging rear, the tubular waist, the protruding chest, and the startling neck, cut off a few inches above the shoulders. I knew somehow that I was viewing the secret, essential structure of Woman. By turning a small metal crank which stuck out from the dummy's back, my mother could expand the figure to horrifying dimensions. It would split down the sides, and the front of it would move slowly away from the rear. The dummy was the cause of many of my nightmares.

When I was eleven, my father's health broke down and he had to give up his job—for seven years he had had a newspaper delivery route in a remote corner of Brooklyn—which, with my mother's dressmaking, had kept the family going. My mother wrote to my father's sister Anuta, who paid a brief visit to our cold-water flat, saw that our financial difficulties were genuine, and bought a house for us in Brighton Beach. My father and my aunt Anuta had been revolutionists in Russia; now she was married to a wealthy manufacturer in Elkhart, Indiana, and had long ago forgotten The Cause. My father, however, had remained desperately poor and continued to yearn for the bright world that was coming through Socialism.

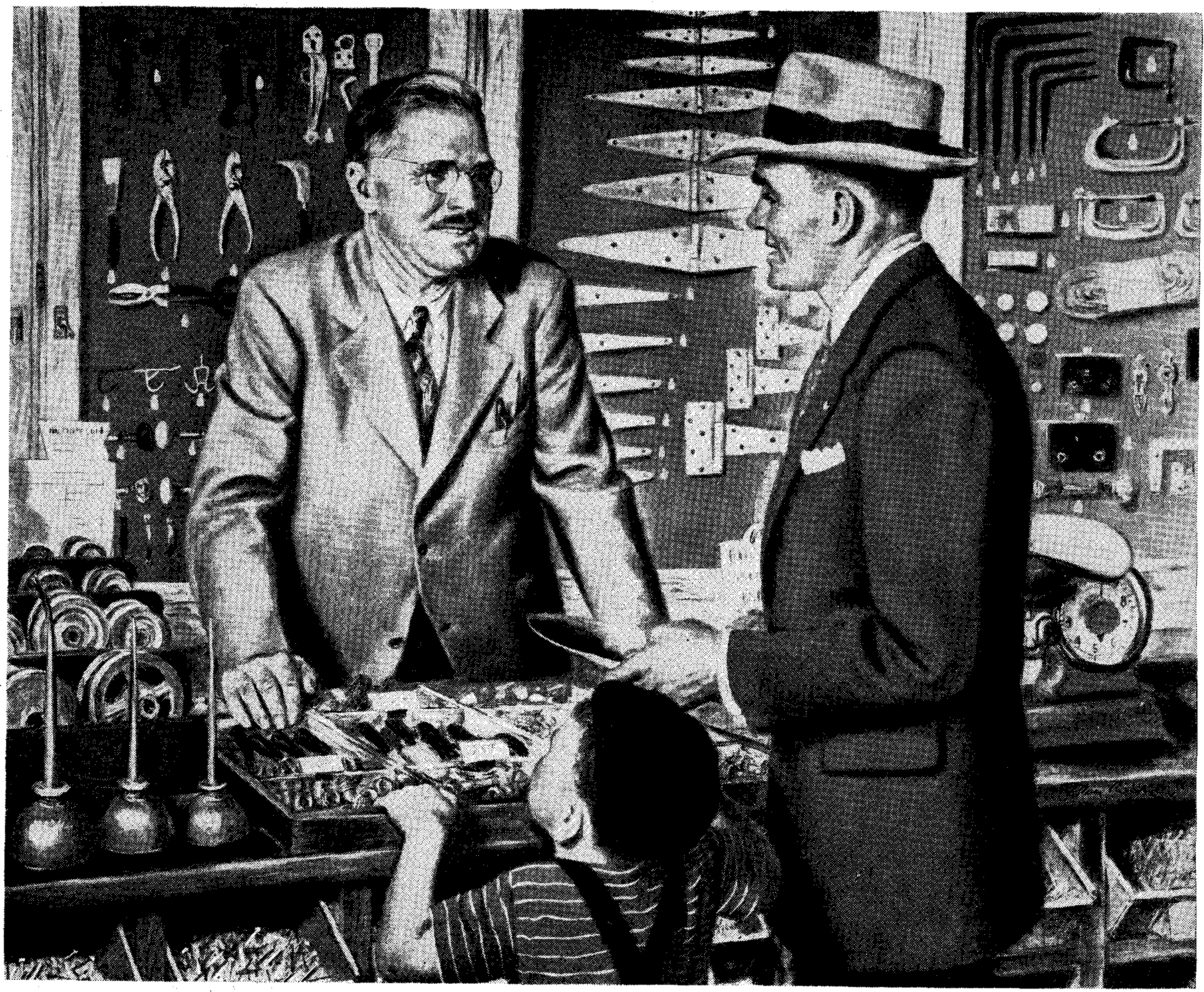
I was delighted when my mother announced to the men who had come to move us to our new home that she was not taking the gruesome dress form.

"The past I leave behind," she said, "and good riddance."

My father laughed and said, "If you are leaving behind your past, then I leave mine. Here, hide this away so I never have to look on it again." He thrust a wide leather strap into my mother's hands. She took it and buried it happily at the bottom of a trunk. When my father wore this strap, it encircled his torso diagonally, from the right shoulder to the left hip, like a diplomat's ribbon. It was used to support the enormous bundle of newspapers he had to carry on his route. Though he discarded the strap while he was still a fairly young man, to the end of his life he always walked with a slight lean to the right, as though that heavy load of newspapers was still there on his left hip.

With great joy, my father and mother, my brother Gregor, and I left our past behind us and journeyed with the moving men into the future. Over the doorway of the big, two-story house, in gold letters on the green glass panel, were the words "The Anita." The house was named in honor of our benefactress, but the painter had Americanized the spelling of her name.

In Brighton Beach we were to embark upon a new business. We were going to rent out rooms. We moved into the Anita in April. All that month and all the month of May, my brother Gregor and I arranged and rearranged furniture with my father. My mother directed us. We were trying to fill the four bedrooms on the second floor with the few pieces of furniture we owned. No matter how we placed them, the bedrooms looked depressingly bare. It was soon evident that if we were to rent any of the rooms for the summer season, we would have to acquire more furniture. My father and Gregor came home one afternoon, both of them carrying two orange crates. One of them was placed in each bedroom and my mother sewed ruffles of gingham around them. Then she tacked a pad of blotting paper on top. They made very satisfactory bedside tables. Our largest bedroom was soon rented. It contained an iron bed, a bureau, an orange-crate table, and three oak din-



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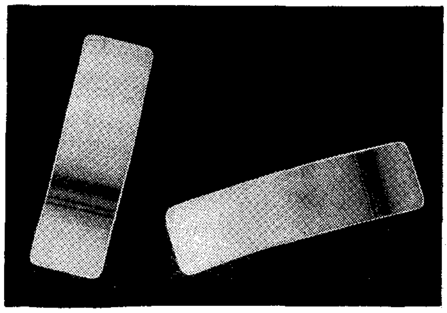
ing-room chairs. As soon as my father pocketed the deposit given him by the tenant, who said he would return on June 15th, when "the season" began at Brighton Beach, the three oak chairs were moved out of this bedroom into the next largest room. Soon this room was rented. Immediately the oak chairs were taken out and moved down the hall into the next bedroom.

"And what will we do when they all move in, expecting to find chairs in their rooms?" my mother asked.

"We will worry about that when they move in," my father answered. "Besides, with these deposits they have given me, I can buy a houseful of chairs, no?" My mother looked at him with new respect. Obviously, my father had at last found his place in life. He should always have been a businessman. By the first of June, all four of our second-floor rooms were rented, and we took the sign "Elegant Furnished Rooms" out of the window in the sun porch. Gregor and I shared a little room off the kitchen. A neighbor had told us that it was called a maid's room, and we felt as if we were living in some wonderful dream when we had to employ the language of the rich to refer to the rooms in our new house. My father and mother occupied a room in the basement. It was called the laundry.

On June 15th, a collection of hard-working people moved into the Anita. There was a childless couple who were in the corset business. There were two girls who worked on a Polish newspaper, and an irritable old lady with her unmarried, middle-aged daughter. Finally, there was a shrunken man, a house painter, whose face was the color of lead and who walked up and down our sun porch at night breathing in deeply and exclaiming, "Nothing like the ocean air! It saves me!" These people travelled into the city every day by subway and returned at night to their seaside resort. They all shared the kitchen, which my father said was just as if Socialism had already come. My mother found it trying. The confusion in the icebox often led to quarrels, but since our house was bulging with summer roomers, my mother and father were very happy and bore all difficulties cheerfully.

Things were fine at the Anita all that summer. With the coming of autumn our roomers moved out. The season was over. The second-floor bedrooms were empty and brought in no revenue. My father, being a Socialist, could not bear to see the rooms unoccupied. "So many poor people with no place to go and



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CUBES

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we have all these rooms," he would say, pacing the hall.

"But we deserve a rest from so many people we have in the summer," my mother answered.

"It's not right," my father said, shaking his head, "not right."

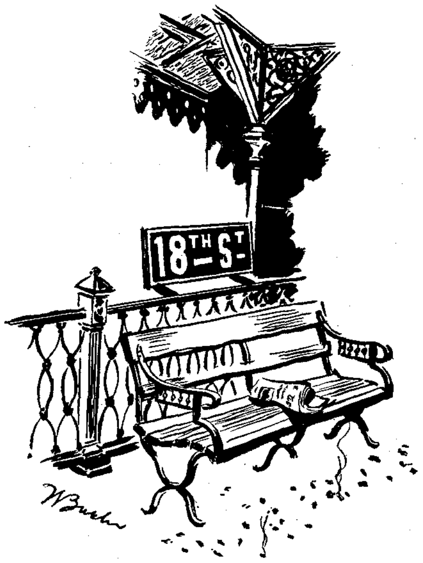
One day in November, he came home from the city, where he had been to a Socialist meeting, and with him was an extraordinary-looking woman. She reminded me of my mother's abandoned dressmaker's dummy expanded to its fullest. She was striking in other ways, too. She had a mustache, thickly covered over with grease paint and powder. Her eyes stood out from their sockets and folds of skin hung under them like collapsed awnings. She looked about fifty-five years old and her hair had been dyed. The roots were red, but the rest of it was black. She carried a small, patent-leather satchel and she smelled marvellous.

"This is Madame Chenkin, Mama," my father said, introducing her. "She will occupy the little room near the bathroom." My mother nodded and took her upstairs without a word. Later, my father explained to us that Mme. Chenkin was a "comrade" who had been living in a freezing furnished room overlooking the Second Avenue "L" and that she was on the verge of collapse because of the constant roar of the trains. She was to live with us until her health was restored. "The ocean air will do wonders for her," my father said.

"And she will pay what?" my mother asked.

"She will be our guest," my father said.

"Guest!" my mother shouted. "Look at him, a capitalist already! Just because we made a little money in the



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summer, do you have to spend it on strangers in the winter?"

"Madame Chenkin has assured me she eats very little."

"She doesn't look it," Gregor said.

My father disregarded this. "Besides," he said, "she will give Sonny lessons."

"Lessons!" I cried. "What do I want lessons for?"

"Every well-educated person should know music. Gregor already studies the piano, and you, my son, are going to learn how to sing. Madame Chenkin is a singing teacher—in Russia, a very famous one."

"Sing!" my mother exclaimed. "You have to have a nice voice to sing!"

"And what's the matter with his voice?" my father asked coolly.

"It's changing. In a year, maybe in two, but not now."

"We will let Madame Chenkin decide," my father said.

"But Papa," I said, "I don't want to sing."

"You will sing!" he shouted. "That's all there is to it."

MME. CHENKIN turned out to be very interesting. I visited her in her bedroom a few minutes after she arrived. The dresser was already jammed with jars of creams, pomades, bottles of scent, hand lotions, a black hair net, a mascara brush, tweezers, and such articles. The room smelled like spring. I was delighted with her. I sat on her bed while she finished unpacking her satchel. There was a pink peignoir, with white feathers down the front. There was a long black dress of satin. I had never seen clothes like these. The black dress, Mme. Chenkin explained as she hung it up on the door, was her old recital dress, and she had not worn it for years. Her voice was deep and booming, and it had a heavy Russian accent. She smiled at me. "So you will be a singer," she said. "Yes, I will see to that." Suddenly I saw it, too. With this sweet-scented, dazzling woman, so unlike my mother or any woman I had ever known, I could be *anything*. She would transport me into another world, I was sure.

She had supper with us in the kitchen, wearing her pink peignoir. After she finished her coffee, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, pushed her chair away from the table, and led me into the parlor, to the old upright piano which belonged to Gregor and which I had never dared to touch. She closed and locked the doors behind us and refused to admit anyone, even Gregor, who banged at the door furiously for ten minutes. I was overcome with joy. Such privacy, such exclusive attention I had never before enjoyed. I immediately fell in love with Mme. Chenkin.

She made me stand in front of the piano. She did not sit on the stool but stood next to me, ran her hand up and down the keys, made a face, and shrugged her shoulders. "Stomach in," she commanded suddenly, ignoring Gregor's pounding. I pulled in my stomach as she hit a note and then sang the scale. "Now sing," she said. I found that I couldn't and burst out laughing.

"And what's the matter?" she asked, lifting one shaggy eyebrow.

"I'm embarrassed."

"Don't be an idiot," she said, and struck the note again. "Sing!" I tried the scale again, but when I got halfway up, my voice cracked. She clasped her hands together as though she had made a great discovery. "You are not a tenor!" she cried. "Thank God for this! I hate tenor. You are baritone." She struck a note farther down on the piano.

"Sing!"

I sang. It was much easier. I ran the whole scale without difficulty.

"*Ochen khoroshi malchik!*" she exclaimed, embracing me and smothering me in the folds of her pink peignoir.

"What does that mean, what you just said, Madame Chenkin?" I asked.

"It means 'very good boy.' " She sat down on the piano stool and took my hand. "I know it," she said sombrely, "I just know it. You are very talented." Her black eyes took on a faraway look. "Someday," she said, "you will make not only your own fortune but mine." I looked at her rapturously, not daring to move for fear of disturbing the vision she was creating for us both there in the parlor of the Anita in Brighton Beach. "I shall be known as your teacher. Yes, I am positive," she continued. "Someday you will sing in Roxy's!" She kissed me then and led me triumphantly out of the parlor and through the swinging door of our dining room to the kitchen, where the family was waiting.

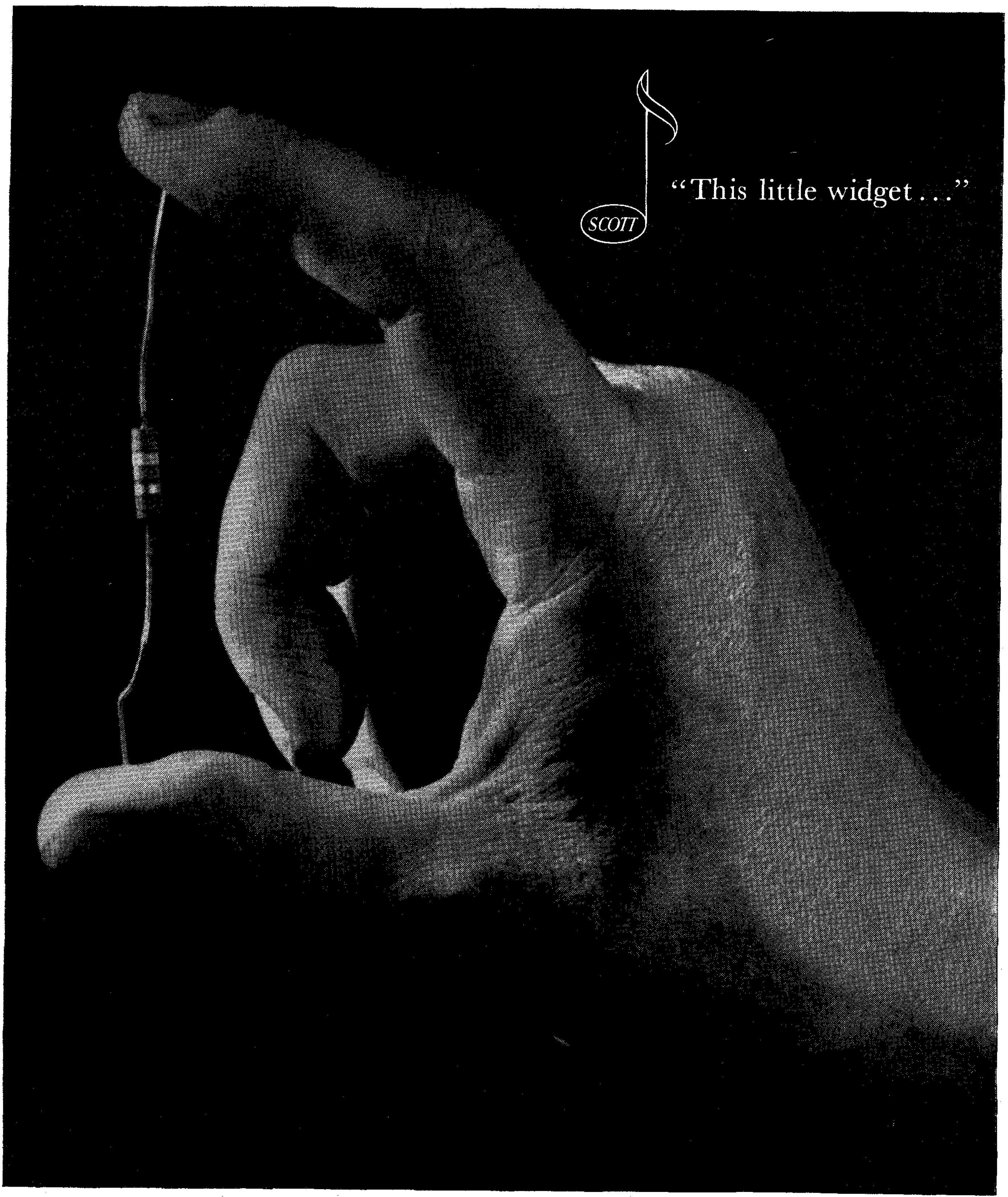
"He will sing in Roxy's," Mme. Chenkin announced.

"No!" my mother cried, her hand on her heart as though the shock were too great, too wonderful. "I can't believe it! When?"

"When he is ready—two years, three years."

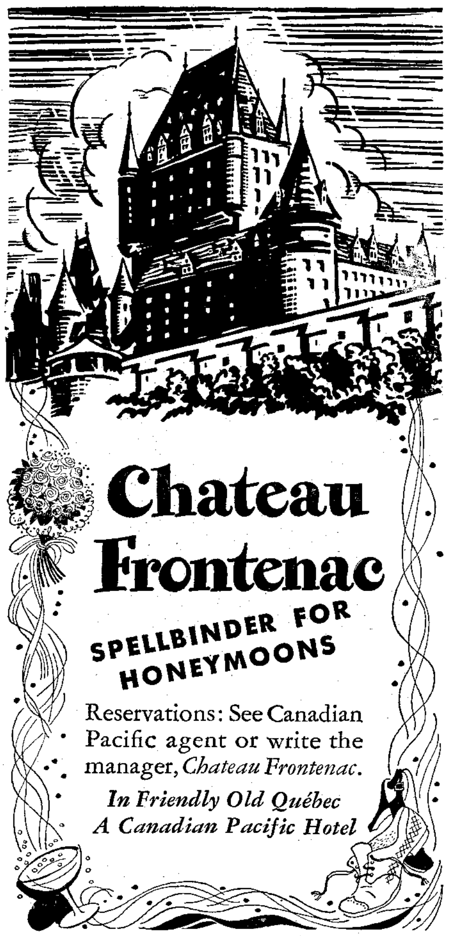
"Three years!" My mother looked at my father in alarm.

"You make me very happy, my boy,"



Tames tough currents—a resistor in the Scott radio-phonograph

This little widget didn't come out of a doctor's bag. It is the smallest assembled part in a Scott. It will hook onto, or fit into, other widgets and gadgets which, in turn, were put together right. They will grow into a Scott radio-phonograph which will be mechanically and electronically right to give you what you want to hear on air—or record. We think our new cabinets are pretty outstanding, too. For the name of your nearest dealer, write to Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc., 4436 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois.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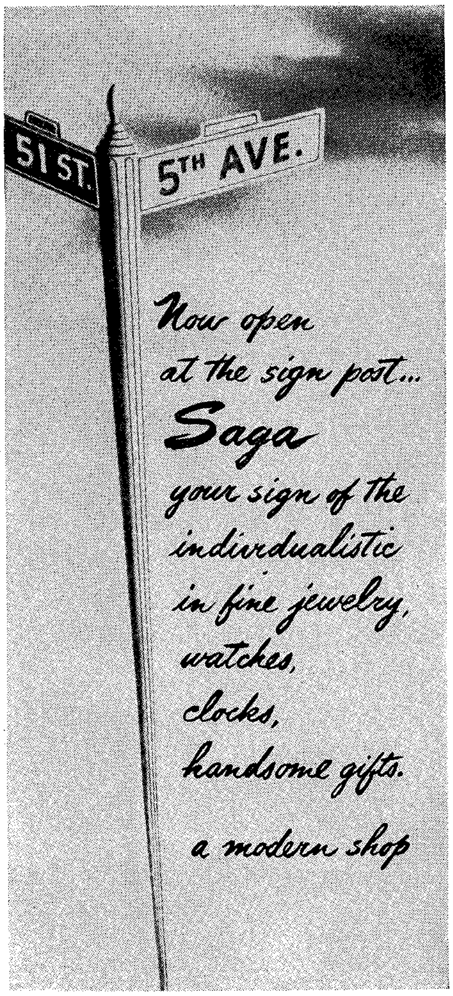

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Mme. Chenkin said to me. She kissed me on the forehead and went up to her room.

"He has talent," my father said. "I always knew it. He inherits it from my brother, who had a voice like an angel."

"She intends to live here three years without paying!" my mother shouted, slapping her hand down on the kitchen table.

MME. CHENKIN stayed with us that entire winter, and when June came and it was time for my mother to rent out rooms again, Mme. Chenkin announced that she was ill. Her room could not be shown to prospective tenants. My mother tried frantically to persuade Mme. Chenkin to move down into the basement—there was a small storage room next to the laundry—for the summer months. It was very cool there, my mother said. Besides, it was for Mme. Chenkin's own good, because we needed the room to rent out in order to keep her on free during the winter. "Free!" Mme. Chenkin shouted. "Have you noticed how your son sings now? A bird! The whole Valentin song from 'Faust'! Have I sweated over him or not?"

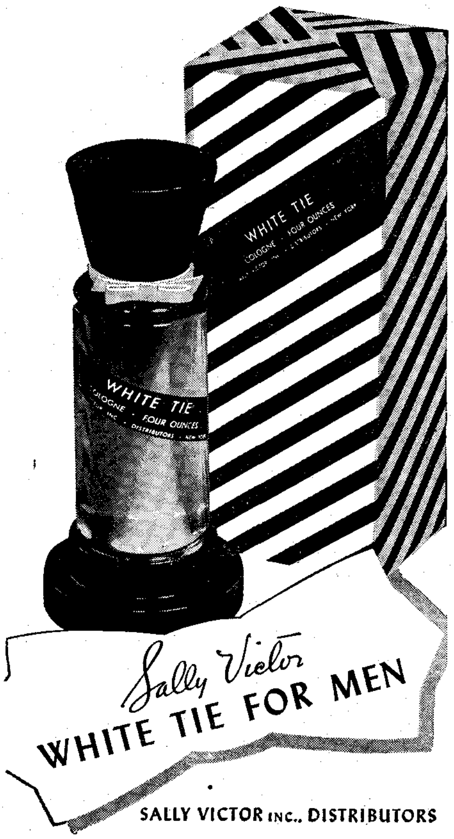
"All right, all right," my mother said. Mme. Chenkin kept to her room upstairs.

One day a special-delivery letter for my father arrived from Elkhart. It was from our rich Aunt Anuta. My mother had written to her about the difficulty with Mme. Chenkin. Aunt Anuta wanted to know whether my father had come into a fortune, maybe, and hadn't he made my poor mother suffer enough all these years without bringing singing teachers into the house? He must get rid of this Mme. Chenkin at once, comrade though she might be, or else take over the payments on the mortgage on the Anita.

Mme. Chenkin's fate was sealed.

ON a hot summer day, I took Mme. Chenkin to the subway, which is elevated at Brighton Beach. I carried her black patent-leather satchel.

"Goodbye, Sonny," she said at the bottom of the steps. "Practice hard every day, remember." My eyes filled with tears. "Stop, stop," she said. "No tears. An artist's life is a life of suffering. You must grow used to it. Remember, always the notes should build up one on top the other, like steps." She illustrated, singing while a train roared overhead. "*Dio pos-sen-n-te, Dio d' am-mor. . .*"



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People going up and down the steps stopped to stare.

"Put always a lid down on the tone, remember," Mme. Chenkin said. I nodded. She looked down at me and smiled. "So," she said. "As soon as I find a quiet room for myself, I will give you lessons again. You will come to me?" I nodded once more. She took the satchel out of my hand, bent over, and gently kissed me on each eye. Her mascara was moist and smudged.

"Goodbye, Madame Chenkin," I said.

"Goodbye," she said, and turned and went laboriously up the steps with her little satchel. I stood below, her wonderful scent still about me.

When she was out of sight, I walked back to the Anita, vowing that for her sake, and for her sake alone, I would become the greatest singer in the world. For a week I practiced Valentin's song, and then the neighbors complained. I took up the piano instead. My father had rented Mme. Chenkin's room, at half price, to an old man, a comrade, who taught the piano at a girls' reformatory.
—VICTOR WOLFSON

◆

The Rev. Smith's charges were aired in a local weekly newspaper last week and in his complaint, Prophet Green said that the Rev. Smith had made the following charges:

That the "Prophet" and his mother were cheats and swindlers; that they were racketeers and fakes; that they practiced hypnotism; that the FBI was after them, particularly the Rev. Green; that the "Prophet" was a female impersonator; that the "Prophet" and his mother had misrepresented the church, and that they had taken money from their collections and used it to entertain themselves. They also charged the Rev. Smith with saying that Mrs. Green was not the prophet's mother.—*Los Angeles Sentinel.*

Just shows how touchy some people are about the simplest things.

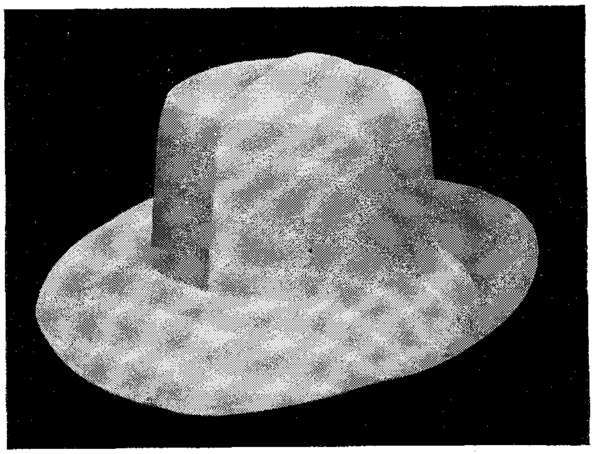
◆

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER WILL GET MADE

[*From the catalogue of Wayside Gardens, Mentor, Ohio*]

HEART'S DESIRE

In this new gold medal variety your Heart's Desire for a red Rose bordering on perfection will be attained. . . . One day soon after planting the rugged bushes and you are gathering the many long-stemmed buds of perfect form and color from your garden you will exclaim: "Ah! yes, this beautiful Rose with its long unfurling petals, deep red heart, and exquisite fragrance satisfies my longing for a perfect Rose and fulfills my every HEART'S DESIRE."



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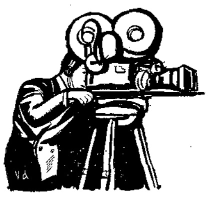
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quite a Bit of Bette



IT is the task of Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life" to portray identical twins. One of these twins, a girl called Kate, is a sensitive, artistic person who likes to sit on lonely New England beaches and peer pensively out to sea; the other, Pat, is a minor-league Messalina, who doesn't care where she sits as long as the location gives her a chance to pop her eyes at some likely-looking male. Both Kate and Pat have a tendency to twitch galvanically in moments of stress and to raise their voices to a hysterical whinny every now and then, but you can tell them apart fairly easily because of Kate's habit of dressing like someone who has just made a killing at a rummage sale. Despite this clue to their identities, the rest of the cast keep mixing them up all the time, and the hero, a Boston Tech boy in the lighthouse service (Glenn Ford), is reduced to a feeble comparison when he tries to express the difference between them. Kate, he says, is like a cake, and Pat is like a cake with frosting on it. Not until he marries Pat does he realize that he can't have his cake and frosting too—at least not on the salary they pay lighthouse attendants. Therefore he has to go out into the world and make money, sacrificing wantonly his fine talent for poetic lethargy.

Meanwhile, the lonely Kate has taken up with a rough-hewn painter, a role enacted by Dane Clark, who frankly admits that he is a genius, a statement Kate agrees with after examining his canvases in a gloomy hall bedroom for exactly five seconds. This painter keeps breathing heavily on Kate and muttering, "I'll bet you're not even a woman." When he's got her fairly unstrung with these tactics, he growls, "Man eats woman, woman eats man. That's basic." Before he can take a bite out of her, Kate hurriedly hires him as her art instructor and whisks him off to her town house, where he spends most of his time telling her she's the worst artist in the world. He is still grumbling when he disappears from the plot forever, having served no logical purpose. Presently the story drifts back to New England again, where Pat, just before she can break her marital vows with a yachtsman, is drowned in a storm while sailing around with Kate. This finally brings us to the point of the title, since Kate now decides to substitute for her late sister as the wife of the Boston Tech man. She doesn't have to live the lie for long. Truth and love dawn simultaneously as the gulls soar gracefully around the old lighthouse.

Watching this current version of "A Stolen Life," it was hard for me to believe that just seven years ago Elisabeth Bergner managed to make a very moving film out of its ingredients. Put it down as an example of the peculiar belief current in movie producers' circles that if at first you do succeed, try, try again.

IN producing "Her Kind of Man," the Warner Brothers have returned to the prohibition pastures where they used to graze so profitably with Muni and Cagney. The film follows the ancient formula faithfully, describing, with the greatest possible commotion, the rise and fall of a dreadful heel. As the heel, Zachary Scott is such an unmitigated no-good that it is hard to see how he could be anybody's man, even his mother's, but he manages to exert a peculiar fascination over an amiable night-club singer, played with plump incompetence by Janis Paige. There is quite a deal of shooting in the piece, a couple of murders, and views of gambling dives, race tracks, and police headquarters. The dialogue is tough, the sentiment ridiculous, and the humor nonexistent. Besides Mr. Scott and Miss Paige, the cast includes Dane Clark and George Tobias, who do as well as they can with their rather tired material.

IN "Bedlam," an inmate of a lunatic asylum in 1761 forecasts the invention of the movies—an admirable piece of self-deprecation on the part of the producers. The rest of the film struck me as a dreary affair, with Boris Karloff, as the head man of the celebrated Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, behaving pretty much as he does in the usual horror picture.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

> LAWRENCE—Dr. John M. Barry replaced the medical equipment he took with him into the Army four and a half years gave birth to a daughter at the office today, tossed his lieutenant colonel's bars in the desk drawer and sat back to resume civilian practice.—*Boston paper.*

Wonderful sense of release, eh, Doc?

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LETTER FROM PEIPING

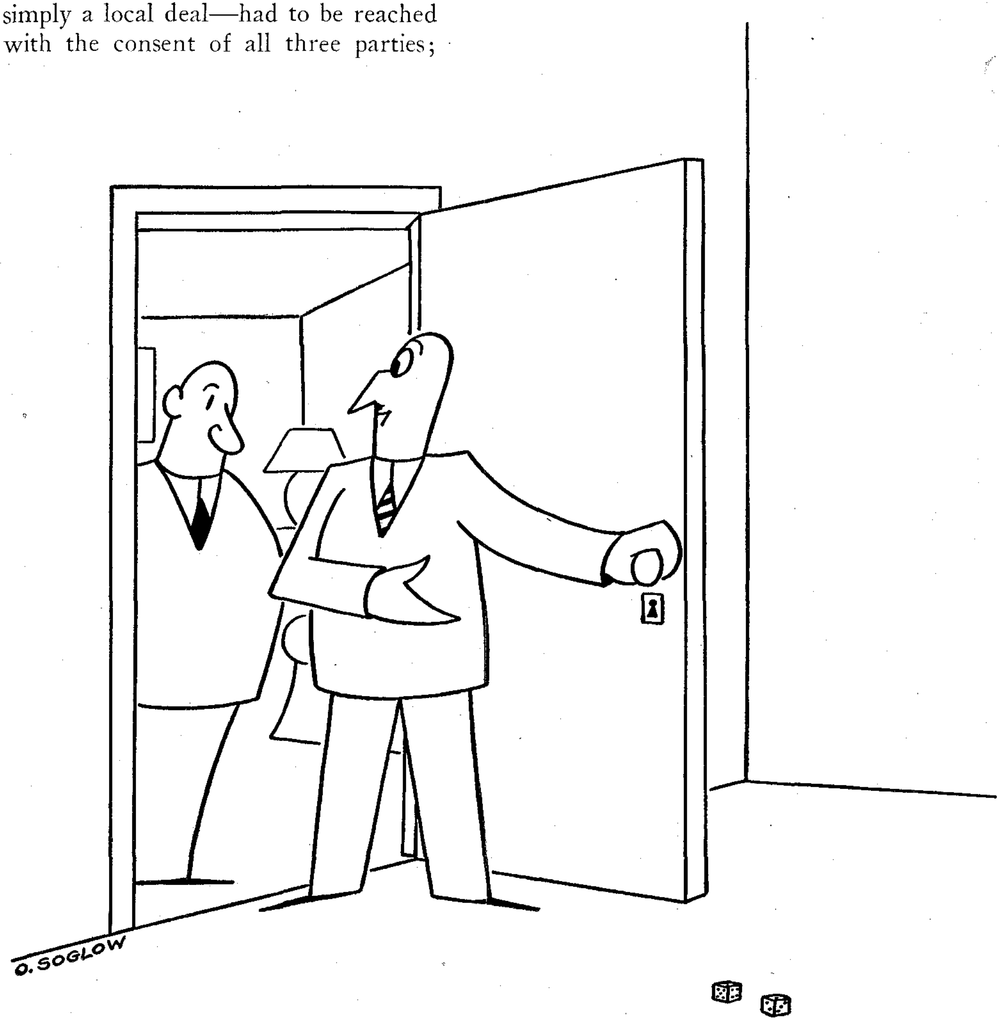
APRIL 25 (BY WIRELESS)

DURING the past month, China has fallen apart once more, and it looks now as if all of Chiang's horses and all of Chiang's men would have a very, very hard time putting her together again. Most of the high hopes for China's unity and peace that people here in Peiping felt in January and February have collapsed. Most of the really extraordinary agreements that were reached in the winter months have been undermined. A full-dress civil war is being waged, and the small bands of men who are called (ironically, it would seem) cease-fire teams and who still hurry about the battlefields of the northeast are powerless to end it. There is considerable doubt whether the coalition government which was agreed upon will ever materialize. The prevailing mood here in what is termed Executive Headquarters—especially among the American officers who have been trying to mediate the differences between the Kuomintang and the Communists—is one of despair and disgust.

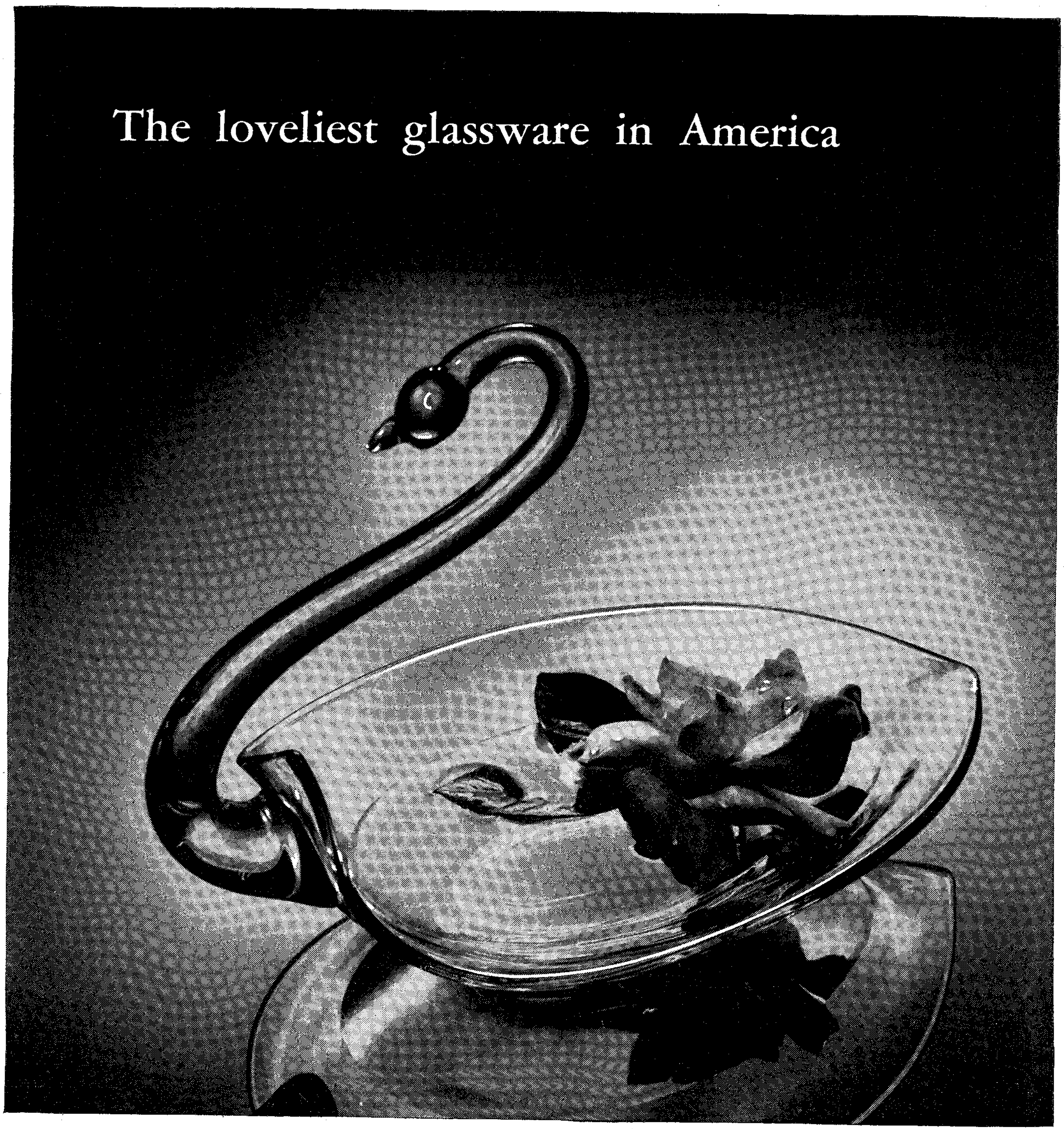
When Executive Headquarters was set up, some five months ago, the Americans here were confident that it would bring peace to north China. In a public statement he made in Washington in March, General Marshall, who had just returned from China after mediating between the Central Government and the Communists, called the Headquarters "the most important instrument we have in China." Chiang Kai-shek activated this organization by a telegraphed command, now known as Cease Fire Order No. 1, on January 11th. He ordered the appointment of three commissioners—one American, one Central Government, one Communist—who would convene in Peiping to put into effect, with the assistance of operational and communications staffs, the agreements dealing with the cessation of hostilities. The American commissioner was to be chairman; under him, an American director was to run the staff; all down the line, in fact, Americans were to be at the administrative heart, as they were in the ideological and emotional middle, of the organization. The commissioners met for the first time on January 13th. The first cease-fire team was sent to Ch'i-feng on the seventeenth. A week later, seven teams were operating. American planes dropped three hundred thousand pamphlets across the countryside, ordering all forces to stop fighting. Headquarters grew fast and foolishly, as such organizations do, and moved into the grandiose hospital of the Peking Union Medical College, which was built, in an antiseptic, Ch'ing-dynasty style, by the Rockefellers early in this century, and there its officers plunged into a splendid confusion of floor plans and telephone extensions reminiscent of the Pentagon Building. At first there seemed to be a genuine will on the part of the adversaries to stop fighting, and the field teams sent back encouraging reports. In several large areas, notably in the provinces of Ch'ahar and Suiyuan and in the northern part of Shansi, all was quiet. As an American colonel said to me the other day, "The boys actually became accustomed to the idea of not shooting each other dead." Goods and food began to move back and forth across the lines; there was even some fraternization between opposing troops.

Three basic weaknesses in Executive Headquarters, however, were soon apparent. First of all, every agreement—whether a major understanding or simply a local deal—had to be reached with the consent of all three parties; this led to some absurd and patently temporary compromises. Second, the terms formulated by Headquarters did not go beyond making sure that actual fighting stopped. Troops remained just about where they were: the Central Government troops drew back into towns, no-man's zones about three miles deep were set up around the towns, and the Communist troops went into the plains and hills surrounding those zones. This arbitrary freezing of troops in approximately the positions they happened to be occupying at the moment of truce was unstable and artificial, like the attitudes of hurrying people in a movie that has suddenly stopped. Third, and worst of all, the entire effort was purely military staff work; there was no expectation of, and no backstop for, a major political collapse that would make the military cease-fire machinery not only useless but absurd. When just such a collapse came, not long ago, Executive Headquarters found itself embarrassedly waving its documents in the faces of participants in an earnest civil war.

The Americans in Executive Headquarters have a greater understanding of administrative machinery and writ-



"*. . . and this is the game room.*"



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMELIE DANIELSON NICHOLSON

This Duncan Swan has been hailed as one of the loveliest pieces of handmade glassware in America. It has been produced in many forms . . . little swans; big swans; solid swans; swans to hold fruit and flowers; swans to float on glass mirrors and swans to sit in floating gardens.

In this same pattern there are cute little ducks, classical urns, gardenia bowls, cornucopia vases, cigarette boxes, smoking sets, candlesticks, and other items that make it one of the finest patterns in the modern feeling. Ask for this Duncan Glass in your stores, or send for the Duncan folder on Pall Mall—The Duncan & Miller Glass Company, Washington, Pa.

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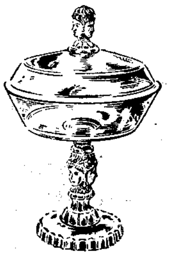

ten formulas than they have of historical and political forces. "I am an old soldier," a colonel told me yesterday. "I don't know anything about politics. My job is to carry out these directives." He tapped some papers on his desk. Perhaps he was right, as far as he was concerned, but what he said, which was characteristic of the viewpoint of the American staff, pointed up the third weakness in Executive Headquarters. There should probably have been a constant shoring and bracing of the politics on which this elaborate and ambitious edifice rested, yet no American except General Marshall would bother himself with that dirty and confusing job down in the basement. And it was while General Marshall was back in the States that the collapse came.

On the military plane, the Americans in Executive Headquarters feel there has been bad faith and bad management by both the Chinese factions. The Americans like to get things done, and they say that the Central Government and the Communists have often been guilty of dilatory tactics. The Communists' tendency to postpone, the Americans say, has been due partly to policy and partly to the fact that the Communists lack personnel trained in Western-style staff procedure. The Americans, no matter how hard they try to be impartial, are inclined to be politically sympathetic to the Central Government representatives, and they feel, as one American I know said, that "the Communist negotiators are too often declaimers and advocates rather than committeemen and executives." On the other hand, the same American told me, "When the Central Government people pull a double cross, they do it up big and brown."

Just now there are twenty-two cease-fire teams in the field. Each is headed by a military representative of the United States, the Central Government, and the Communists, and numbers twelve or fifteen people, including radio men, drivers, and so on. The most frantic and frustrated of the teams, at the moment, are those in Manchuria, where some big battles—not just raids and skirmishes, like those of last autumn and winter—are being fought. The Americans in Executive Headquarters feel that although both sides have blown honor sky-high in Manchuria, the Communists are more to blame than the Central Government. The Americans consider that the Communists have welshed on an important section of Cease Fire Order No. 1, known as Paragraph 5-B, which says that the order's prohibition of further troop movements in China "does not affect the movement of the National Government's troops into and within the nine provinces in the northeast of China [meaning, actually, Manchuria] for the purpose of restoring Chinese sovereignty." The Communists say that their reason for ignoring 5-B is that the Central Government has moved into Manchuria more than the five armies it is supposed to have in that area under the agreed-upon plan; the Americans say that the plan has not yet gone into effect and won't for some time. The Communists' real reason for not coöperating in Manchuria, I think, is one that the American officers in Executive Headquarters do not bother their heads about very much. It is political. It is that the Generalissimo and the Central Government have in effect destroyed the agreements for a coalition government made after so much negotiation during the winter. The process of that destruction I shall discuss a little further on.

RECENT events in Manchuria have been quite thoroughly reported in the American press. Another area, which has not been so well covered, where the events leading to the breakdown of the truce have been just as illuminating and even more fantastic is in Shansi Province, near the city of T'ai-yuan, about two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Peiping. The Central Government authority there is embodied in a war lord who looks like a walrus—a fine-mannered, smug, old-fashioned, rather slovenly, and notoriously corrupt gentleman named General Yen Hsi-shan. The situation in his district is particularly interesting because of the presence there, still armed and still fighting, of a large number of Japanese troops.

One day several weeks ago I was invited to attend an extraordinary conference between some Japanese who had been working with the Marines on repatriation and some American Intelligence officers. The conference was held in the sitting room of Japanese

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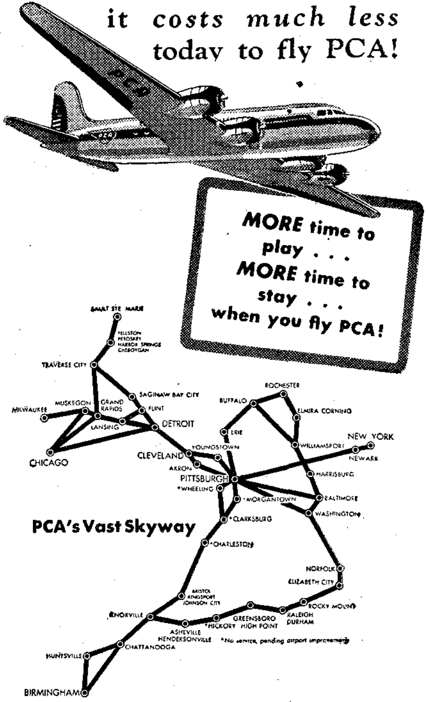
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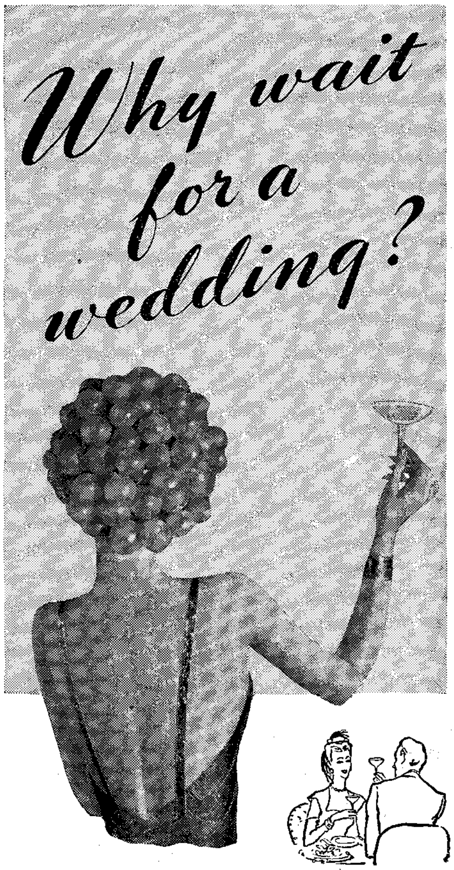
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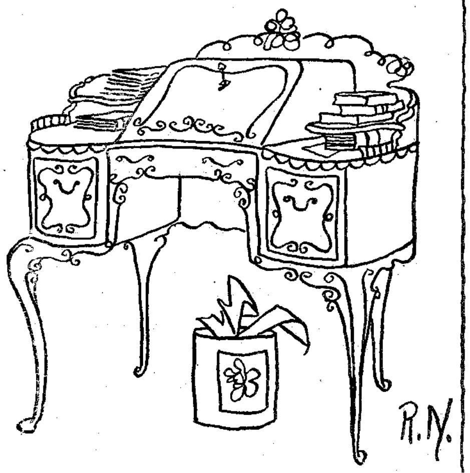
headquarters in Peiping. Seven or eight of us sat in orange-colored plush armchairs around a low, circular table. Tea and cookies were served. Pleasantries—monstrous ones, they seemed to me, as I thought back to certain events in the Pacific—were exchanged between the American Intelligence officers and the Japs. Then a stubby Japanese colonel named Sasai, with a shaved head, a pimply face, and two days' growth of beard, began to speak of movements and attacks made by Communist troops in the area south of T'aiyuan. He sat bolt upright and had field maps in his lap. "Here there are eight regiments, moving northward, encircling us," he said. "Here, to the southeast, is the Twenty-seventh Regiment. . . . We expect an attack at any moment. . . . Morale among the Communists is very high. They have fresh troops. . . ." Sasai spoke just as if he were taking part in a field conference during a campaign and the Americans were his fellow staff officers. Later, Sasai said that the Japanese thought the war was over; they wanted to be disarmed and to go home, but General Yen would not let them. Would the Americans please dispatch field teams to the district, dissuade the Communists from fighting, and evacuate the Japanese? On the way home from this conference, one of the American Intelligence officers remarked, "Those Japs are going to be our allies in the next war—I'll bet money on it. They talk our language."

Afterward, I learned that the situation in Shansi was not quite as simple as Colonel Sasai had made it seem and as the American Intelligence officers seemed willing to believe. It was true that there had been, and still was, continuous fighting in an area which according to official announcements was quiet. It was also true that the Communists in the area were very strong and were driving back General Yen's forces—and the Japanese. But I found out from some Americans who had been to T'aiyuan that although Colonel Sasai was apparently sincere in his resentment of General Yen and the use he was making of Japanese troops, Japanese officers were still riding around T'aiyuan like conquerors, in fancy uniforms and big cars, and that many of them were on a very friendly footing with General Yen. One of the cease-fire teams sent to the area found itself quartered in a miserable shack, while Japanese officers were living in splendor nearby. The American representative on the team, when he heard about this, indignantly had the Japs kicked out and moved the cease-fire team into the vacated billet.

General Yen, I learned, had been playing a double game. He had been most cordial to the Japanese. I saw a stenographic report of a conference he had held with the Japanese officers one day in March. He began by asking most solicitously after his old schoolmate in a Japanese military academy—General Okamura, the Japanese commander-in-chief in China. He was gratified to hear that, far from having been arrested as a war criminal, Okamura was living quite comfortably in Nanking. Later on, General Yen was so generous as to remark to a Colonel Mayekawa, of Okamura's staff, "You just said that Japan was defeated in this war, but I don't think so. Especially in China, Japan was never defeated." On several occasions, according to the Japanese, General Yen used all sorts of blandishments to persuade them to stay on as allies: he pictured Shansi as a potential paradise, in which they might, if they wished, operate as partners of the Chinese, which would make them far better off than they would be at home, in American-dominated Japan; he gave bribes and women; he frightened the Japs with stories that their soldiers being evacuated from north China by American LSTs were going to the Philippines to do hard labor. He was not only trying to persuade the Japanese to stay on in Shansi but was also making it impossible for them to leave. The Chinese commander-in-chief, Ho Ying-chin, repeatedly sent him orders to disarm the Japanese. In some places, General Yen took arms from the Japs and then had them stacked, unguarded, in the Japanese barracks, "in case of difficulties." In one instance, an American field-team representative discovered, the General disarmed the Japanese by day and rearmed them by night. Again, in response to an order from Chungking to get on with the disarmament, he disarmed several units of Japanese, had a photographer take pictures of the stacked weapons and the disarmed Japs, sent the pictures to headquarters to show that he was carrying out instructions, and then gave the arms back to the Japanese. He labelled some Jap troops "railway-repair laborers" and sent them, fully armed, to repair railroads in the hills east of a town named L'aiyuan, where there were no tracks but where there were lots of Communists.

While all this was going on, both General Yen and the Communists were breaking the spirit and the letter of the cease-fire agreements. One day, in the presence of an American cease-fire representative, and clearly in defiance of orders, General Yen dispatched a trainload of mortars, machine guns, and ammunition, with Japanese as guards, from T'aiyuan southward to L'aiyuan. The next day—also, of course, contrary to orders—the Communists attacked the railway along which the train was moving. So things have gone, incident leading to incident, bad faith inviting bad faith, recrimination bringing on recrimination. I got in touch with representatives of both General Yen and the Communists here, to find out what they would say about the fighting. The Communists would not admit taking the initiative; they merely named twenty-two towns and villages recently attacked by General Yen's forces, together with Japanese and puppet forces. At first, I could not persuade anyone to speak on General Yen's behalf. Finally, the other day, I received a letter from the General himself. He denied responsibility for any of the attacks, but he named eight big towns recently encircled by the Communists and two stretches of railway recently cut by them. His letter ended, "Since our troops have strictly obeyed the cease-fire order, while the Communists do the contrary, our troops are incessantly being attacked by the Communists. Our troops are experiencing attacks several times a day. As a result, therefore, our area is becoming gradually smaller and smaller, while the Communist area is expanding. If the cease-fire directive cannot be fully realized, it is probable that our troops and our civilians will starve to death. Reports will come to you later."

Meanwhile, the Japanese are still in a weird and ambiguous position. There is evidence that a large number of them are still under arms, intact, as units of the Japanese First Army (I have even seen photostatic copies of fighting orders issued by Yen to such units), that many are in Yen's army—ten Japs to a



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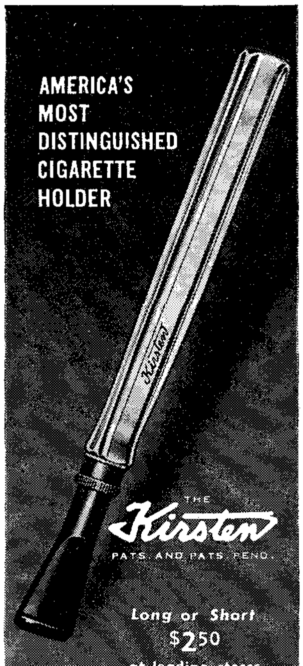
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Chinese company—as "volunteers," and that some have been hired as instructors. Yet Japanese liaison officers, who fly freely between T'aiyuan and Peiping in Japanese planes, still press the Americans to help them out of their allegedly dire situation. During a recent conference at which I was a spectator, the Japanese sadly produced a chart showing that 569 out of 43,870 Japanese soldiers in the T'aiyuan area—or 1.3 per cent—had been killed in action since the end of the war; one unit, the Fifth Independent Guards Regiment, had lost five per cent of its strength. However, at least one of the field teams sent to the T'aiyuan area has had a certain amount of success; some Japanese have been disarmed and are being evacuated, in the eighth month of the Sino-Japanese peace. But a large number of Japanese are still fighting for their former enemy Yen, against their former enemy the Communists, in a war which, according to official reports, does not exist, a war in which neither side ever attacks but in which both sides lose towns and suffer casualties.

THIS queer conflict in Shansi and the really serious fighting in Manchuria are only two evidences of the complete political breakdown that has developed in the past three months. There appears to be little question that the main responsibility for this breakdown rests with the Generalissimo and the Kuomintang, but the Communists have been guilty of adding their bit. At the beginning of February, things looked fine. The Political Consultation Conference had just adjourned, and its achievements were almost unbelievable. The P.C.C., according to President Truman, was a "national conference of the representatives of the principal political parties within the republic of China, assembled for the purpose of adopting appropriate measures by means of negotiation, so that the various parties concerned should be enabled to have a fair and effective representation in the national Government of China." The only parties that mattered were the Kuomintang, the Communists, and the Democratic League, which is a moderate, middle-of-the-road party with a small membership but great importance because of the integrity, intelligence, and moral influence of its leaders. The P.C.C. resolutions were designed to make a coalition government of these three and other, lesser parties a possibility.

The P.C.C. resolutions were only a month old when the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, acting on an explicit O.K. from the Generalissimo, declared that they were not binding and began unilaterally to revise them. I shall give just one example of the Central Executive Committee's inroads upon the P.C.C. resolutions. The P.C.C. had laid down certain general principles for China's new constitution. One of these—considered most important by the Communists and the Democratic League—was that the legislative branch of the government should, like England's House of Commons, have the power to vote non-confidence in the executive branch and force it out of office. Although the Kuomintang representatives in the P.C.C. approved this principle, the Central Executive Committee later declared that it conflicted with a constitution roughed out, before his death, by Sun Yat-sen, which made the executive Yuan free of any control by the legislative Yuan, and the Kuomintang therefore withdrew its approval of this principle. There were many such backslides.

One of the accomplishments of the P.C.C. was providing for an All-Party National Assembly, which was to convene on May 5th and draft the new constitution. This, it was hoped, would be an important step in the development of China's new democracy. It was to be China's constitutional convention. The P.C.C. provided that there should be two thousand and fifty delegates to the assembly. It also provided that the adverse vote of one-fourth of them could defeat any important proposal in the drafting of the new constitution. Therefore, the apportioning of delegates to the various parties was an extremely touchy matter; unless the minority parties could muster a quarter of the total, the drafting of the constitution would simply be a Kuomintang monopoly. After an enormous amount of juggling, the P.C.C. agreed that the Kuomintang should have two hundred and twenty members; that the Youth Party, which is just a junior Kuomintang, should have a hundred; and that the People's Political Council, which was appointed by the Kuomintang in 1936 to draft a constitution but somehow never got around to it, should send nine hundred and fifty delegates, of whom all but a handful—say, fifty—would be Kuomintang. The Communists were assigned a hundred and ninety delegates and the Democratic League a hundred and twenty. There were to be seventy non-party delegates, who would probably be divided in sympathy about equally between the Kuomintang and the opposition. Altogether, this gave the Kuomintang about twelve hundred and fifty votes to perhaps four hundred for the minority parties. The remaining four hundred-odd seats were to be elective. In order to carry any weight at all in the drafting of a constitution, the Communists and the Democratic League would have to win about a hundred and twenty-five of the elective seats. This they thought they could do, in a fair election.

But long before the elections were to come off, the Kuomintang tried to add two hundred and fifty more People's Political Council (i.e., Kuomintang) seats, which would have made the elections so much wasted time. This attempt was defeated. The Kuomintang therefore proceeded to stack the elections. Take, for instance, the one here in Peiping, which has not yet been held. There were to have been twelve delegates from Peiping, six to be popularly elected and two each to be chosen by the Chamber of Commerce, the General Labor Union, and the General Farmers' Union. Since these three organizations are all government-controlled, the Kuomintang had half the Peiping delegates sewed up to begin with. The other six were to be elected from among a group of sixty candidates chosen by the Bureau of Social Welfare of the Peiping municipal government, which is, of course, a Kuomintang organization. Neither the Communists nor the Democratic League were consulted at any time about the election. As for the electorate, only family heads could vote; the one way they could get their franchise was to wait for municipal officials, whose livelihood depends on the Kuomintang, to call at their homes with an oath of allegiance to the Three People's Principles of Sun Yat-sen and to his draft of a constitution, the one the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang cited when it decided not to abide by the P.C.C. recommendations. Not a single Chinese I know has been qualified to vote. The election was originally set for April 15th; on that day it was postponed until April 22nd; on that day it was again postponed, indefinitely.

Last Sunday, the Democratic League planned a mass meeting at the bandstand in Central Park here to protest against the election. The leaders of the Democratic League are, for the most part, mild, gentle, rather frightened-looking, but really quite courageous, professors, lawyers, doctors, and other professional people. They are neither the conspiratorial nor the bombastic

MARY CHESS

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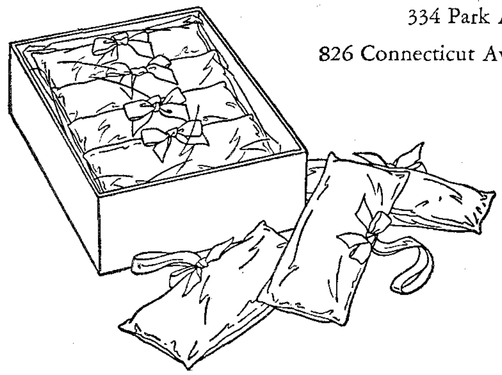

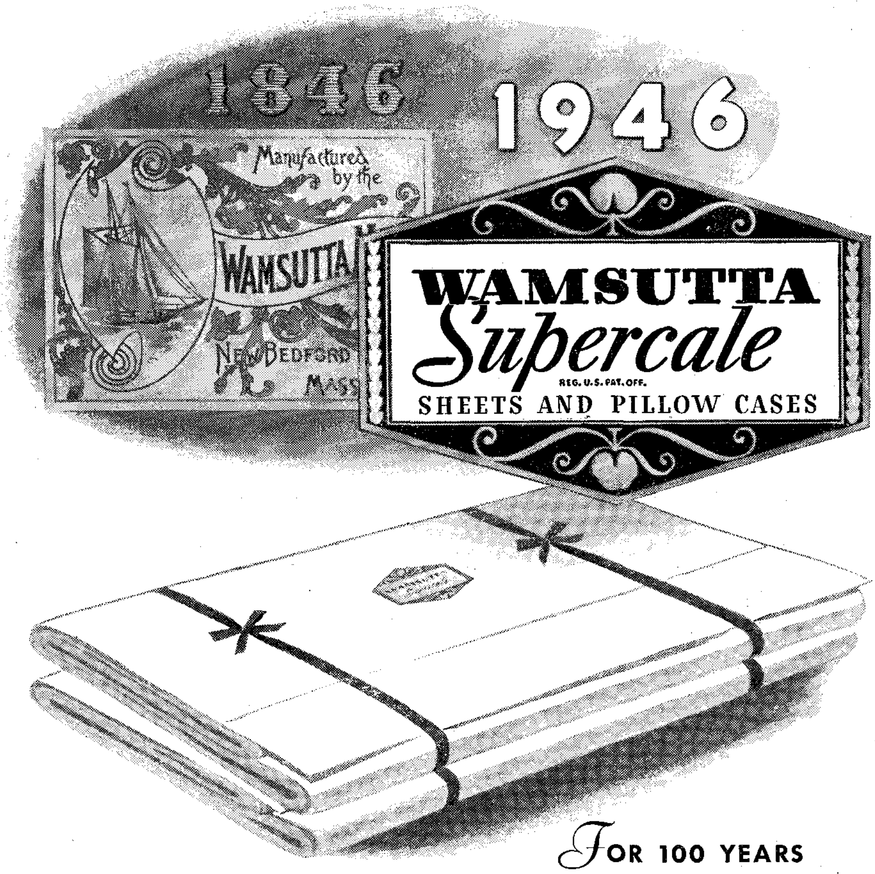

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type, and they were all quite uncomfortable about the meeting they had scheduled. An hour before it began, an old gentleman who I happen to know is not interested in politics was taking lunch in a restaurant in Central Park called the Come Today Friends Beautiful Room, around back of the bandstand. He looked out the window and was surprised to see a policeman carrying several baskets full of eggs, handing them out to a group of young men. Presently the speakers gathered on the bandstand. Among them was John Foster, the United States Information Service representative here, who is quiet and circumspect, like most of the Democratic League leaders, and who had been invited to say a few words about elections in America. It was a windy day, and the sky was yellow with dust from the Gobi Desert. A crowd of several hundred had gathered, many of them just curious passersby out for a Sunday walk in Central Park. The chairman led the crowd in singing the national anthem and then read Sun Yat-sen's will. Next, he began to tell about an organization called the Association to Improve the People's Assembly Representatives Election, and its sponsors—men like Ch'en Ching-k'uen, a teacher of jurisprudence who has openly criticized both the Communists and the Kuomintang. Somebody shouted something from far back in the crowd. The chairman kept on, but the shouting increased. As a Chinese friend of mine described it, "rows and rows of propaganda and slogans flew all over the sky." Much more concretely, eggs and stones flew all over it, too. The curious passersby made for home. A stone hit Professor Ch'en in the face and cut him badly. Another stone hit Mr. Foster, and he put it in his pocket, shouting that he would always carry it with him "until the day when such things can never happen again in China." Mr. Foster's dramatic vow made little impression, for by now a free-for-all was taking place. A group of young men attacked the stage and were joined by a Chinese soldier with a rifle. The Democratic Leaguers, showing quite a bit of pluck, captured one of the attackers and dragged him into the bandstand to hold as a sort of hostage. The fight became bitter and the gentle partisans of the Democratic League had begun to grow frightened when four American Marines, who were strolling in Central Park and heard the commotion, came rushing up, shouting, "Break it up, you no-good bastards!" The fight melted away. Chinese police arrived and arrested several people, who were held overnight. All in all, the protest against the election did not get very far.

Under the circumstances, the Communists and the Democratic League have both announced that they will not attend the National Assembly. The Communists have gone farther: publicly, through the medium of their Yenan newspaper, the *Emancipation Daily*, they have called Chiang Kai-shek some ugly and ill-considered names. They have indicated that they will have none of the coalition with the Generalissimo. The Central Government yesterday postponed indefinitely convening the National Assembly, and its troops have begun to build forts along the roads of north China and blockhouses right in Peiping. Everyone says that there is only one thing and one man who can save the situation—blackmail and General Marshall. The General presumably comes back to China armed with a kind of blackmail in the form of a huge loan that will be granted or refused on the basis of China's performance. Pressure of this sort may work a temporary miracle; General Marshall has an extraordinary hold over the Chinese. But General Marshall will go home again; officers will stay on who believe they can put an end to China's deep-rooted contest for power simply by persuading the adversaries to cease firing for a while. No matter what the United States does, I am afraid, China is in for a long, sharp, bloody struggle.

—JOHN HERSEY

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NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From an article in Case and Comment*]

Conceding, as well we may, that Shakespeare has for a long time been, and still is, generally accredited with being the greatest, and indeed most majestic, literary genius of all times; that he commanded the most copious vocabulary that any English writer has been able to wield (he is said to have employed some 15,000 words, while Milton, who, it is said, commanded the next largest vocabulary, employed 10,000 words); that it has been variously insisted, by many learned persons, that he must have been a lawyer, a physician, an artist, a botanist, an astronomer, a naturalist, a magician, and a scientist, it is, indeed, very probable that he may have picked up, so to speak, some of the law lore, which he so properly and appropriately employed in his writings; for, undoubtedly, he must have been a most extensive reader; and, consequently, one of the most thoroughly informed men of his time, for, as Francis Bacon, the greatest of all essayists and who is also one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, has truly said: "Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man, and speaking a ready man."

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby Tips

MAURICE FREED

IF you want to know—as a lot of people seem to—who is going to win the Kentucky Derby, there are a number of ways to go about finding out. You can ask the owner of a hopeful, for instance, provided he doesn't ask you first, or you can ask the horse's trainer, who is sure to say, "It's a hard race, but we've got a chance." Or, if you happen to be in Louisville on Saturday, you might buy a tip from one of my favorite touts, who has a pitch near the grandstand entrance to Churchill Downs. You can't miss him. He's a bent, wizened fellow, with an ancient jockey cap cocked over one eye, and he proclaims in a husky whisper that he's picked every Derby winner since Old Rosebud. I'm told that even trainers get his selections to find out how their horses are going to run. Or you might take into consideration the color of the starters. To give you the necessary background for this sort of divination, thirty-two Derby winners were bay, twenty-four were chestnut, eleven were brown, and only four were black.

The best thing, I suppose, is to string along with the crowd; according to Colonel Martingale, thirty-five favorites have won the classic and only fifteen have finished out of the money in seventy-one years. This time, besides, Knockdown and Lord Boswell, the favored Maine Chance Farm entry, are first-rate colts. Even before Knockdown won the Santa Anita Derby, he was my pick for the race at Churchill Downs. He still is. His early speed will be useful in the run to the first turn, where there's always so much bumping, and he's sturdy enough to go any distance. A lot of people are excited about Lord Boswell's victory in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week. I wasn't lucky enough to see him run, but from all accounts his performance was noteworthy. Anyway, Knockdown and Lord Boswell are coupled in the betting, so you get two for the price of one.

Diogenes Checkpoints says that if anything can beat the favorites, it will be the King Ranch's Assault; his slow time in the Wood Memorial, he feels,

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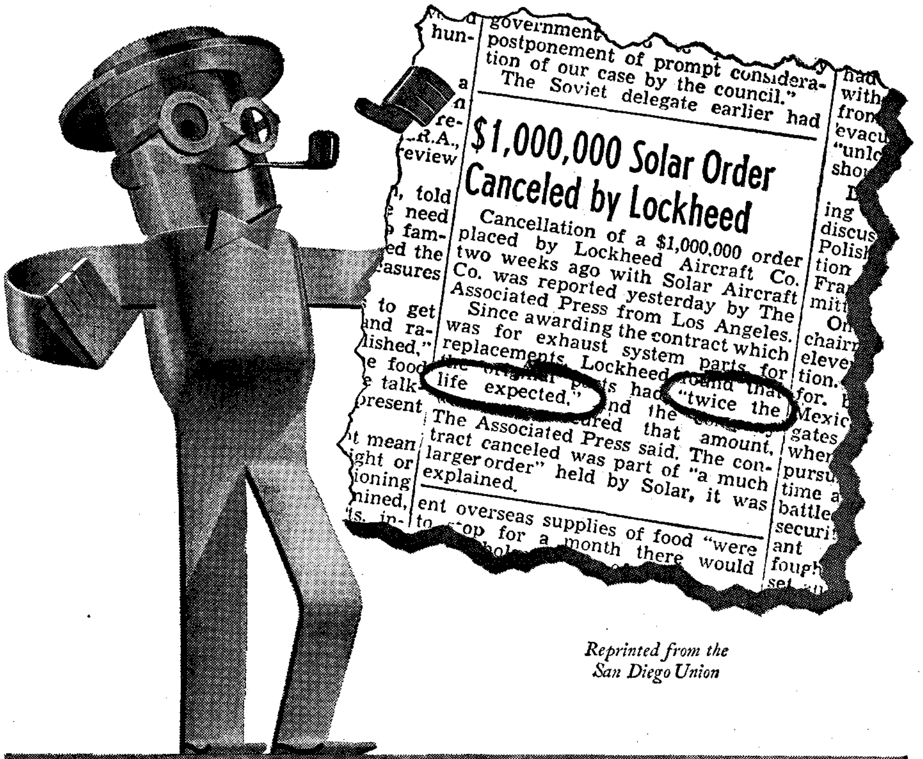

$1,000,000 Solar Order Canceled by Lockheed

Cancellation of a $1,000,000 order placed by Lockheed Aircraft Co. two weeks ago with Solar Aircraft Co. was reported yesterday by The Associated Press from Los Angeles.

Since awarding the contract which was for exhaust system parts for replacements, Lockheed found that the original [illegible] parts had "twice the life expected," and the [illegible] that amount, The Associated Press said. The contract canceled was part of "a much larger order" held by Solar, it was explained.

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was misleading. Also, Assault has been trained to go the Derby mile and a quarter. My old coadjutor, Lester Doctor, an unofficial handicapper, fancies Dixiana's Spy Song, who ran such a fast six furlongs in the mud at Keeneland the day before the Blue Grass Stakes, and it's possible that the colt may be dangerous if the track is heavy. Jack Campbell, the official handicapper of the Jockey Club, picks Spy Song to place behind Lord Boswell. About all I can say for Foxcatcher Farms' Hampden, who won the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace last weekend, is that he isn't short of work or travelling.

For reasons I can't fathom, there seemed to be as much to-do last week over what horse Arcaro would ride in the Derby as there was over the winner. Arcaro, I happen to know, telephoned Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, owner of the Maine Chance Farm, from Miami the day after the Santa Anita Derby and asked to ride Knockdown. Now, at this writing, he is believed to want the mount on Lord Boswell. Apparently, jockeys and trainers are just like horseplayers when it comes to making up their minds.

YOU can put Fighting Step down as a first-class mud runner. I expect that he isn't easy to handle. Adams, who rode him in the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica last weekend, appeared to have his hands full most of the time, but he took the purse of $12,750. . . . Well, Pericles finally came to the races, and he won. He's the colt, as you may be a bit tired of hearing, that William Helis paid $66,000 for at the 1943 yearling sales. To my inexpert eyes, he's the handsomest horse in training. In fact, if I owned him, I'd keep him handy just to look at. . . . I was interested in the Eastern début of Snow Boots the other afternoon. I saw him do some fast running in California last winter, not the least of which was a mile in 1:35⅖ in the Santa Anita Handicap, and I wondered how well he'd go on the slower Jamaica track. As you probably know, Stymie couldn't even get close to him. I daresay they'll meet again in the Grey Lag Handicap there on Saturday. If I weren't going to be at Churchill Downs, I'd have a ticket on Snow Boots.

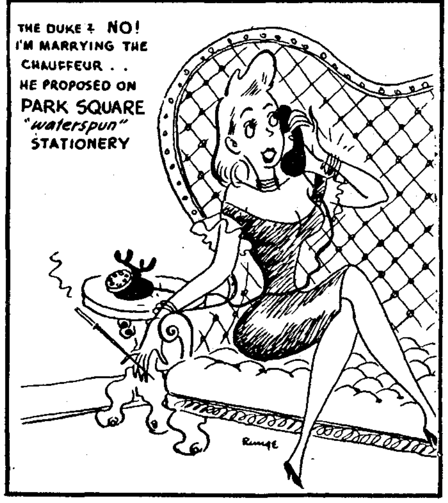
—AUDAX MINOR

•

He peeled off the band from a cigar and thrust it into his mouth.—*From "The Great Promise," by Noel Houston.*

Crazed by the paper shortage, probably.

". . . Say it better on Finer paper"



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A GIFT TO THE WIFE OF THE FINANCE MINISTER

ONE morning, at the American Embassy, in the Avenida Francisca, there arrived a brief cable from Byrnes, Secstate, transferring Walter Bell Holran, Foreign Service Officer of career, Class V, to Quito as second secretary and consul, and that afternoon, at their house in the Ensanche Esmeralda, Edith Holran said, "Walter, I hate to face another moving. Honestly. We have too many chairs and too many tables of the wrong shape, and all these damned fragile, perishable lamps. We ought to have a sale, don't you think?"

"I suppose so," Walter Holran said. His feet were in slippers, at ease, and he propped them on the edge of a magazine rack. He added, thoughtfully, that he perceived no objection at all to a sale. "We can find a smaller house in Quito," he said. "Smaller, that is, than this one, this barn. I'm sick to death of houses in which you can see the ceiling only with difficulty."

"Yes," Edith Holran said. "Exactly. Quito's in the Andes, isn't it? Way up, if I remember."

"Ten thousand feet up," Walter Holran said.

"Yes. It'll be almost cold. There'll be smaller houses, for warmth. I'm sure we can find an attractive smaller house." Her husband nodded. "So it seems to me we won't have need for *all* these things," she said. She waved a hand to indicate the multitude of chairs and small tables, the divan they had bought in Stockholm, the baroque footstools that had been such a bargain in Zagreb, the mirrors from Ankara.

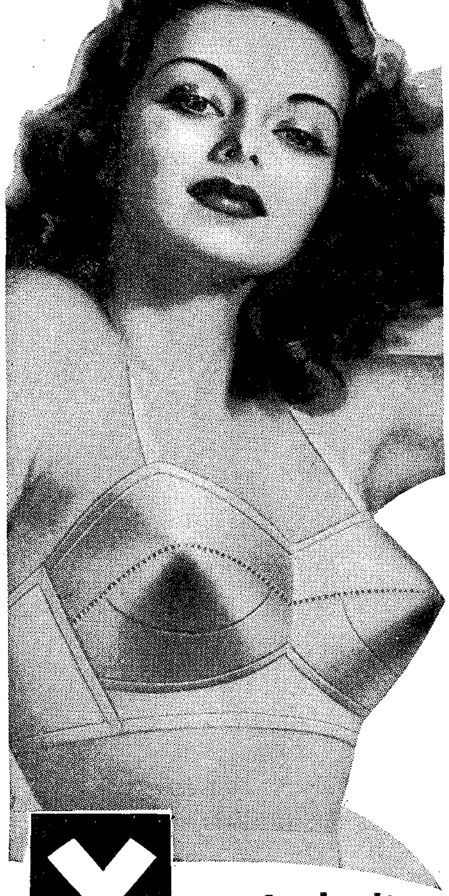
"Sell as much as you want to," Walter Holran said. He was very close to dozing now, at the end of the hot tropical day. "Less there is to pack, the better I'll like it."

After dinner, Edith Holran made a list. She was pleased to find that she was able to control the possessive instinct with a sure, firm decision. Almost without a single pang, she made up her mind to dispose of this thing and that thing she had owned for years. So many women (she had often heard Walter say this) were possessed by their possessions. Her list, when it was completed, seemed to her a satisfactory evidence of her strength of character.

IN this Latin American capital there was, of course, no need to advertise in newspapers. Everybody knew almost everybody else, at least in the American and British colonies, and nobody's business was very private. The word that Edith Holran planned to sell some of her furnishings spread rapidly ("on the coconut telegraph," as people said), and inquiries poured in. The wife of the American Ambassador wanted an electric iron, but Edith had to explain with regret that she intended to keep her iron; she had only one, and certainly another would not be available in Quito. Mrs. Merton, the pretty wife of the British consul, bought all the footstools from Zagreb, as well as the extensive collection of Quiche tapestries that the Holrans, in an enthusiastic splurge, had accumulated in Chichicastenango. Little Florence Fenstock, whose husband was vice-consul of career, unclassified (C), and recently arrived from Washington on his first assignment, snapped up everything that might be called practical—chairs, tables, certain lamps, rugs, that kind of thing—for equipping the house the Fenstocks planned to rent as soon as their car arrived and they could get out of the hotel.

Then, on the third morning of the sale, the expensive official sedan of the Finance Minister drew into the Holrans' courtyard and deposited Señora Alvarado, wife of the Finance Minister. Edith Holran, informed of the arrival by Paco, her houseboy, hurried downstairs to greet the Señora on the lower gallery. The two women knew each other, of course; they had, in the past several years, met often at government functions, and twice Edith Holran had given formal dinners for the Alvarados.

Señora Alvarado was fat, and very gay in the somewhat heavy, Spanish-American manner. She spoke English quite well, having followed her hus-



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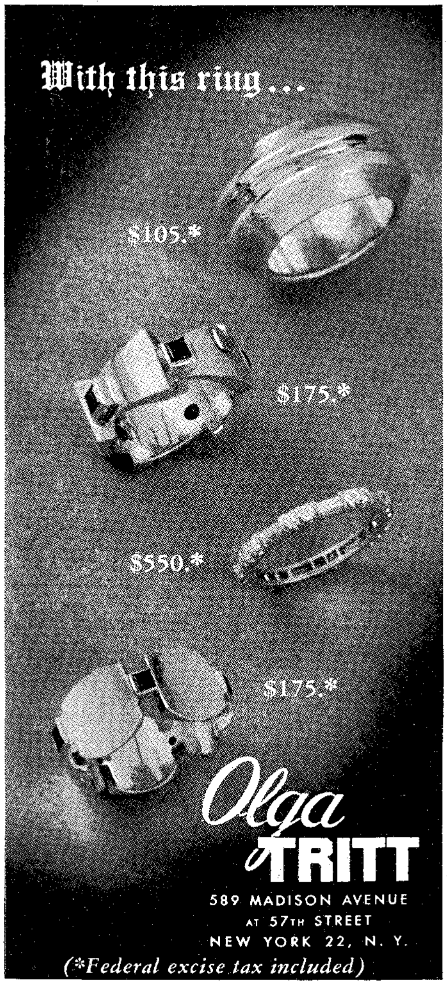

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band to some diplomatic appointment in London years ago. Señora Alvarado did not, to be sure, ever forget the importance of her position as wife of the Finance Minister, but people in the capital agreed that she wasn't a bad sort. She came up the steps with her large, pale hand extended, and said the usual complimentary things about Edith Holran's appearance.

"It is desolating that you leave us," Señora Alvarado continued, smiling very broadly, puffing just a little, "but you will like Quito. I think you will truly like Quito. It is an active city, with much to amuse."

They sat in reed chairs on the broad white gallery and talked spiritedly for a while about Quito, about a ball to be given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to celebrate a fête day, about the lamentable death of the son of the Minister of National Economy (killed, Edith Holran had heard privately, when, after drinking most of three bottles of rum, he had started down a mountain road with two imported Puerto Rican fancy women jammed into the front seat of his coupé). It was, Edith Holran agreed, too terribly bad about the son of the Minister of National Economy; he had been, she said, lowering her voice to match the sudden huskiness of Señora Alvarado's, such a jolly, likable young man. Hadn't there been two girls also killed in the accident? Señora Alvarado said stiffly that the *pobrecito* had been alone in his vehicle, as everybody knew. A synthetic tire from the United States had exploded, she said, in a tone almost of accusation. Then she came to the point. She had been given to understand that Señora Holran had a few trifles to dispose of before she flew away to Quito.

"Why, yes," Edith Holran said. "Unfortunately, there isn't anything much. But if you'd care to look . . ."

They went upstairs and passed slowly through the library, the withdrawing room, and the dining room, and Edith Holran pointed out the things that remained for sale. Señora Alvarado was not interested in the red divan from Stockholm or the mirrors from Ankara. She shook her head. These articles she could not possibly use. They moved from room to room. In the dining room, on the sideboard, stood a dozen cut-glass goblets that the Holrans had picked up in Prague back in '34. Señora Alvarado stopped before them, surveyed them carefully, touched one of them lightly with a finger. "These are for sale?" she asked.

"Well," Edith Holran said, "I hadn't really thought of selling them. But if you like them . . ."

Señora Alvarado shrugged. "They would be difficult to pack and ship without breakage."

"There's always a risk, naturally," Edith Holran said.

"How much would you ask for them?"

Edith Holran said, "I hadn't considered it. But I recall we paid three dollars apiece for them in Prague in 1934. That was a bargain, as you'll recognize. I think I'd have to sell them for what they cost me. I think that's fair, don't you? They are, as you see, in perfect condition."

Señora Alvarado looked at her without expression. "Thirty-six dollars? I am afraid I regard that as too high."

"I'm sorry," Edith Holran said. "But, as you know, the prices of glassware rose terribly during the war. I should have to replace them in Quito. I wouldn't want to sell them for less than I paid for them."

"Will you accept twenty dollars?" Señora Alvarado asked in a flat voice.

Edith Holran smiled faintly. She was painfully aware of an abrupt embarrassment. She made a polite murmur of dissent. "I'm really not anxious to sell them, you see."

The wife of the Finance Minister moved away across the room, looked at a picture, apparently did not approve it, and after a few minutes was driven off in the official car. Edith Holran sat in a chair and locked her fingers together in exasperation. She decided suddenly that she did not like Señora Alvarado at all.

THE following morning, at ten, the Holrans' telephone rang, and the houseboy told Mrs. Holran that it was the wife of the Finance Minister who desired to speak with her. When Edith said good morning into the instrument, Señora Alvarado asked, "I am wondering if you have agreed, today, to let me have the glasses—the glasses from Prague?"

"Ah," Edith Holran said. "Well, it's as you wish, you know."

"At twenty dollars?"

"I think I said yesterday the glasses weren't really for sale. It was only because you appeared to like them that I thought of letting them go. But I don't care to bargain about them, Señora Alvarado. If you want them for what they cost me—"

Señora Alvarado's voice was firm.

"Thank you, no," she said. "Good morning."

To her husband that evening, Edith Holran said, "I could have spit into the telephone. That wouldn't have been proper, would it? I mean, the diplomatic corps would frown upon it. It wouldn't have been showing the nice respect toward the wife of the Finance Minister. Would it, darling?" She was a little shrill.

"Don't get into a quarrel with her," Walter Holran said. "It's not worth it."

"She does something special to me," Edith said. "She has the special strength of shameless people. But you're right, of course. I'll forget about it."

But she was not permitted to forget about it. Next morning, exactly at ten (as on the morning before), the houseboy came onto the lower gallery to say that Señora Alvarado was on the telephone for Señora Holran. Edith sat for a full minute without moving, then went into the library to the phone. "Yes?" she said. She stood with her shoulders somewhat rigid, but she was cool and controlled.

Señora Alvarado spoke briefly about the temperature, which was unseasonable, then swung to the cut-glass goblets from Prague. "I have been considering them," she said lightly. "They would be, for me, of some use. I am willing to pay more for them, as you insist. I will go to twenty-five dollars. But not more. It is agreeable?"

"Not exactly," Edith Holran said slowly. "Apparently you failed to understand me clearly, dear Señora Alvarado. I told you what I paid for the glasses and what they are worth. This was not an attempt to bargain. I shall tell you frankly, I don't care to engage in bargaining."

"Of course, of course," Señora Alvarado said. Her crisp tone implied that she had imperfectly heard what Edith Holran had said. Then she paused, and waited; and Edith Holran knew clearly, in that instant, that there was a path to victory and that she could take it. She felt a surge of exhilaration, almost of intoxication. She heard herself saying, "Is your chauffeur there now, at your house?"

"My chauffeur?" Señora Alvarado said. "Yes. He is here."

"Good. Please direct him to come to me for a package. I will give you the glasses."

"Give? But you mean for the offer of twenty-five dollars, no?"

"No," Edith Holran said, holding the telephone stiffly. "I mean give, a

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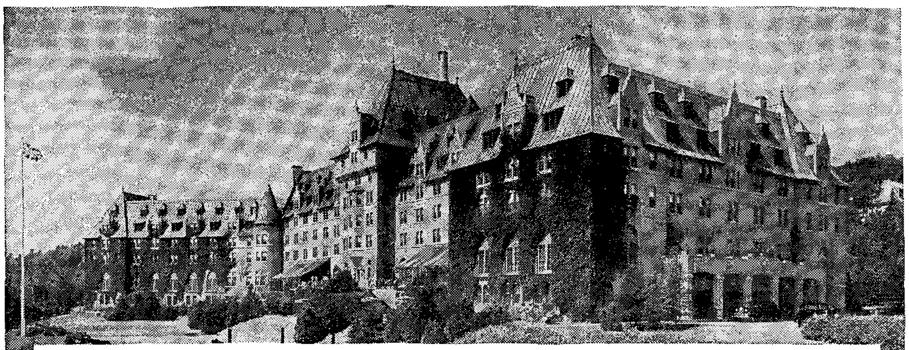
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gift, *regalo*—for nothing, you understand. Simply send your chauffeur. The glasses won't cost you a cent."

"But it is too generous of you!"

"A pleasure," Edith Holran said, and hung up. She was aware of a heady lightness; for a moment it frightened her. But she steeled herself and went into the dining room and looked at the glasses on the sideboard. "Walter, Walter," she said aloud, "be good to me, darling." Then she called to her houseboy. "Bring a cardboard box," she said, "to put these glasses in. And some newspapers." The boy was back in a few minutes with a carton and a bundle of newspapers. Edith Holran stood the glasses in a row on the rug, and knelt. She spread sheets of newspaper in front of her; then, picking up the glasses one by one, she carefully snapped the stems, wrapped each broken glass separately in newspaper, and laid them all neatly in the carton. The houseboy cried "Señora 'Olran!" in astonishment as she broke the first glass, but she waved him aside, and then he stood quietly watching. She was singing very gaily, in a somewhat high voice, a piece of peasant music she had learned in Guatemala. The houseboy understood nothing of what was going on, yet he could see how happy she was, and this pleased him deeply and made him feel happy, too, because he had been with Señora Holran a long time and was very fond of her.

—WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

•

DON'T MISS THESE

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BUT GO SEE THESE OUTSTANDING SHOWS

ANTIGONE

This is not the *Antigone* of Sophocles—it is not even the *Antigone* of Spyros Skouras. This is a contemporary version and the adaptation is by Lewis Galantière from the play by Jean Anouilh that Katharine Cornell saw in Paris. None of Sophocles' rhetoric or rhythm is left and his philosophy is dissipated in cheap theatricks: the now ancient device of modern dress, the cheap comedy concept of guards talking like mobsters in "B" movies. The speeches of Tiresias, the blind prophet, are totally absent and the Greek chorus is supplanted by Horace Braham. The additional dialogue hasn't been so jarring since Hollywood hashed *The Taming of the Shrew*. This is not a Greek tragedy: it's a Kaffeeklatch and a filibuster. Cedric Hardwicke (shown here with Katharine Cornell) plays Creon as a cross between von Stroheim in *The Great Gabbo* and Fred Keating about to make a canary disappear, and Miss Cornell is far from her best as Antigone. *Cort Theatre,* 48th St., east of Broadway.—*From the magazine Go.*

A must, if we ever heard of one!

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
APRIL 26, 1946

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I WAS pleased to remark, in the recent "Annals of Crime" article about Norman Baillie-Stewart, by Miss Rebecca West, some explanation of the British custom of hyphenating surnames. During several years' residence in the United Kingdom, I became curious about the subject, but, fearing that I might be indiscreet, I asked no questions. Miss West made it clear that the *wife's* name, when the woman has property, "particularly landed property," goes in *front* of the husband's. (She left the implication that when there is no property this name doesn't even get to run second.) In one respect, however, I am now confused instead of being merely blank. I am acquainted with an officer in the Scots Guards premaritally denominated MacLachlan (that is not his real name but is like it) who married a lady named, for the purposes of this letter, Urquhart. Miss Urquhart was the heiress to a fortune based upon one of the best-known proprietary brands of whiskey. The bridegroom adopted the name of MacLachlan-Urquhart, not Urquhart-MacLachlan. Now, do the names bat in this order because the bride did not bring *enough* property (in which case the groom must have been hard to satisfy), because the bulk of it was bonded rather than landed, or simply because MacLachlan-Urquhart is a sinister character, like Baillie-Stewart, and kept in touch with the Reich during the war?

I should like to know, also, now that the whole question is out in the open, what happens when the son of a man who has married a woman of property in turn marries a woman of property. In short, where does agglutination stop? During my stay in the British Isles, I heard, in rare instances, of triple hyphenated names but never of quadruple or more-than-quadruple ones. How are they kept down to the customary two parts? Does the second section automatically drop off, so that, say, the son of a man named Browning-Keats who marries a Miss Downing becomes simply Downing-Browning? (This would not work so well if the girl also had a hyphenated name, for then the bridegroom would suffer a complete loss of identity.) Or do they eliminate in each

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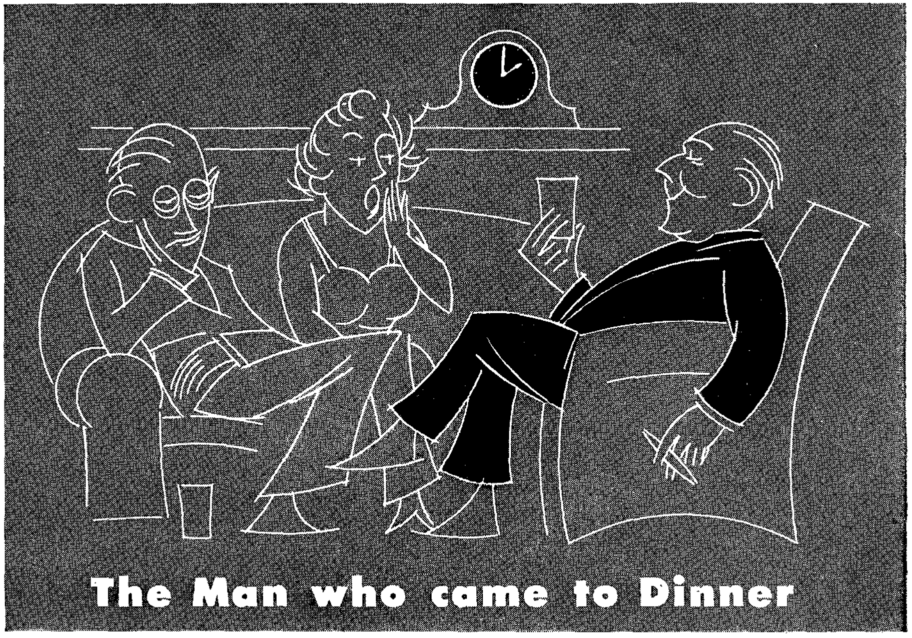
The Man who came to Dinner

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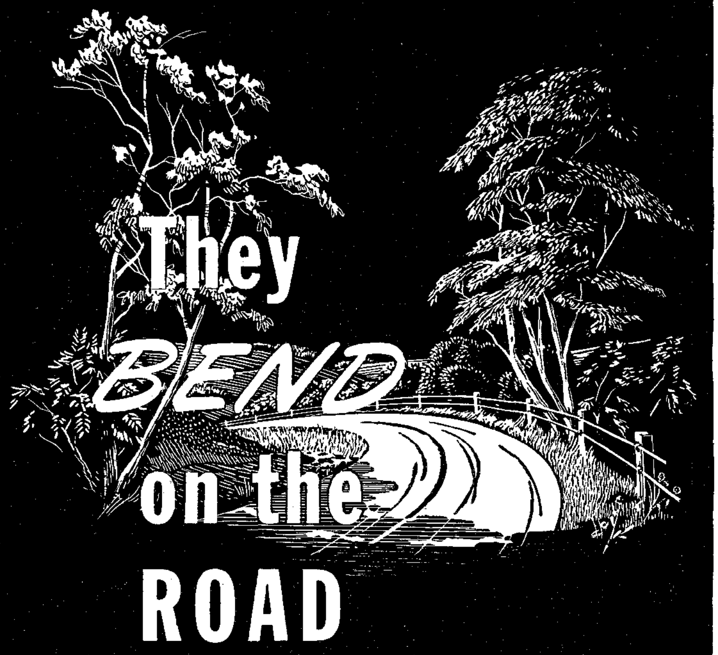

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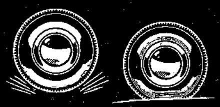


case the segment of the name that represents the smaller acreage? This formula may be illustrated by a simple example. A man named Rawtenstall, who has 1,200 acres, marries a Miss Sawtenwrall, 1,000 acres, and becomes Sawtenwrall-Rawtenstall. Their son and heritor, S.-R. II, then weds a Miss Impingham, 1,500 acres, a process involving the elision of the Sawtenwrall, and the name becomes Impingham-Rawtenstall instead of Impingham-Sawtenwrall. (Sawtenwrall, in this case, has had a relatively short run in the telephone directory.) This method would, admittedly, involve a good deal of surveying.

It is even possible that no provision for the indefinite amalgamation of names exists, so that the son of a man who has married a woman of property, particularly landed property, is placed under the necessity of marrying somebody very poor. He simply has no stabling facilities for an additional surname. If this is true it should ensure the continual redistribution of wealth, without any special Labour Government legislation to compel it. It would be a shining illustration of that sound common sense which underlies the great body of British tradition.

Faithfully yours, sirs,
A. J. McGinn-Liebling

•

Iva was born in Los Angeles. She attended grammar school at Calexico, Calif. Last April she married Philip Dapostrophe Aquino, a Portuguese operator for the Domei news agency.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

We remember his mother well—the most beautiful Dapostrophe of Dperiod.

•

Thirty-five men were provided with 122 articles of clothing in March by the Sunshine division of the Portland Police Department, according to a report compiled by Capt. Walter A. Tyler, commander. In addition, 12 women were given 24 articles of clothing and 28 were given 15 children.—*Oregon Journal.*

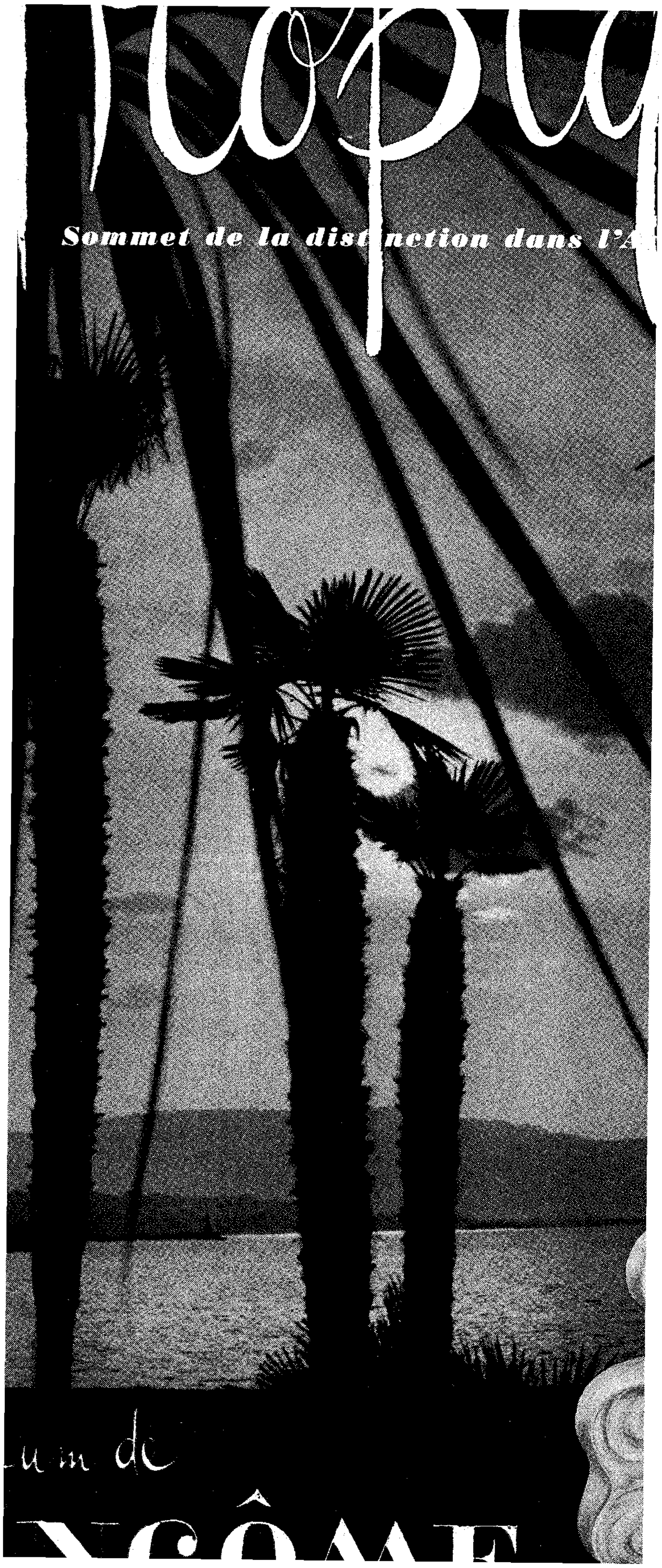
Sort of a field day for the Force.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From a report of a committee of the Board of Aldermen, April 16, 1855*]

As to the idea that Brooklyn will some day become a part of New York City, your Committee think that the chances of such a misfortune are very remote. The great amount of "log-rolling," bargaining, and vote-selling that would ensue from such a union will, it is believed, forever prevent its consummation.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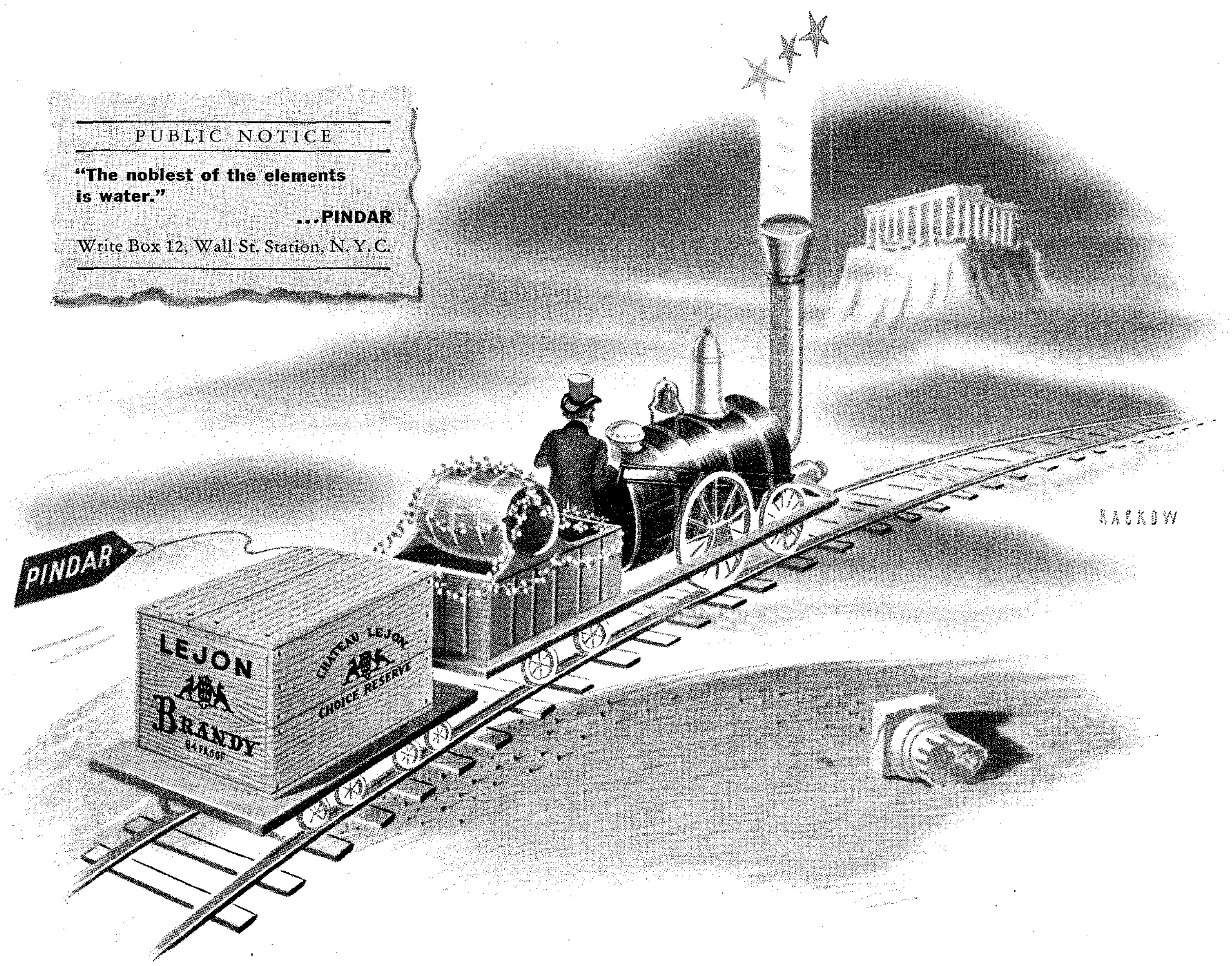

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LETTER FROM ENGLAND

APRIL 27 (BY CABLE)

THIS Easter, for the first time since the war, England began to look itself again. City people, joyfully thronging to the hills and to the sea, accepted the sunshine as a recompense from a benign providence for the cold winter and the continuing monotony of the English daily round. Over the long Easter weekend, England forgot that it was broke, forgot that it was earnest and Socialist, and simply played. It lay in the sun, dug its garden, messed with sand castles on beaches free from mines, and happily drove back home along roads once more solidly blocked with traffic, most of it out because of the return of the basic petrol allowance. On the whole, the cars looked less like a vintage collection than one might have expected. Once more, groups of children stood at road crossings, hopefully holding out limp bunches of bluebells and primroses to the motorists. Little villages, buried in their original, antique silence since 1939, woke up as the new invasion began. "Ye oldes" blossomed everywhere on repainted signs as proprietors moved tables and chairs out under the lilacs and got ready for the bustle of returning prosperity. The wise weekenders, knowing the food at the resorts would run out early, took their lunches and picnicked in fields and woods which never looked so lovely as they did this spring, the first in six years without an overshadowing cloud of anxiety.

The small point-to-point race meetings, which were given up during the war, got going again this Easter. These affairs are profitable mostly to the bookies, since only the local inhabitants know anything about the horses or, even more important, their riders. It is, however, pleasant to have them with us again, and it was good to see once more the lines of cars bumping slowly over someone's field on their way to the parking area, the farmers drinking beer outside the refreshment tent, the tweedy old girls putting a couple of bob on the mounts of grandsons just out of the Army, and the excited children swarming over a haystack grandstand at the water jump. One of the features of English country life today, especially for the young, is the revival of the popularity of the horse. During the war, youngsters in the country had few treats and fewer opportunities to get away from home. Consequently, many parents felt that a reasonable sum laid out in sturdy Dartmoor or New Forest horseflesh was the best investment in fun for them. Now the craze is spreading and dusty saddlers' shops in little country towns are surprised to find business as brisk as it was in the days of carriages. Maybe in reaction to the age of the bomber, the English are once more taking to the horse and enjoying themselves in a way that would delight the heart of Surtees.

IN the countryside, much of the barbed wire and most of the tank traps which were supposed to stop the Germans when they arrived have been tidied up, but a good deal of wire still remains in rusty coils in the meadows—a memorial to a battle which was never fought except in men's minds. Villages in the troop areas have returned to their old ways, now that jeeps are no longer parked on the village greens. Mental horizons which had expanded to include a Canadian forest, a Kansas cornfield, or a Polish duck marsh have contracted again to the limits of a parish boundary and a hawthorn hedge. The warriors have left behind evidence of their sojourn, as warriors have always done since the time of wars now forgotten—park fences pulled apart to make firing lanes, latrines dug under immemorial elms, forlorn litter, and children. The babies, strewn like visiting cards up and down the country, have been accepted with a matter-of-fact lack of fuss. Nobody in the villages makes a distinction between the additional population thus bestowed by the war and the more conventionally started cherubs. A broad-minded, eighteenth-century policy of laissez faire appears to have been worked out.

Though the Allied soldiers have gone, a new army has turned up in southern villages, where a hundred and sixteen thousand German prisoners of war have been imported in a desperate effort to beat the labor problem in the battle of food. Fields which the oldest inhabitants can remember back to their childhood as soft old pasture are still plowed up for wheat, and the landowner's deer park still shows more dirt than grass. During the recent warm spring nights of the full moon, tractors

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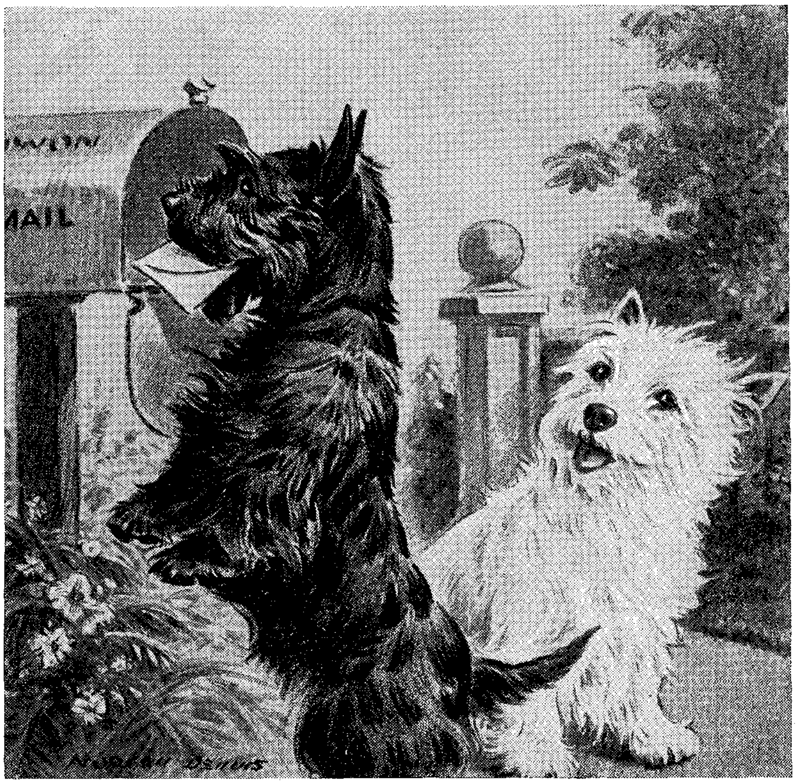

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could be heard on the slopes until midnight. The Germans are a contrast to the departed Italians, who were popular. The newcomers are mostly blond and sullen-looking, and dissatisfied with their rations after the more liberal standards of the American and Canadian camps from which they have come. The Sussex villagers eye them thoughtfully and cautiously, as though they were wild animals in a visiting circus who have been dangerous once and may become dangerous again.

THE country looks much the same as it always has, but there are changes. For one thing, the old power in the villages jointly held by the big house and the church is fading away. The big house has become a problem, an archaic white elephant eating up the cash of its embarrassed owner. Almost every week another ancestral hall is handed over to the nation. It has been suggested that some of the manor houses might be kept as village community centers—to become living rural organisms instead of dry, preserved bones of a more leisurely past. In whatever form they survive, their influence over the humbler lives grouped around them is at an end. The village church is not the power it used to be, either. On a Sunday, most of the oak pews are empty; an analysis of the attendance would probably show a mixture of prosperous tradespeople and gentry, setting a good example. The rustic population, on the whole, appears to be unreligious. The new political color of the country is not, however, very noticeable in conversations in the local Dog and Duck, and it would be a mistake to believe that because the customers are laborers they must be pro-Labour. It is not unusual to find the starchy, diehard Conservative in the smallest cottage, a broad Liberal in the parsonage, and a Left Winger in the squire's house.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

WHAT EXPERT ON ELEPHANTS D'YA READ?

Elephants mature when they are 25, and their average longevity is slightly less than that of humans—between 60 and 65 years. —*Eugene Kinkead in March, 1946, Coronet.*

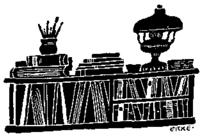
The elephant lives 150 to 200 years. —*Andrew Salter in March, 1946, Reader's Digest.*

The animal [elephant] lives to 45-60 years.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

They [elephants] may live for more than a century.—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

BOOKS

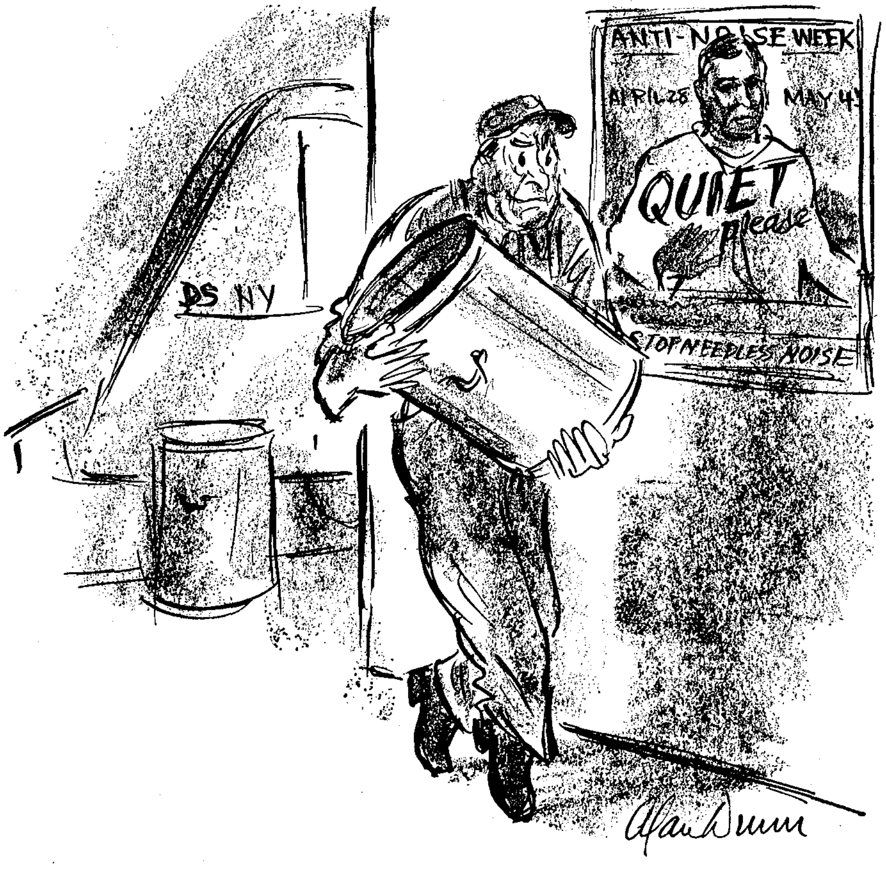
Stalin's Career and Stalin's Russia

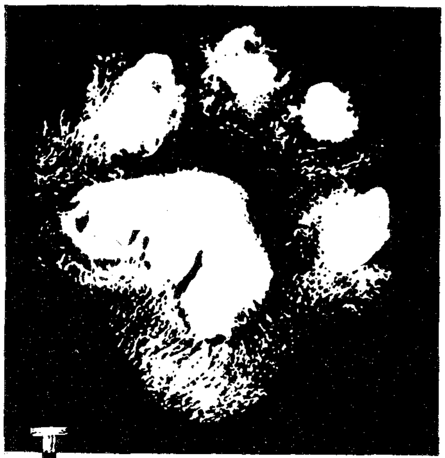


Leon Trotsky, during the later years of his exile, set out to write a life of Lenin. The first volume of this biography, which ends with Lenin's graduation from law school, was brought out, in a French translation, in 1936, but Trotsky did not get very much further with it. Needing money, he was persuaded by a New York publisher, on the strength of a considerable advance, to break off and do a life of Stalin. It was thought that such a book could not fail to be a timely and lucrative exploit, but, like so many bright ideas of publishers, this turned out to be very much less sound than the author's own ideas for his work. A life of Lenin was needed; a life of Stalin was not. There was no full-length study of Lenin which was not either a mere journalistic job or a reflection of Soviet propaganda, and the first section of Trotsky's life seemed to indicate that the book, had it been finished, would have been one of his most remarkable works, as this installment of it constitutes what is probably the most brilliant piece of biography that pure Marxism has ever produced. In the case of Stalin, however, documentation is so meagre on his career before 1917 that Trotsky is largely obliged to confine himself to going over the same historical ground that he has covered already in his books on the 1905 and the 1917 revolutions, and pointing out that, through the years of preparation for the Bolshevik seizure of power, Stalin was scarcely known and that no credible evidence exists of his ever having done anything of importance. For the story of the years in which Stalin served as a member of the Central Committee, the years in which, behind the scenes, he was manipulating the political machine that was to make him supreme master of the government, Trotsky, whose own career in this period had all been acted on the public stage of history and thought out in terms of theoretical Marxism, cannot go behind the scenes with Stalin but can only present the latter's role as he has already done with somewhat more vividness in his story of his own life and in his polemics on Soviet politics.

This book, too, has been left unfinished, with great gaps and loose ends not tied up, for the author was assassinated, while writing it, in the summer of 1940, by a young man whom investigation seems to have shown to have been a G.P.U. agent. Then America found herself in the war as an ally of the Soviet Union, and the publishers who had commissioned the book thought it better to withhold its publication. It has thus only now appeared—"Stalin," by Leon Trotsky (Harper)—in a translation, smooth and lucid, by Charles Malamuth, who has done also a careful job of editing in supplying supplementary information and, in the case of the later chapters, expanding Trotsky's notes and piecing together his fragments.

The book makes very good reading, like almost everything that Trotsky wrote, and I believe it will take its place with that body of Trotsky's work which is likely to have permanent interest. The problem of writing a biography of a Soviet political figure presents difficulties of a peculiar kind. The historian is confronted with official panegyrics that make no attempt at scholarly accuracy and that are sometimes invented out of the whole cloth, the authors of which feel no obligation even to square themselves with authoritative data provided by earlier accounts (since, for Soviet readers, the Soviet government is in a position to suppress these accounts), and he has nothing to check them but chance memories and notes by participants in or observers of the Revolution, who are sometimes themselves biassed by political animosities or loyalties, together with such incomplete records as are to be found in the Soviet press. Trotsky had, of course, his personal archives on the official transactions of the Revolution and his personal impressions of men and events, but it is difficult for him to put together any chronicle that is at all reliable of the early life of Stalin. His method here, as in the case of Lenin, is to scrutinize one by one every supposed fact that has anywhere been recorded and to try to come to some conclusion as to its probable or possible truth. With Stalin, of whom fantastic romances have been written by the professional eulogists, this process becomes mainly negative—that is, Trotsky is occupied in showing that what is asserted cannot conceivably have happened: Stalin was not a great organizer in the Caucasus, he did not always maintain a Bolshevik position, he did not serve on committees among the members of which his name has since been inserted, etc., etc. On such questions, Trotsky's demonstrations are usually acute and convincing. His analysis of evidence is reasoned with the effectiveness of a brilliant lawyer's brief. (It should be mentioned that Trotsky's dealings with what he calls the official hagiography are just as ruthless in the case of Lenin, whom he followed and admires, as with Stalin,





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whom he opposed and dislikes.) The only point of view from which, in general, it is possible to object to his procedure is one's feeling that he may be sometimes misled by his desire to see the workings of human life as consecutive and logical processes, the continuous exemplification of a single set of well-grasped principles. If anything sounds at all queer, Trotsky is likely to conclude that it cannot be true. His is a world which can allow no anomalies.

In the same way, the principles of Marxism—the laws of class and group behavior—have to be made to explain all the phenomena in Trotsky's intellectual world. He admits that a great leader like Lenin may affect, in a vital fashion, the outcome of a "historical situation;" but the discipline of Marxism has developed in him so strongly an abstract and international way of approaching mankind's confusion that he tends to leave out of account, in his story of the metamorphosis of the democratic councils of Lenin into the Oriental despotism of Stalin, factors that seem to a foreigner as plain as the nose upon Stalin's face—that is, the national characteristics of the Russians that have disqualified them for political democracy. If it is true, as Trotsky says, that Stalin was ambitious for power and inexhaustibly patient and persistent in accomplishing his ends, that he became a master politician of the familiar Tammany type, who makes deals, distributes patronage, and plays rivals off against one another, that he managed to do all this very quietly, without ever sticking out his neck and always waiting to see which way the cat would jump, and that he is hardboiled and unscrupulous to the last degree, contemptuous of human ties and caring nothing about human life, it is also true that these latter qualities are not calculated to endear him to the people, and that he is also, according to Trotsky, uneducated and unimaginative, with none of the instincts that make civilization, as well as so envious, vindictive, and cruel that he cannot tolerate the presence of anyone who is superior to him in these respects, and will never, so long as he reigns, allow, in the Soviet Union, either free political contests or real general education. He has had not merely the spur to rebellion of the "underprivileged" man of spirit but also the habit of silent hatred implanted by a drunken father, who continually beat him as a child.

Why, then, did the Russians allow him—a Georgian, besides, and an alien—to become their supreme master? That is what Trotsky does not tell us. There is a Russian satirical poem by the first Alexei Tolstoy, the nineteenth-century writer, which throws a kind of light on Stalin that we cannot get from Trotsky's account. Tolstoy takes for his text the saying of an ancient chronicler that "Russia is a great and rich country, but in it there is no order," and he makes this the refrain for a long comic poem that summarizes the history of Russia. It is seen that there were only two eras when order was established in Russia—the reign of Ivan the Terrible and the reign of Peter the Great. When the people were coerced and herded, frightened, tormented and slaughtered, subjected to the caprices of a terrible czar, then, and only then, for a time there was order in Russia. Reading the poem today, we find, when we have got to the end, that a third establisher of order inevitably pops up in our minds: he is what is needed to round out the story. "It is no accident," to use a favorite phrase of Trotsky's, that the publicity agents of the Soviet Union first exploited the cult of Peter the Great and then revived and glorified Ivan. It is the Russians who have created Stalin as much as Stalin has molded the Russians. They have created him through their inveterate dislike of accepting responsibility and through their almost religious need for the authority of a great earthly father. An American travelling in the Soviet Union is amazed to find in Soviet officialdom exactly the same characteristics of timidity, evasiveness, and inaction that he has read about in pre-revolutionary memoirs. In comparison, he comes to realize, the pettiest position in America involves a sphere, however narrow, in which the individual must make his decisions for himself. The bank teller must decide himself whether or not he will cash your check, but in Russia he cannot decide; he has to appeal to the officials above him, and these appeal to higher officials. Everybody passes the buck, and it finally lands with Comrade Stalin, who presently becomes Marshal Stalin. Now, what democracy really depends on, the only thing that can make the word real, is distribution of responsibility, and the soviets (councils) of a Socialist state in a country where this is unknown can no more be democratic than the dumas of the czardom could.

Trotsky had never been concerned about democracy, which for him had never meant anything else than the fraudulent side of bourgeois institutions, and it is curious to see him in this book at last looking around and trying to figure out what it was that went wrong and how. There is a section toward the end—only a sketch, no doubt—in which he tries to retrace the development of Stalin's murderous practice out of Lenin's good intentions. People complain, he says, about the brutal measures of the Bolsheviks in putting down the Kronstadt revolt, but surely that had been all right, the mere suppression of a handful of troublemakers, and what the authorities had done had been done "reluctantly." Then they had "erred on the side of tolerance and forbearance in the treatment of all the non-Bolshevik political parties," till these had become absolutely impossible and the Social Revolutionaries had taken a shot at Lenin. "It was in those tragic days that something snapped in the heart of the revolution. It began to lose its 'kindness' and forbearance." (These sentences do not sound much like Trotsky, and the phrasing is perhaps that of the editor.) Lenin himself had been extremely indignant when the death penalty for soldiers had been repealed: "How can you expect to conduct a revolution without executions?" he demanded. "The line of development," Trotsky reflects (or Mr. Malamuth so formulates what he finds in Trotsky's notes), "from Soviet democracy and democratic centralism within the Bolshevik Party itself to totalitarianism in both spheres is not always clearly traceable." But—as Trotsky will not admit, or, rather, as he cannot see—what happened was that Marxist authoritarianism combined with the Russian habit of despotism to give Russia a new, streamlined tyrant.

WHAT life got to be like in Russia after Trotsky and the other old Bolsheviks had been exiled or suppressed you may find out from "I Chose Freedom," by Victor Kravchenko (Scribner). I am sorry that I have left myself so little space to write about this hair-raising book. Kravchenko is the son of a revolutionary father and grew up on the revolution. He became an able engineer, was put in charge of important work, and finally rose to the top layer of officialdom. When, in the summer of 1943, he was sent to the United States to supervise the selection of metal goods under the lend-lease plan, he had already made up his mind to leave the service of the Soviet Union, and he did so nine months later. The reasons for this conclusion form the subject of a long and detailed narrative. "I Chose Freedom," as a piece of writing, is not so remarkable as "One Who Survived," Alexander Barmine's rather similar book, but at this moment it is a document of first-rate interest. It covers the familiar and gruesome ground of the

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collectivization and famine, of the chaos of Soviet industry, of the purges of the later thirties (which Kravchenko managed to survive, through months of third degree and torture, by steadfastly refusing to sign a bogus confession of sabotage). But it gives also the first inside uncensored story of what has been happening in Moscow since the war, and a revelation of the workings of the Soviet Embassy, a small Moscow lodged in Washington, that is likely to cause a sensation. The picture of slave labor in the Soviet Union, where there were twenty million prisoners in 1938, is absolutely appalling and shows that in this respect Russia was no different from Nazi Germany, except that, as Kravchenko notes, the Germans enslaved foreign workers, whereas the Russians enslaved their own people.

Kravchenko insists that it is no thanks to Stalin that the Russians did such a good job on the Germans. Though the Russians had for years been led to believe that they would eventually have to fight the Nazis, they were left quite unprepared for the invasion. The Red Army and the Soviet factories had been demoralized and crippled by the purges, and Stalin himself put so fatuous a trust in the Soviet-Nazi pact that he would not even believe our State Department when it told him that the Germans were about to attack. Only the bravery and resourcefulness of the people and the equipment supplied by lend-lease saved a desperate situation.

Kravchenko was very much surprised at the extent to which Soviet Russia was idealized in the United States: "The prevailing American notions about the wonders of Sovietism in practice were truly extraordinary. Great chunks of the Communist reality... seemed to have completely escaped American attention. These were things of which everyone inside Russia was deeply conscious. Some of us might explain them as necessary or unavoidable or even noble, but it would not occur to us to *deny* them. Yet when I ventured to mention such things (at times when candid conversation was possible), Americans looked at me incredulously and some even hastened to enter cocksure denials. . . . In America today, I was to learn slowly and incredulously, those who venture to tell some truth about the Stalin tyranny, who speak up *for* the Russian people and against their oppressors, are discounted and dismissed and sometimes pilloried as 'anti-Russian.' I became aware that my resolve to escape into the free world and to use the freedom to defend my people would not be as simple as it had seemed at a distance. I realized that I must expect to be denounced and ridiculed by precisely those warmhearted and high-minded foreigners on whose understanding and support I had counted."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IMPERIAL VENUS, by Edgar Maass (Bobbs-Merrill). If you read Mr. Maass's "Don Pedro and the Devil," you may have found the author an extremely interesting writer without much talent for characterization. Now he has written a fictionized study of Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's promiscuous sister, in which he proves that he is still an extremely interesting writer without much talent for characterization. As a biography, the book is not wholly successful; it is, however, an informal and remarkably vivid chronicle of the fortunes of the Bonaparte family and of the times in which Napoleon rose and fell.

THE TAKERS OF THE CITY, by H. R. Hays (Reynal & Hitchcock). A story of sixteenth-century Mexico at the time when the King of Spain's edict freeing the natives was being contested by the Conquistadors, who had enslaved them. Mr. Hays knows his period so well and brings in so much unfamiliar material that he almost convinces you that his novel is a good deal better than it is. Actually, in spite of some unusual pages about a bishop who champions the rights of the Indians, this is just our old friend the popular historical novel, with scholarly touches.

NOTE: Evelyn Waugh's "Black Mischief," out of print for several years, has been reissued by Little, Brown, and thus all seven of Mr. Waugh's novels are now available.

GENERAL

A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS, by Gene Fowler (Viking). An account, much of it told in anecdotes, of the author's youth and young manhood in the Rocky Mountain West, which has as its leitmotiv the quest for a substitute father, Mr. Fowler's own having taken to the hills and a hermit's cabin just before his son was born. The chapters toward the end, about the author's cub days on Denver papers, with a standard collection of city-room antics, crabbed editors, and brash, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking reporters, are in a now

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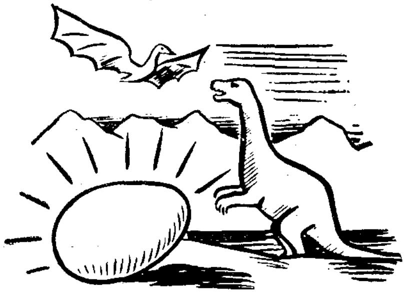
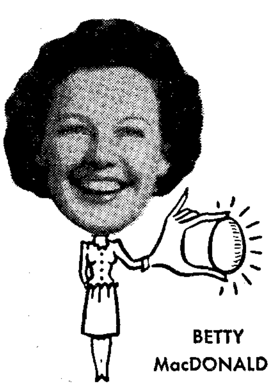


THE ONE THAT CAME FIRST

THE ONE THAT *IS* FIRST



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well-established tradition of newspaper reminiscence. They may seem less commonplace if you reflect that Mr. Fowler had an important part in establishing that tradition, that this is one of the masters speaking.

The Time of Our Lives, by Martine Rouchaud (Pantheon). The journal of a fourteen-year-old French *bourgeoise*, painstakingly kept during the four years of the German occupation. Although it is somewhat in the vein of those determinedly gay family memoirs, like the ones written by the Abbé children some years back, it differs from them in that the young lady had something to write about. Beneath her apparent insouciance there is a gravity and a childlike realism that enable her to get across to the reader a good idea of what life was like during the locust years in France.

More Devil than Saint, by Count Alfred de Marigny (Ackerman). The story of the author's life up to and including his acquittal in Nassau of the charge of having murdered Sir Harry Oakes, his father-in-law. De Marigny is almost truculently candid; he was a young man on the make, his conduct with women was hardly that of smooth-paper magazine fiction, he was hot-tempered and overfond of telling people (the Duke of Windsor, for example) to go to hell, but he was not a fool. The passages about his trial are interesting, for de Marigny tries to prove, on the evidence of the court records, that there was a concerted effort to make him the victim of an injustice.

I See the Philippines Rise, by Carlos P. Romulo (Doubleday). General Romulo, a Filipino and one of the last men off Bataan, was also one of the first to return to the islands when MacArthur's forces threw back the Japanese. This book is the story of the liberation from a rather personal viewpoint and is written with understandable emotion. A happy sequel to his "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines."

The Nature of Poetry, by Donald A. Stauffer (Norton). A critical examination of the structure, texture, and meaning of English poetry, with examples running from Spenser to Yeats. When he gets the better of a tendency to formalize and oversimplify, Mr. Stauffer analyzes, in readable fashion, complicated poetic problems with thoroughness and insight. Valuable notes and bibliography.

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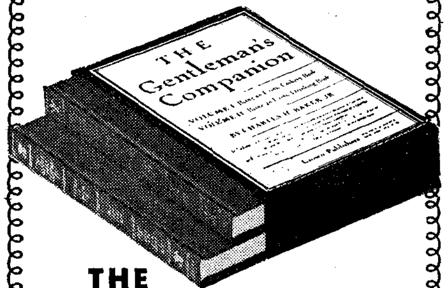

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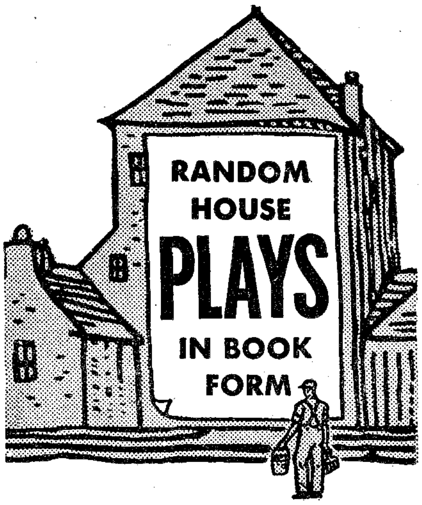

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by Joseph Hennessey (Viking). A generous measure of the late Town Crier—letters, reviews, broadcasts, excerpts from his "Shouts and Murmurs" department in this magazine, and journeys to the scenes of classic crimes. An introduction by John Mason Brown is in the nostalgic, anecdotal vein that has almost come to be a requirement in writing about Woollcott, and it is very good.

OUTDOOR LIFE ANTHOLOGY OF FISHING ADVENTURES (Grosset & Dunlap). This latest addition to our Anthological Age presents forty-six factual stories calculated to charm the angler. Among them are accounts of such unusual doings as fishing for octopus in Puget Sound and for shad in Montana. All the material is from *Outdoor Life*, whose staff knows a good fish story when it sees one. Drawings and photographs.

NOTE: "And He Hid Himself," a play by Ignazio Silone, has been published in an English translation by Darina Tranquilli (Harper). The Italian edition of this play was discussed in these columns in the issue of September 8, 1945.

VERSE

LOVE SONGS OF ASIA, by Powys Mathers (Knopf). Charming translations of Asiatic poetry—Sanskrit, Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Turkish, and so on—which were first issued in three separate volumes: "Coloured Stars" (1918), "Black Marigolds" (1919), and "The Garden of Bright Waters" (1920). Notes and an introduction by Mrs. Mathers.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

RED WIND, by Raymond Chandler (World). Murder, mayhem, blackmail, and other, less easily classified forms of unpleasantness, dealt with in five long short stories which seem to take place chiefly in West Coast hotels and night clubs. Mr. Chandler, a great authority on that portion of our population which considers a gat indispensable to its daily, or nightly, routine, is also about the most literate of the contributors to the pulp magazines, in which the majority of these accounts first appeared. Very satisfactory tough stuff.

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